Outdoor America

NOVEMBER, 1927

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

William L. Finley • Kenneth Lockwood • D. H. Madsen

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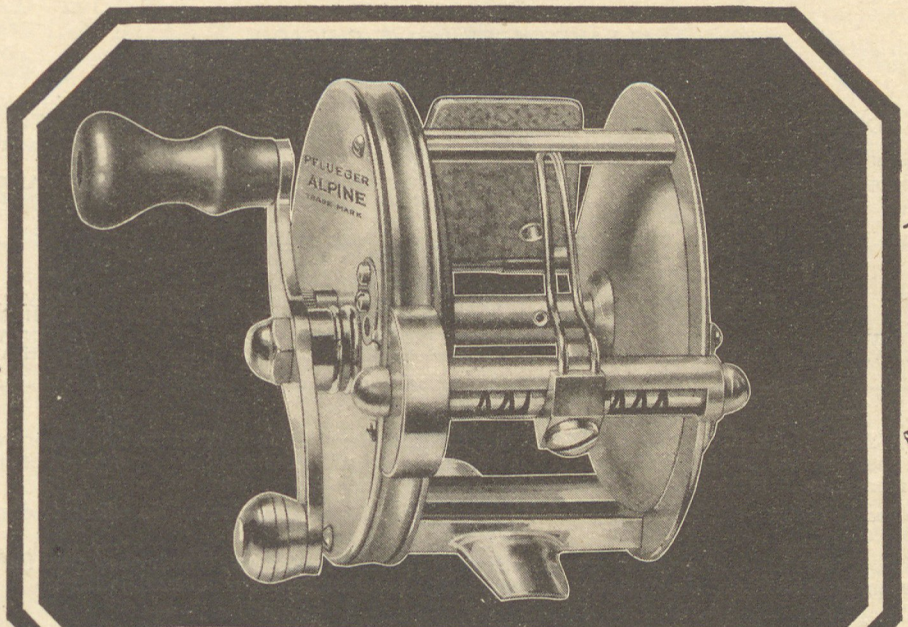

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

With these come the spiritual blessings of true Waltonism; a greater understanding of the wilderness and its denizens, and a keener appreciation of our God-given outdoors, engendering "that peace which passeth all understanding."

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Will You Fight to Save Our Outdoors?

Do you want your boys and girls to enjoy hunting, fishing and camping?

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Please tell me, without obligation or cost, how I may best aid in the campaign to save our outdoor heritage.

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Volume VI — **NOVEMBER, 1927** — **Number 4**

CONTENTS

Cover	*Painting by William Schmedtgen*	
Frontispiece	*The Great Falls of the Potomac*	
"What Price, Ideals?"	*Horace W. Peaslee*	5
Old Ironsides	*Kenneth F. Lockwood*	8
The Four-Pound Pull	*Porter Wittich*	9
Kipling Thrilled to It Too	*Louise Boulan Bunnett*	11
Merrymeeting Bay—Its Ducks and Duckers	*John C. Phillips*	14
Shall We Establish a Federal Reservation for Antelope and Grouse?	*William L. Finley*	16
Singing in the Sun	*Guy W. Von Schriltz*	18
The Vagabonds	*Elinor Corse Robinson*	20
Wanted—Refuges	*D. H. Madsen*	21
Bears and Bears Again	*James Mackill*	24
Pollution—Cartoon by Grover Page	*Edited by Henry Baldwin Ward*	
Clean Waters	*Henry Baldwin Ward*	26
The Fox River Saved		27
Sioux Falls, S. D., Installs Sewage Plant		
Editorial		29
Limit the Catch	*Charles M. Parker*	
Conservation ? ? ?	*Hardy Steeholm*	
A Moral Obligation	*Seth Gordon*	
What's Happening in Conservation	*Edited by Seth E. Gordon*	30
Two New Departments in the League	*Fred H. Doellner*	32
The Days of the Wild Pigeon—Third Installment	*David Whittaker*	34
Scientific Angling	*Edited by Frederick J. Lane*	39
Gun Rack and Game Fields	*Edited by Alec Mermod*	40
Bobwhite and Woodcock		
Do You Hunt with a Conscience?	*Gene Brass*	43
Duck Hunting in a Cornfield	*F. S. Taylor*	46
Waltonian News	*Edited by Paul Burress*	48
Camping	*Edited by Murdo Gibson*	56
The Angler's Notebook	*Edited by O. W. Smith*	62
Stream Lore	*L. E. DeGarmo*	66
Outdoor Literature	*Edited by Thomas Ambrose*	67
Your Dog and Mine	*Edited by Ozark Ripley*	68

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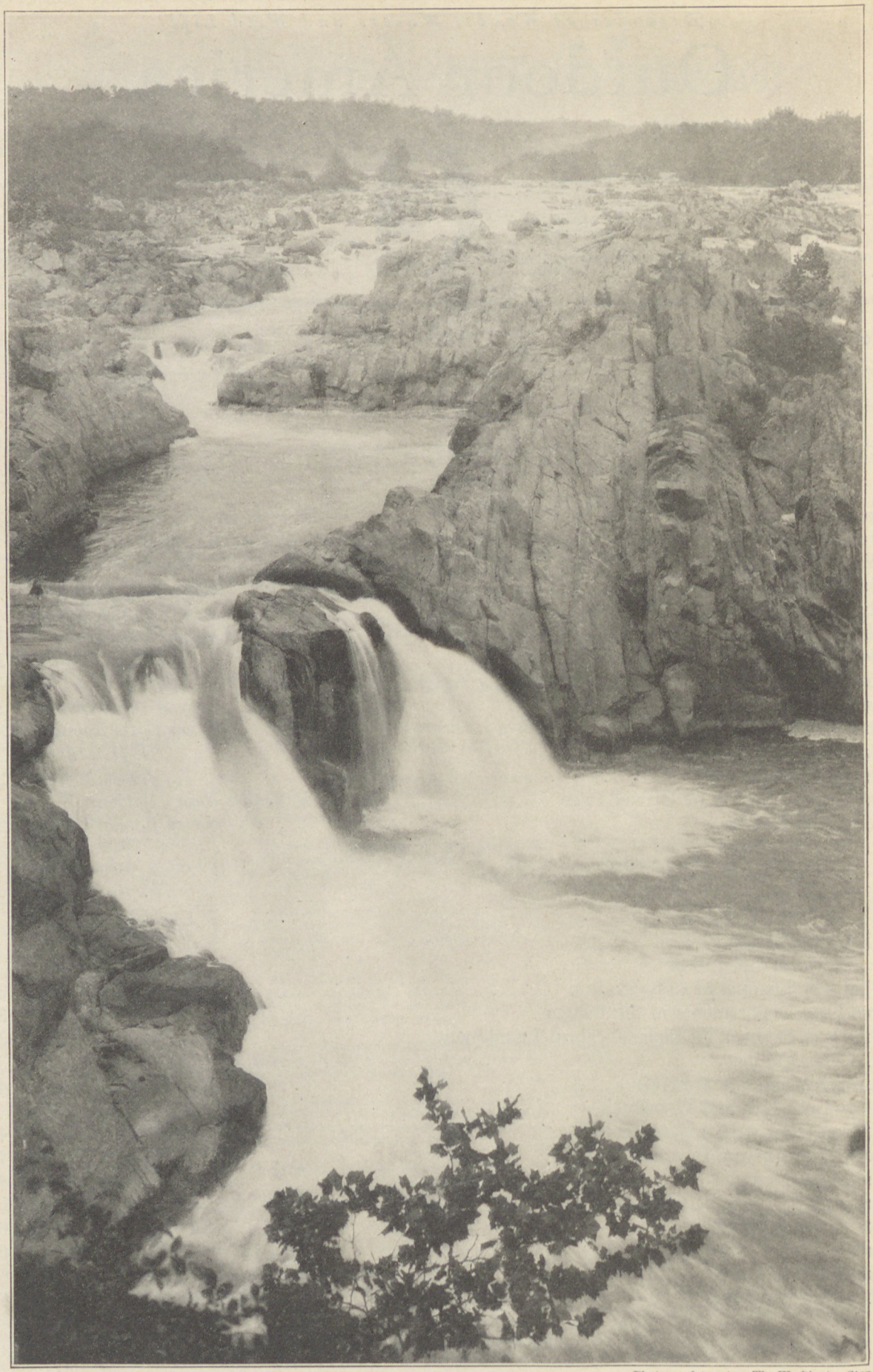


Photograph courtesy The Washington Star

The Great Falls of the Potomac at the National Capital. This "noble cataract" is threatened by a commercial power project.

"What Price Ideals?"

Concerning a National Park for the National Capital

By HORACE W. PEASLEE

Chairman, National Committee on the Plan of Washington and Environs of the American Institute of Architects.

Photographs, courtesy of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission and by John Hanna.

The Falls viewed from a high level showing their remarkable adaptability for park purposes.

THERE is now pending before the Federal Power Commission the application of a private corporation for prior rights and time to study the power development of the Potomac River: an application which, if granted, is in the nature of an option. Similar projects have been under discussion in Congress for a number of years, but apparently have not seemed as formidable nor as definite as the present undertaking.

The site of the project is naturally the most picturesque section of the river, lying mostly outside of the District of Columbia, but all of it so accessible to the capital and so closely identified with it by historic association and by practical use that it has become to all intents and purposes a part of the capital recreational system. Included in the section are palisades, gorges, lakes, islands, placid waters and rapids, a great variety of flora and fauna, and finally, the Great Falls of the Potomac, which have elicited comments of surprise and admiration from many visitors of international distinction. Here, it is said, Burgoyne crossed with his ill-fated army. Here also are the historic Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, with its picturesque locks and primitive lodges, and the crumbling relics of an even earlier Potomac Company, both of which are identified with the efforts of George Washington to establish commercial connections with the "West" of Ohio and the back country. Here are the crumbling records of almost forgotten pioneering.

It seems almost incredible that we, who have such a relatively limited background as a nation, should be even considering wiping out the records of rock-cut channels, of runs, of assembling basins, and of crude locks through which our forebears sent their primitive rafts and longboats laden with products of the hinterland to the port of Alexandria.

All of this scenic and historic area will be wiped out if the pending power project is authorized. Two great dams

Everything in Its Own Place

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

Executive Secretary of the National Parks Association

THE proposition to bury the Great Falls of the Potomac in the depths of a power reservoir to be created by damming the river below them has itself not been buried under public disapprobation because Washingtonians have never been able to think it dangerous. The cry of "Wolf" has been heard for so many years without the wolf's appearance that it no longer attracts the least local attention. The time is ripe, then, for somebody to put something over.

During recent years, Washingtonians have been tempted by promises of cheaper light and lower carfares. These lures failing, we are now being dazzled with the idea of becoming a great station in the vast network of super-power with which it is proposed to cover the fair face of the entire land. The Washington Reservoir will be one of the greatest in a continental system. It will make Washington many times more celebrated. Increasing millions will come to see it, and Washington will prosper entertaining her guests. Besides, they tell us, a really great reservoir confined behind a magnificent stone dam has wonderful beauty. It will greatly enhance the city's charm.

All of which is important, even thrilling, if true. *But it isn't true.* A magnificent dam holding back a vast reservoir of water, like other objects which are beautiful, is beautiful only in its place. In a lovely, flattish, rolling country not given even to ponds, such a work could not fail to be inappropriate in the extreme. Instead of admiring, visitors would wonder. There could be not even the illusion of nature in a great reservoir thus located. Anyway, why dam the Potomac in the very shadow of the Capitol? Surely some place could have been found a few miles up stream, say among the mountains, to hide away this work-shop in the domestic economy of the nation's business. This is back door and outhouse stuff to the Capital City of the United States.

I imagine that this would be the reaction to such a reservoir upon more or less the large majority of visitors to Washington. To the argument: "But the power from such a dam would make Washington a great manufacturing city—without smoke," the retort, from Washington included, would be: "Who wants Washington a manufacturing city? It is enough that she should be the capital of the United States."

That Washington should become in fact the "City Beautiful" has been a dream practically fulfilled for some years. It has long been acknowledged even abroad as one of the most beautiful, even if not actually the loveliest, national capital in the world. All its environs are beautiful, none more so than the Potomac for a dozen miles above and far below the city. The Great Falls are scenically remarkable for the east, and stirringly beautiful. The hill-bordered valley below them, into the very city, has few equals in similar location.

Nature has done wonderfully for our City Beautiful. We are not going to fire our cleverist landscape architect. I promise you that.

Great Falls of the Potomac from the Virginia side. The proposed dams would make of the present swirling waters, a mass of dry rocks.

are proposed, one of which would flood the lower reaches of the section to the foot of the falls, and the other of which, mounted at the high point of the falls, would flood the upper valley to Harpers Ferry.

This project runs counter to another project of a great corporation—a project for the glorification of the national capital by a corporation in which the stockholders include every American citizen, and the directors, representatives of these citizens who have especially distinguished themselves in the art and science of park and civic development. By Act of Congress the National Capital Park and Planning Commission was duly authorized to study a development of the national capital commensurate with its dignity and representative of its position, with a membership conscripted from America's foremost planners, whose sole compensation was to be honor and distinction, and whose backing was to be one-tenth of one cent per annum from each and every inhabitant of the continental United States. It is time that these shareholders realized the ends towards which their representatives are working and furnished support against the obstacles which threaten their projects.

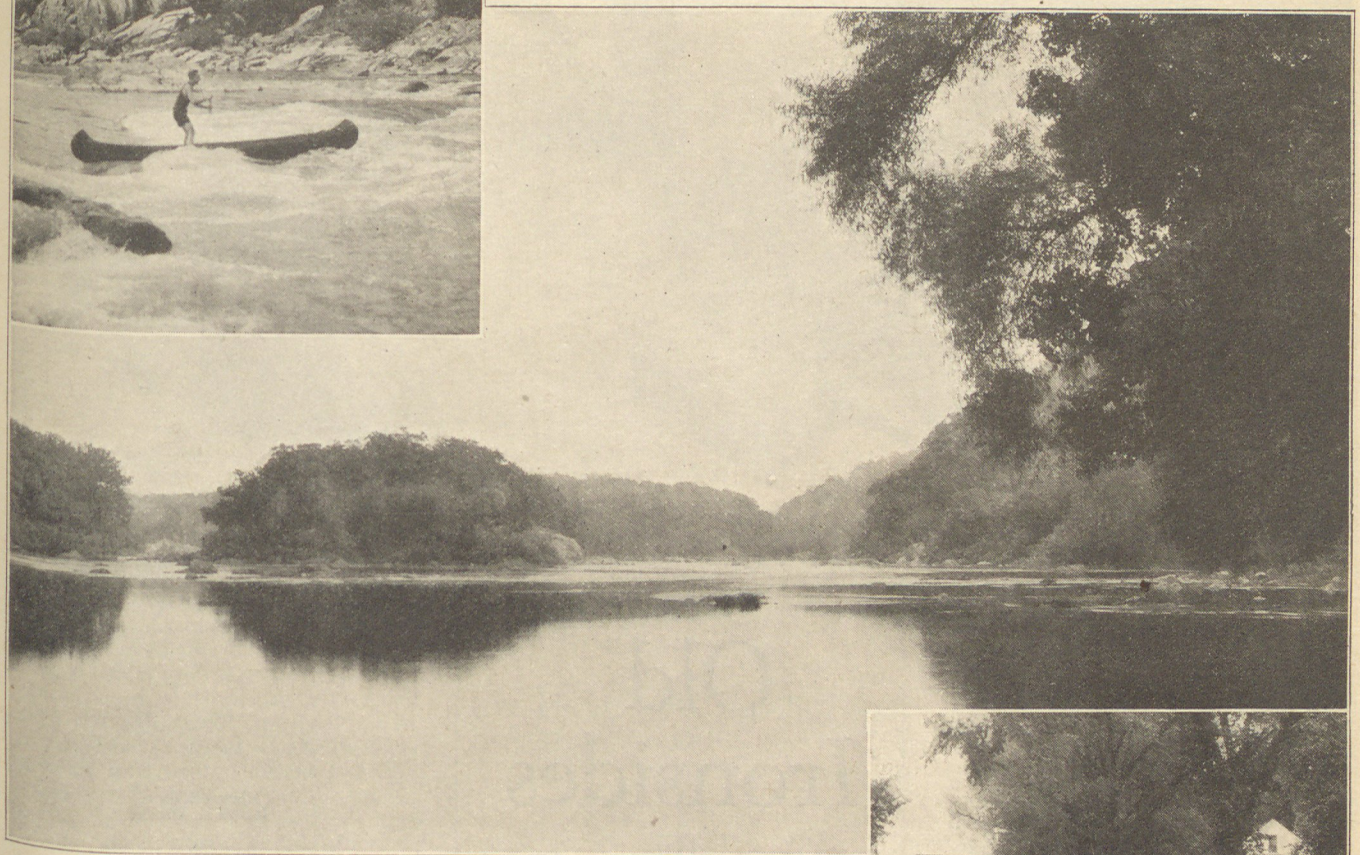
The proponents of the project advance the arguments of conservation of natural resources, construing natural resources to mean *Power* and all that it implies, rather than resources less convertible which deal with beauty and kindred elements. For all the marvelous intricacies and variations which nature has so generously provided, they propose the development of two great lake areas, with the assurance that such substitutions will be "just as good as" present conditions. They also point out the commercial possibilities of power at present undeveloped.

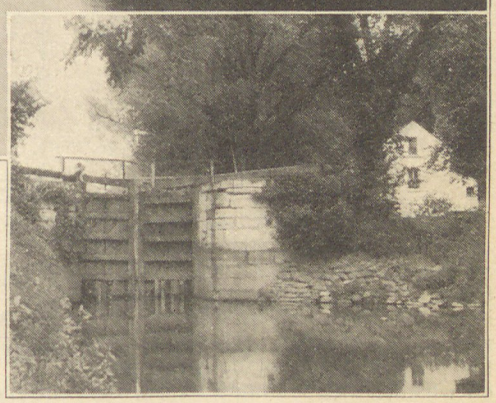
There is an ancient saying that concerning taste there may be no agreement. Granting the truth of this statement

A view of Difficult Run. It would indeed be an act of ingratitude to destroy such superb scenery for commercial purposes of debatable advantage.

Nature has provided appealing opportunities for adventurous spirits.

The Potomac affords striking contrasts of rough and quiet water in close proximity. Lake scenery near Black Pond and Perry Island. This will go under forty-five feet of water if the power project is developed.





Picturesque lock on the old canal, to be wiped out by the power project.

there is the more reason to be guided in such questions by specialists who have devoted their lives to the study of such specialized subjects as regional and city planning and park development, than to accept the opinions of special interests. There should be deference to specialized training and experience in such matters as these, just as in any matter of engineering, of the law, or of surgery, in which any of us are vitally concerned.

We have only to review the chaotic conditions and the haphazard misdirection in the development of the national capital which preceded the establishment of the McMillan Commission in 1901 to realize what these specialists in civic and park development have contributed to the national capital. Through the McMillan Commission, through the succeeding Fine Arts Commissions, and now through the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, the ablest men of the country, with the backing of their professional groups, have contributed freely and without compensation years of their best thought and most painstaking effort. These men are our representatives. They are studying the situation not from the viewpoint of any one interest or of any one time, but with the idea of developing, in the interests of the people at large and for all time, a great city which will stand to all the world as an embodiment of the best that we have to offer in the allied arts and sciences. We are not following the lead of any one man, of possible brilliant but erring genius. We are following the lead of the best men America has produced; and we can but recognize the force of their striking unanimity of opinion.

No great project of any kind can advance step by step through the years without leadership; and such leadership must be specially trained for the work to be done. We may not, as laymen, take issue with this or that phase of

(Continued on page 38)

A Protest

By JOHN BARTON PAYNE

National Chairman, American Red Cross

THE Great Falls-Potomac water power project is of doubtful practical value. To make it reasonably so will involve supplementary dams extending to the upper reaches of the Potomac, and the submerging of thousands of acres of beautiful forest and meadow lands. Any one familiar with power dams will appreciate the resulting havoc and destruction.

Of one fact there is no doubt: The Potomac River as it now is, is an asset to the City of Washington, and is susceptible with appropriate development, of such great beauty and healthfulness as to make Washington the first of Capital Cities. To spoil this by a power scheme not imperatively demanded is indefensible. Washington is not a commercial city. It is our Capital; more and more it is the home of people of all walks in life who want to live among beautiful surroundings, away from the grime and soot of commercial necessity. America is entitled to a great non-commercial residence Capital. Why destroy this source of health and beauty to our Washington?

"Ask Nell the story of Old Ironsides. She'll tell it."

Old *Ironsides*

Illustrations by Ralph K. Hilson

By KENNETH F. LOCKWOOD

Kenneth F. Lockwood has been recognized for many years as a leading writer on angling. His copy has been syndicated all over America. He himself is particularly keen on surf casting for channel bass, that enthralling "home" sport of Eastern anglers.

EDITOR

I RUBBED my eyes and took another look. Yes, the fish was as huge as it had seemed to be at first glance. In many years of fishing, here, there and everywhere, I'd never seen a small-mouth like it. On the plate attached to the neat board on which it was mounted I read this inscription:

"OLD IRONSIDES"
Weight, 7 lbs. 14 oz.
Caught July 12, 1927, at
Rongum Lake, N. J.
by
C. D. Anderson

"Bud," I said to my host, "you've been hiding something from me. I haven't heard a word about this. Come on; give up."

"No, old man," he replied, shaking his head soberly in contradiction to the twinkle I caught in his eye; "it's Nell's story. Ask her."

I did. I cornered that snappy little creature half an hour after dinner in the center of a large and lively group on the verandah and begged her for the yarn. Some of the others may have heard it, but they promptly backed me up, for Nell has a way all her own when she tells a story. The best I can do is to give you her words as I remember them:

"I wouldn't expect a bit of sympathy from you if I wanted any" (she began), because you're a fisherman, too, and therefore lacking in the finer human qualities. For that matter, my own mother isn't of much comfort to me. Only the other day she said to me, when I was praising Bud in the manner of deserted wives discussing their husbands with doting parents:

"You married him with your eyes open and you can't change him. Heaven knows I tried for forty years to change your poor father. You've simply got to take your medicine and make the best of it."

Mother was wrong, though. I didn't marry Bud with my eyes open. When I became his lawfully wedded bride he was perfectly respectable. It wasn't until six months afterward that he took up fishing. Once the bug bit him, however, he surely made up for lost time. He neglected his business frightfully, spending all his days in fishing tackle stores and his nights reading catalogues and sporting magazines, squandering his money in a way that would make a sailor ashore sick with envy, and establishing for me a perfect case of desertion. Really, after the germ got into his system I saw so little of him I began carrying his photograph around so I wouldn't forget what he looked like.

Sam Jennings was responsible for it all and I'll never, never forgive that man as long as I live. From the first day I saw him I knew he'd break up our happy home. It's no wonder his wife always looks so sad and depressed. And she doesn't fool me with her martyr talk, either. I said to her the other day:

"Jean, aren't you awfully lonesome with Sam away fishing all the time?"

And what do you suppose she said?

"When I think of the pleasure he gets out of his trips and how it helps him to keep his health, why, I'm glad he likes fishing so much."

Imagine a woman talking like that in these enlightened days! That Sam Jennings—a great big brute over six feet tall who doesn't do anything but sit back in an office chair with his feet on the desk and dictate a few letters to a poor little browbeaten stenographer who doesn't dare call her soul her own. I was tempted to tell Jean so, too. I did

tell Bud what I thought about it. Of course, he said I was wrong.

"Don't make any mistake about it," he declared; "Sam Jennings used to be the hardest working man I ever knew. He worked like a dog from eight in the morning until six at night. Any minute I expected him to crack and he would have if Doc Gray hadn't got after him. Doc told him that if he didn't let up and get outdoors he wouldn't give him three more years to live. I heard him. He told him to quit for at least six months—to go 'way back in the woods somewhere and do nothing but fish, and hunt, and loaf. But Sam wouldn't.

"'I can't do it, John,' Bud said Sam told the doctor. 'I don't want to leave my family that long and they can't go with me because Marjorie is still in school. But I'll try to ease up at the office and I'll get out all I can week-ends and maybe an occasional day during the week. Perhaps that'll help some.'

"I was there when they were talking—at the club," Bud said.

As though that fooled me, either. Everybody knows how easy it is to get a doctor to tell you to do something you're particularly anxious to do!

"I suppose," I said, "you'll be having a nervous breakdown, too, and will have to go away fishing for six months."

"Well," Bud answered, "judging by the trend of this conversation I wouldn't be surprised."

Aren't men the mean things? No wonder I cried; who wouldn't when one's husband talked like that? I'll give Bud the credit of saying he was ashamed he'd treated me so awfully and while he had me in his arms, patting me on the back and saying, "There, there, dear, I didn't mean it at all," I grabbed the opportunity to speak again about the new coupe I wanted so much. I went into Imitation No. 2 in the list of "Hints for New Brides, or How to Manage Difficult Husbands." Which is to say I turned the tears on harder; articulating between realistic sobs:

"Why are you so cruel to me? You don't love me a bit any more. I don't believe you ever loved me. Anyhow, you never do anything for me. You won't even buy me that poor little coupe I want so much."

The way Bud stiffened showed me I hadn't studied No. 2 quite hard enough. I guess my technic was faulty.

"Darling," he said, "there isn't anything in the world I'd rather do than buy you that car, but just now it's out of the question. By and by—well, we'll see how things go."

That was on Wednesday and the next day he announced he was going up to the fishing club for the week-end—Rongum Lake, you know—to try for bass. Said he'd heard the fish were biting fine and he felt he needed a couple of days of rest.

"We're going to have a party," he explained. "Sam and Jean are going and I'd be tickled sick if you'd go, too."

I didn't want to go at all. He'd asked me several times since he and Sam had joined the club about a month before, but I'd always refused. The place is away back in the woods, without any other houses around, and there aren't any electric lights or telephone—nothing but the clubhouse and the lake. But after he'd begged me all evening, I agreed. He pretended to be awfully pleased and called Sam on the phone to tell him. I knew I'd have a perfectly miserable time.

Anyhow, on Friday afternoon Sam and Jean picked us up in their big open car and in about three hours we reached the club. It was a simply terrible trip, my dears—terrible. The last two or three miles of the road are frightful—nothing but rocks—and the weather was absolutely torrid. I never suffered so much in all my life and when we got to the club there wasn't much left of me. Sam was so crazy to get to fishing that he must have taken those back roads at a mile a minute. It was an actual relief to get to the club, little as I liked the place at sight.

But, do you know, we had a really delightful dinner on the verandah overlooking the lake, where a fine breeze was blowing. I was never more surprised at anything! And Bud and Sam acted like a couple of schoolboys on a vacation.

"Haven't enjoyed a meal half as much as this in the whole month," Bud said, and Sam chirped up: "Isn't it great to have the girls along? I have a hunch they're going to bring us luck this evening."

After dinner Jean complained of a headache and guessed she wouldn't go out on the lake.

"That's too bad," Sam said, looking longingly out over the water. "I'll stay with you, honey, and do my fishing tomorrow."

"Why, no, Sam," she told him; "you've always said the evening fishing is the best at this time of the year. You and Bud go out and Nell and I will sit here and be comfortable. It's much cooler than being in a boat, anyhow."

If I hadn't caught the look that passed between Bud and Sam—a sort of it's-too-good-to-be-true look—I might have stayed. But I could see that they didn't want me, so I spoke up right away.

(It is due Nell to tell you all her friends know she doesn't mean half she says.)

"My dear, if you have a headache the best thing for you to do is to go straight to bed. You needn't sit up to keep me company. The three of us can get in one boat, I'm sure. Can't we, Bud?"

"We were planning to take two boats," he said. "Three people sort of crowd things."

"Oh, that's all right," I assured him. "I don't mind being crowded a bit. I brought an umbrella along and while you're fishing I'll sit under it and read. We'll be quite comfy. Besides, if I get tired you can pull up the anchor and take me ashore."

"But we were going to cast, sweetheart. We don't anchor the boat; we row along the shore, casting as we go. So perhaps you might get tired, dear, if we should go quite a distance."

"I like the idea," I exclaimed. "I'll do the rowing. Then you can both fish. Isn't that fine?"

"But you've never rowed a boat," Bud reminded me.

"I can learn, can't I?" I demanded. And about then it dawned on him that I was determined to go. I think I heard him groan as he turned away, but I'm not sure.

Anyhow, we all went down to the boat, the three of us, Bud and Sam fairly staggering under loads of rods, nets, boxes of all sizes and a lot of other junk. Bud sat in the back, Sam climbed up front and I got in the middle. They told me that if I pulled on both oars at the same time the boat would go straight ahead; if I pulled on the right oar it would go to the right and if I pulled on the left it would go to the left. But they didn't know what they were talking about: they must have been excited over the fishing because when I pulled on the right oar the boat would swing to my left and vice versa. I tried it.

We started across the lake, zigzagging some but I doing real well, I thought, for a beginner, and by and by Bud said:

"I have an idea, Sam, that Old Ironsides hangs out just this side of that stump over there. The bottom is rocky all around. What're you going to feed him?"

"The old reliable—the good old go-getter."

"I got a new one," said Bud. "Bill Donaly gave it to me this morning. Made it himself. It looks mighty good to me. I'd give a lot to hook into that fish."

"Must be a whale. Smitty had him on last week. Took everything he had. Let's try a few casts."

The Four-Pound Pull

By Porter Wittich

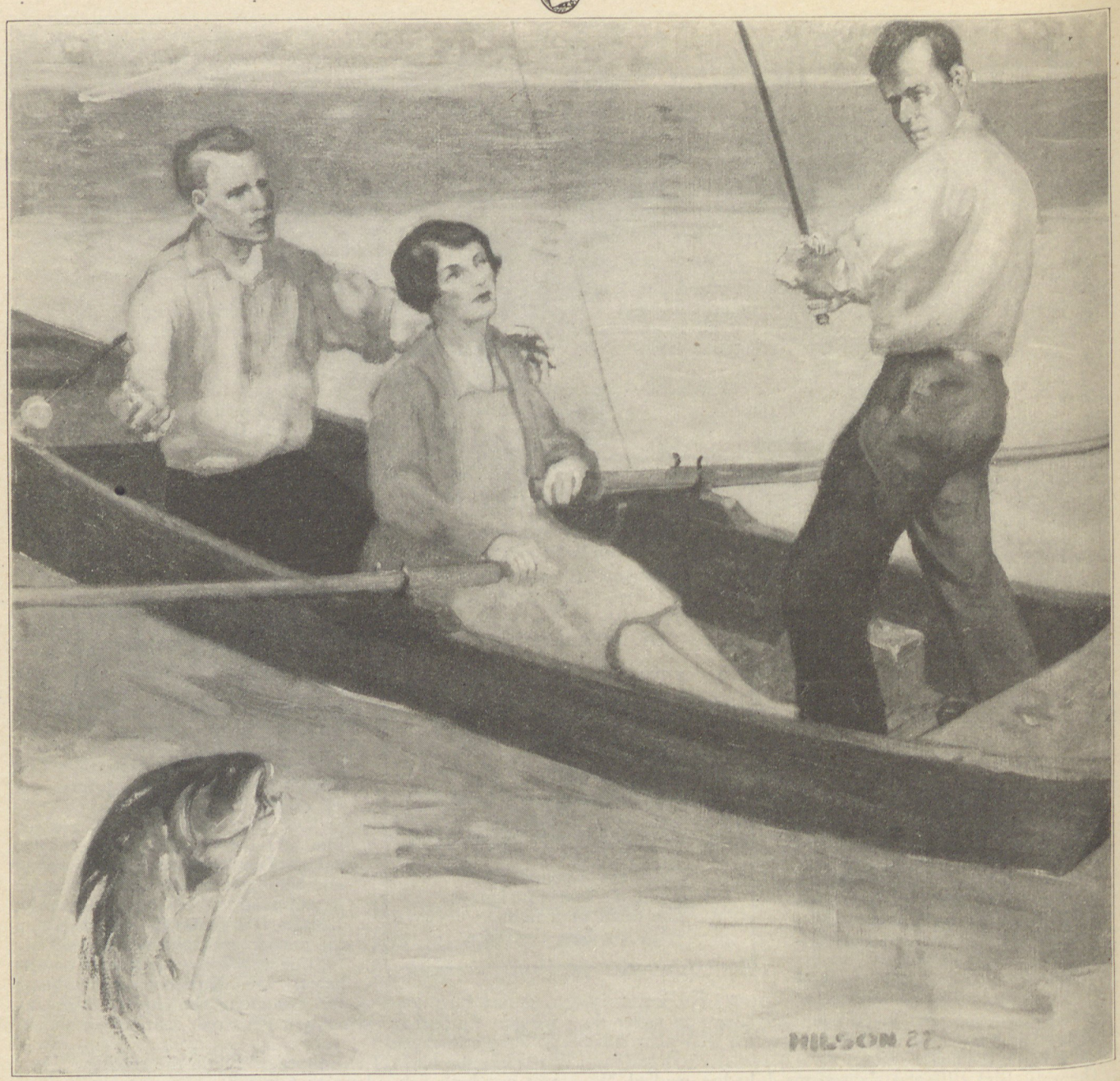
Sports Editor Joplin News Herald

IT'S the 4-pound pull
Of a small-mouth bass
That tugs in the depths
Of the water-grass.

IT'S the 4-pound pull
On the bending steel
That arches the tip
To the spinning reel.

IT'S the 4-pound pull
On an angler's wrist
That smashes the line
With a vicious twist.

IT'S the 4-pound pull
On a heart that knows
The thrill of a fight
With a bass that rose.



"The fish went under the boat and came popping out on the other side---those simple minded goofs groaned."

Bud said it suited him and he asked me to go along very slowly, about seventy-five feet out from shore.

They had a lot of brightly painted things of the funniest shapes you ever saw and they picked out a couple and began to throw 'em around. But they wouldn't leave them where they landed for the foolish fish to eat. No sooner would one drop on the water than they'd start bringing it back to the boat. It looked to me as if they were just trying to see whether they could throw the things into the bushes or trees and by and by I said to them:

"When are you going to start fishing? That's what we came out here for—to fish, and if you're not going to do it I'm going ashore."

They declared they were fishing—that those painted things were plugs to get fish with.

"Oh!" I said, "you try to hit the poor things on the head with them and while they're stunned you scoop them up in this net. That's a fine way to fish!"

"Certainly not," Bud said. "There are hooks on these plugs and when the fish are attracted by the plug moving through the water they swim after it and grab it. Then the hook holds them.

"But when you get inshore like this the fish are frightened and go away. Besides, I can't cast so well when a bush is in my eye."

I had been so busy trying to understand their foolish talk about plugs that I had let the boat go right ashore. In ten minutes or so, however, I got out where they could cast again. Before long Sam said he was sorry, but he was hung up. He had thrown his plug right into a tree.

"A little on the right," Bud directed, so I pulled on the left to go to my right and he said: "No, dear; on the right. We want to go in." I pulled harder and Sam yelled, "Right oar—right!" I pulled hard on that and Bud shouted: "Left—left oar. We just came from where you're going, Nell."

Sure enough, I'd pulled too hard and we had turned completely around and were going down the lake.

"I think the trouble," Bud said, "is that my right is your left and vice versa. You see, you're facing me, which makes things topsy-turvy. The best way is for you to understand that when we say 'right' we mean your right oar and 'left' your left oar. Then I'm sure everything will be fine. We've drifted around, so if you'll just pull straight ahead we'll get Sam's plug."

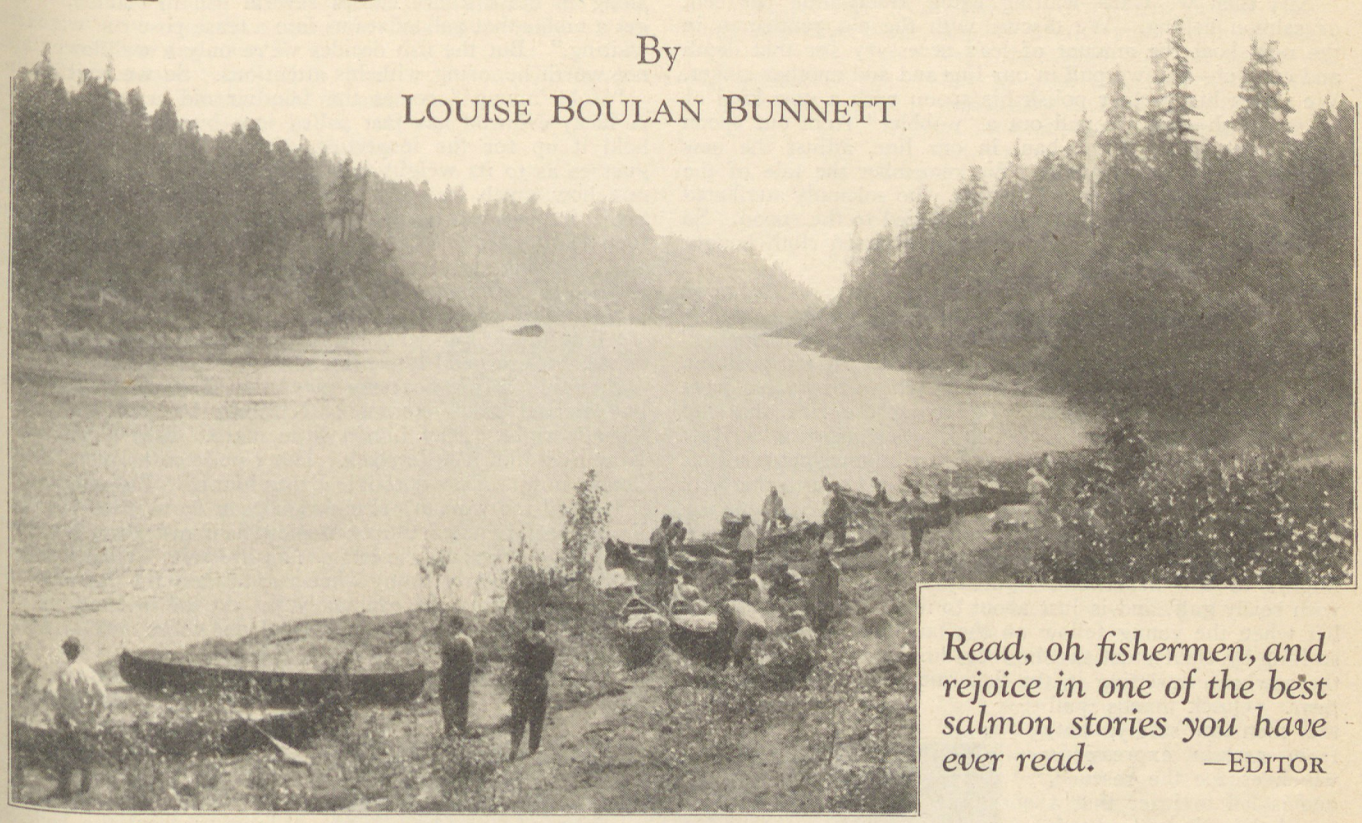
Aside from Sam falling into the shallow water when he slipped off the edge of the boat while I was trying to keep it straight when he was reaching for his plug, we got in and out again all right in about half an hour, and the boys resumed casting. Still no fish, and the mosquitoes

(*Continued on page 61*)

Kipling Thrilled to It, Too

By

LOUISE BOULAN BUNNETT



"The Narrows," near Portland, Oregon, where many salmon are caught.

Read, oh fishermen, and rejoice in one of the best salmon stories you have ever read. —EDITOR

POOR old Izaak Walton, scheduled to live centuries too early to enjoy the soul-satisfying experience of getting a really big fellow! A fighting royal Chinook salmon, a twenty to fifty-pounder, as Oregon fishermen catch them in the Willamette River near Jennings Lodge, below the falls at Oregon City, or at the mouth of the Clackamas, where Rudyard Kipling thrilled to such an experience!

Come up from Portland to the "line" at Jennings Lodge on a sunny April day when the "run" is on. Across the river this "line" stretches, and repeats itself again and again for a mile or so—rows of thirty or more row boats, launches and canoes paralleling each other, spaced just far enough apart for the tackle of one row to clear the anchor ropes of the row below, and reserving just sufficient space in the deepest part of the channel for river steamers to ply. This section of the river is called "The Narrows." Here the width of the stream diminishes to an extent that sends the current rushing and whirling. Like the Pass of Thermopylae is the river bed, and wary indeed must be the Chinook who would withstand the shining lure of spoons twinkling to win his royal nibble—who would dodge the barrage of hooks and lines whose owners are dominated by that grim purpose, "They shall not pass—not if we can help it!"

To negotiate a position in the line requires some slight skill. As we push out from shore, an impish current does its utmost to tease us from our objective, so that we must firmly head for Southern Oregon. Arrived at a point about a hundred feet above our destination, we stop rowing, while our partner, at a signal, drops the anchor neatly overboard from the bow and plays out the hundred feet of rope attached to it. That's our cue to start rowing again. The current carries us down at a reckless rate, and the anchor betrays an irritating tendency to drag. Just as it appears that we will be carried down devastatingly upon the boats below, the anchor catches and we stand still, at a distance of three feet from another boat, though the speeding waters give the persistent illusion that we are still rushing upstream.

Anchoring is a nerve-racking business to which we never become quite hardened, even though we become adept enough to reach an exact position every time. The penalties for not making it are too awful—and woe be to the bungler!

Such a bungler it was who would have unanimously won one Sunday's unpopularity contest. Attired in graceful sport tweeds and accompanied by a parasol-shaded lady fair, he sallied forth from the shore, rowing with elegant ease, conversing in sprightly fashion, and watched with growing distrust by the khaki-clad fishermen already in the line. Nor was this distrust unwarranted, for, in trying for position in the fourth line, he let fall a dainty anchor attached to a modest length of rope—and swept helplessly down stream. In a vain effort to do the exact opposite, he then frantically rowed across stream, the inadequate anchor gathering up lines, hooks, spoons and leads with the indiscriminate zeal of a mine sweeper—while red hot epithets from the tackle owners warmed his path.

"That's right," shouted one whose remarks were tempered by the presence of the lady, "clean us all up here! And then go down to the next line and the next. There's scads of tackle there you might collect, too!"

Which was exactly what the luckless fellow did. Bellowed protests greeted his sweeping approach. And so the next line—and the next. By the time the helpless drifter got through hearing all those miscellaneous opinions of himself, uttered in a spirit of such complete candor, the comfortable little ego with which he started out must have felt the size of the latest subdivision into which science has partitioned the atom.

But he had the right stuff in him after all. Later he was seen to make for the shore and procure a good sized rock for anchor purposes, borrow a suitable length of rope and again row for place. The hostile silence that accompanied his manoeuvers was broken by a most audible sigh of relief as he made it this time. And when, in a borrowed canoe, he made a quiet effort to return to its respective owners the tackle brought up by his anchor, many who had roared

the loudest felt so sheepish that he of the tweeds returned to his lady with an upper pocket bulging with cigars.

Once in position, we adjust spoon, hook, line and sinkers, and otherwise indicate to the finny tribes below that we are ready for their advances.

And then we wait—waiting being ninety-nine per cent of salmon fishing. We discuss with the old gentleman in the next boat the amount of lead necessary for that depth and current—and we pull in our line and add another sinker. We watch his partner polish his spoon with a new kind of silver polish—and we pull out a "wobbler" from our spoon assortment, shine it up, haul in our line, adjust the new spoon, and let it out again. We remember the tale of the big salmon caught by Sam Edwards, who solemnly attributed his luck to a bit of bright red flannel tied to the spoon. So we reel in our line and add a bit of crimson cloth bought for that very purpose.

A stir of excitement down the river brings us the news that a salmon has been caught by the occupants of a trolling boat. We wonder if we'd better try our luck "free lancing" in similar fashion—and decide to stay with the old position.

In the line below us is a rowboat whose occupants have already caught five salmon. Following the rule that "to him who hath is given" a sixth fish shows signs of a "strike." A ripple of interest stirs the crowd, for another catch means that the boat will have had its limit of three fish to the man. An eager young fellow in the adjoining launch climbs on the roof of his craft, the better to see how such lucky things are done. Closer the fish is reeled in by the tense fingers of the fisherman. Quietly his partner stands by with ready gaff, and is just about to make the swift upward lift when the young fellow on the launch roof is rendered so limp by excitement that he loses his balance, topples onto the rowboat, upsetting it, the fishermen, the fish and all the gear. Quick hands pull the men to safety, but, from certain expressions which escape the rescued, one is led to infer that a saved life is not worth much—just then—to a man who has lost his limit in fish.

A woman in the line above decides to try her luck, lets out her line a few feet—and a huge salmon rises to the surface, snaps at the spoon, and retires with such a jerk that he yanks the rod out of her hand and takes it along as excess baggage as he disappears. Now what instinct told that fish on what type of human being he could try such a trick and — literally — get away with it? We reflect at length on this mystery.

A launch chugs up with a group of old hands at the game—sober, steady business men, who eleven months out of the year enslave themselves to their occupations in good old American business man style. But when the run is on there is no withstanding the urge. "Play hookey" they must.

A river steamer puffs along in the distance, laden with heavy rolls of paper from the pulp mills at Oregon City. Those on the fringe of the deep channel look a trifle uneasy; the heavy swells which the big boat throws in its wake having been known occasionally to swamp a row boat. But the dignified white craft steams majestically by, causing only a bucketful to be baled out afterward.

The agitation of the water by a river steamer puffing along in the distance causes several fish to "strike." We get a nibble that galvanizes us into a tense pose of "watchful waiting." But the fish decides we're only a wallflower and not worth honoring with his attentions. So we wait again.

"Hold 'im up!" comes the familiar old cry of the line. A lucky Nimrod has just pulled in a big fellow and must hold it up for the inspection of the crowd. All hazard guesses as to its weight and deferentially ask the fortunate one how much lead was weighted on his line, and what kind of spoon was used. Numerous weights and spoons are then changed.

A pleasant, demure little woman, who came along "just to keep hubby company," gets a strike that materializes into a real fighting fish.

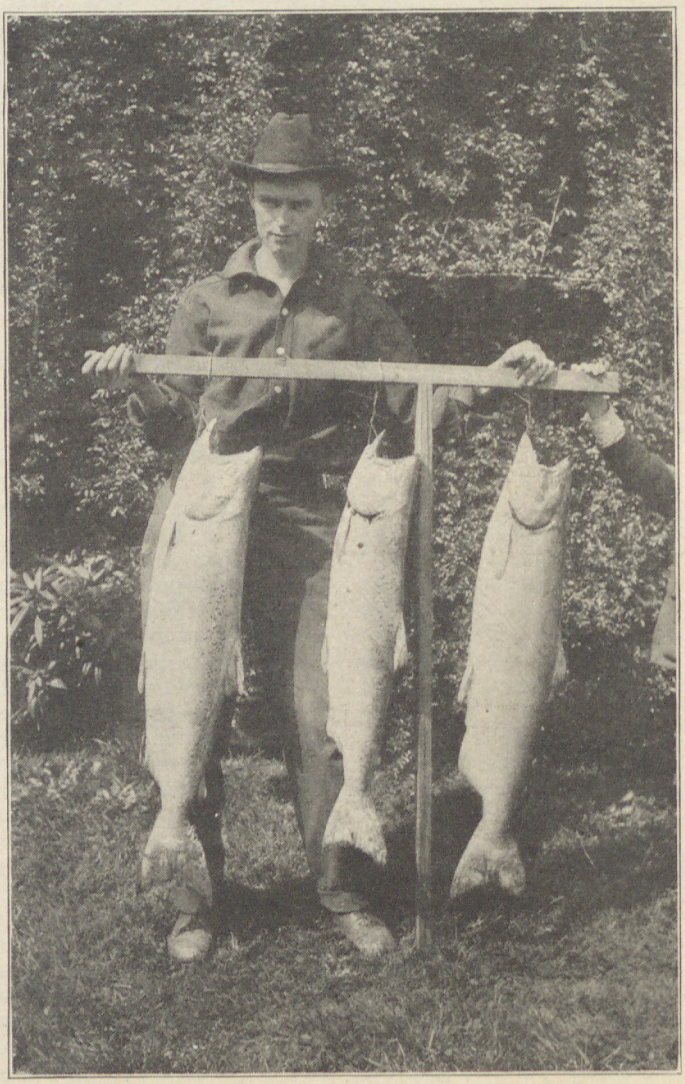
"You handle him yourself," chuckles her amused husband as she tries to hand him her rod.

Standing in the boat she plays the Chinook, while every one around risks eternal sore throat by yelling advice. "That's right. Play him a little more. Reel a bit more. Now give him a little slack. Don't pull too hard! There! Steady now! Easy does it! Bring him in! Bring him in!"

It is all the woman's slim fingers can do to wind the reel. Every few minutes the excitement is more than her taut nerves can bear and she lets out an hysteric "Whee!" which sounds particularly funny when you observe the quiet housewifely little thing she ordinarily is. At the last minute her husband reaches out the gaff—and one more fish is added to the day's catch.

The two elderly men in the next boat, a Mutt and Jeff combination, sit suddenly erect. One gives his rod a frantic clutch and starts reeling in. It can't be a very large fish, we think, judging from the lack of fight. But when Jeff finally brings it to the boat's side it proves to be a whopper, which has so much strength in reserve that a half hour elapses before it can be brought back. Jeff whispers, "The gaff!" in strained accents. Mutt stands ready, but just as Jeff again brings the fighting fish within reach, his partner loses his head entirely and excitedly grabs the line. Did you get that? Grabs the line! Crime of crimes! Boneheadiest of all boneheads! With one heavy jerk the fish disappears, as free as the bachelor who has just managed to escape matrimony. With one simultaneous movement both the actors, and all the spectators, sit down. Not a word is said. Shamefacedly Mutt casts a side glance at Jeff's stony face, and dares not even an apology. The remnants of a lifetime's friendship lie bleeding and broken in the bottom of the boat, where the proud catch would have reposed.

An hour passes and a warm sun breaks forth with young April ardor. Wind-burned faces take on an extra coat of sunburn



The envy of all—the man who has caught his limit

and sweaters are peeled. Jeff looks hotter still, and his redness gives Mutt an inspiration. Reaching for an umbrella in the bottom of the boat, he solicitously holds it over Jeff, giving his injured partner every square inch of the sheltering shade. Aften ten minutes Jeff condescends a glance at his companion's sorry beseeching face, is melted, and says, as if the episode of the foozled fish had never been, "More boats than ever out today."

With immense relief Mutt pulls out his tobacco pouch, both fill and smoke their pipes—the pipes of peace. So passes an incident that can be forgiven, but, it must be admitted, never, never forgotten.

Near by is a trio of bachelors, who are such whole-souled devotees of the sport that annually they tow a houseboat up from one of Portland's houseboat colonies, moor it near a pretty cove, and fish—and fish—and fish. Chilly dawn sees them clambering into rowboats from which they troll until the hour that calls them to work. Five P. M. witnesses their homecoming in motor cars, their change to khaki, and their rush for place in the line. The red eye of the setting sun winks last at them. Bedtime finds them unwinding their reels in order that their lines may dry, while they exchange ideas as to which kinds of tackle and which spots in the river are the luckiest. The alarm clock awakes them to the necessity of rewinding their reels. They have a stock of fishing stories that reach back to the time ten years ago when they tied a dried herring to the end of old Benny's line, and they nearly "die a laughin'" yet as they recall the funny expression on his face as he reeled it in. Once three of them caught nine fish from one hole in two hours, and attempted to mark the lucky spot by anchoring an old flatiron there in the river bed with a length of rope and an empty oil can buoy attached —a very thoughtful idea indeed, except that the rope proved too short and the can sank for all time beneath the waves. The perpetrators of this stunt look guilty yet when irate fishermen complain about getting "all snagged up" in that vicinity and losing dollars' worth of precious tackle.

Fish are biting all around us now and we sit with eyes glued on the tip of our rod, hoping it will give that meaning little jerk that spells action. That dingy looking man three boats off has just pulled in his third, and we are consumed with disgust when we see that he did it on a rusty dull old spoon. Isn't that just like life, we grunt. A fellow follows the recognized best thing to do, rendering faithful obedience to the latest efficiency ideas, and finds himself being passed in the race by some poor dub who breaks every rule of the game and hasn't even the intellect to see for himself that it was just fool luck that caused his success. In a way a man is a poor fish himself to bother with a sport where real skill counts for so little. Now if we had spent a morning at golf, probably we might have shaved our record by——

The ladies can catch 'em too.

"Fishing in the gay nineties!"

Jumping cripety! A strike! An electric current tingles along our arm; some member of the piscatorial set below has telegraphed that our spoon was fair to gaze and feed upon. Now thoroughly and gloriously alive we let him take out the line as he darts down stream. Gee willikers! He's a big fellow. Takes out nearly the full length. Now hold him! Great guns, but he's a fighter. Now reel him in. Slow job, too, the way he zigzags all over the river. Stand up to it and brace your knees for the long pull. Now another turn of the reel — and another — and another. Now he's up to the boat, only to flash his silver scales in defiance as he gives a deft twist and is off again 'way down stream the full length of the line. Again we repeat the performance, and again he is off again —as strong as Dempsey and with all the skill of Tunney. Come back here, you beauty, you sonofagun. Reel again. Steady does it. Now at the side of the boat. Now the gaff. Up! In! There!

All about us is a roar of shouted advice which we have not heard. Pale with excitement we sit down and rise again to "hold him up." The consensus of opinion is that our catch is a twenty-five pounder, but we are serenely superior to such an idea. Nothing less than forty pounds could have put up such a battle.

Having witnessed the dramatic climax of the day—at least so it appears to us—the sun dips below the fir-speared horizon of the western hills and a vigorous wind chops the water into little hummocks. There is a general pulling up of anchors and rowing for the shore, except among those disappointed ones who nurse a forlorn hope that a few minutes longer may mean the difference between going home with light hands and heavy heart, or vice versa.

We stagger up the steep bank with our catch and drive home in an exalted ecstatic haze. Tomorrow night there will be a company dinner with one big section of the salmon as the piece de resistance. The wife will can the rest and make delicious salads and casseroles from it from time to time throughout the year, each serving being the occasion for us to tell in minute detail how the deed was done.

That the kitchen scales prove it to be an eighteen pounder has nothing to do with the case. For, after all, it's not the fish itself that counts. It's the fine skill demanded by this veritably royal sport.

I Love the Lonely Mountains

By Fannie Hunter Clark

I LOVE the lonely mountains
When comes the calm twilight,
To hear the song bird bidding
His mate a fond goodnight.

I LOVE the primal forest,
The calm that echoes there,
It seems that all about me
Stoops in a silent prayer.

I LOVE the flowing river
For as it nears the sea
It makes me think that death is
A larger life for me.

I LOVE the friendly mountains,
Their calls at break of day
From bird and stream and breezes
Fan my vain thoughts away.

Merrymeeting Bay— Its Ducks and Duckers

Illustration from painting by Louis Agassiz Fuertes

By JOHN C. PHILLIPS

Outdoor America is proud to present to its readers this excellent duck hunting story by John C. Phillips, President, Massachusetts Game and Fish Association. Dr. Phillips is one of the best known conservationists in the East, and an authority on our game birds.

EDITOR

I HAD long been told of the opening morning on Merrymeeting Bay, that perhaps most famous duck water in all New England, which lies along the lower Kennebec River in Maine at its junction with the Androscoggin, the Cathance and the Abagadassett. Years before I had gotten myself sculled around this bay in early September, before ever a gun was fired, and was filled with astonishment at the great rafts of black ducks that were gathered there so early in the season, to say nothing of numerous teal and an odd widgeon or "sprig." The place has been famous duck country since earliest times, even to the year 1717, when Captain Penhallow described a great Indian duck drive. On that occasion over 4,000 birds are said to have been taken without the firing of a shot!

The Indian name of Merrymeeting Bay was Quavocook, meaning "the duck water place."

On the trip I am going to tell about my son and I made a three days' visit in order to see the gathering of shooters, for one can hardly call them all sportsmen, that assemble at "the bay" for a sort of July Fourth celebration on the 16th of September. We left home at daybreak on a foggy morning, breakfasted in Portland and soon after passed out of the city by the new Baxter boulevard, which encloses a large tidal basin, already on September 15 spotted over with more than 500 or 600 ducks. At sleepy little Brunswick we stopped to make a visit, have lunch, and admire the fine surroundings of the college and its flanking groves of old pines along the roadway east. At Bath we picked up a friend, who had kindly assigned to us a camp and engaged a punter to pilot us.

Our preparations were few and a visit to a small grocery store supplied our wants for the next few meals. Then over a rough road we pushed north six or seven miles to where a lane ended at a picturesque but very dirty and dilapidated farm perched on a high bluff overlooking the western shore of the bay. A little path led along the crest of the shore under oak and hemlock trees and skirted a cove which was all agog with vocal as well as physical activity, for here were gathered around their camps and about their floats many of our neighbors and fellow shooters to be. The floats of these parts are of various sizes, some double, some single, but all more or less similar in having round bottoms, high gunwales, and very low, short decking forward of the cockpit. The "sports" had evidently just arrived, though they continued to come in at all hours of the night, and they were now brushing up their boats, with what seemed to me a most unnecessary amount of grass, oak brush, and even hemlock boughs, so that some craft looked like veritable fortresses.

After we had unloaded our baggage and discovered as our guide a very "moderate" appearing gentleman by the name of Prout, who had sculled up from Bath, we eagerly took out our glasses and sat down upon a smooth cliff top with the whole Bay at our feet. The weather, which had been especially fine, had as the afternoon waned, taken on a thick and greasy look presaging an almost certain change in the night. As we looked across the miles of grassy islands and watery leads we could see whole legions of ducks flying aimlessly back and forth high in air along the eastern marshes, a thousand or two at a time printed against the lowering sky as if the ominous clouds, or was it a foretaste of the morrow's battle were making them uneasy. But other regiments fully as strong lay at ease in the distant channels, a half mile long in their dusky splendor, and now they were just starting to walk about on the flats as the ebbing tide drew rapidly away. It was a fine sight of undisturbed wild life gathered, we supposed, from the far corners of New England to fatten on the great variety of vegetable and animal life which this stretch of water provides.

Night came and with it a homely supper and the usual yarns of other days, the great shots, and greater fumbles of whole generations of Bay-men. We turned early into our three bunks, brother Prout slipping off only his boots and gloomily remarking that he probably would not sleep at all on this first night. I felt much inclined to sympathize, for an opening day is a most disturbing affair with me, and, worse luck, we had no alarm clock to depend on. At frequent intervals, however, an acorn would drop off the big oak tree and hit our low roof with a most

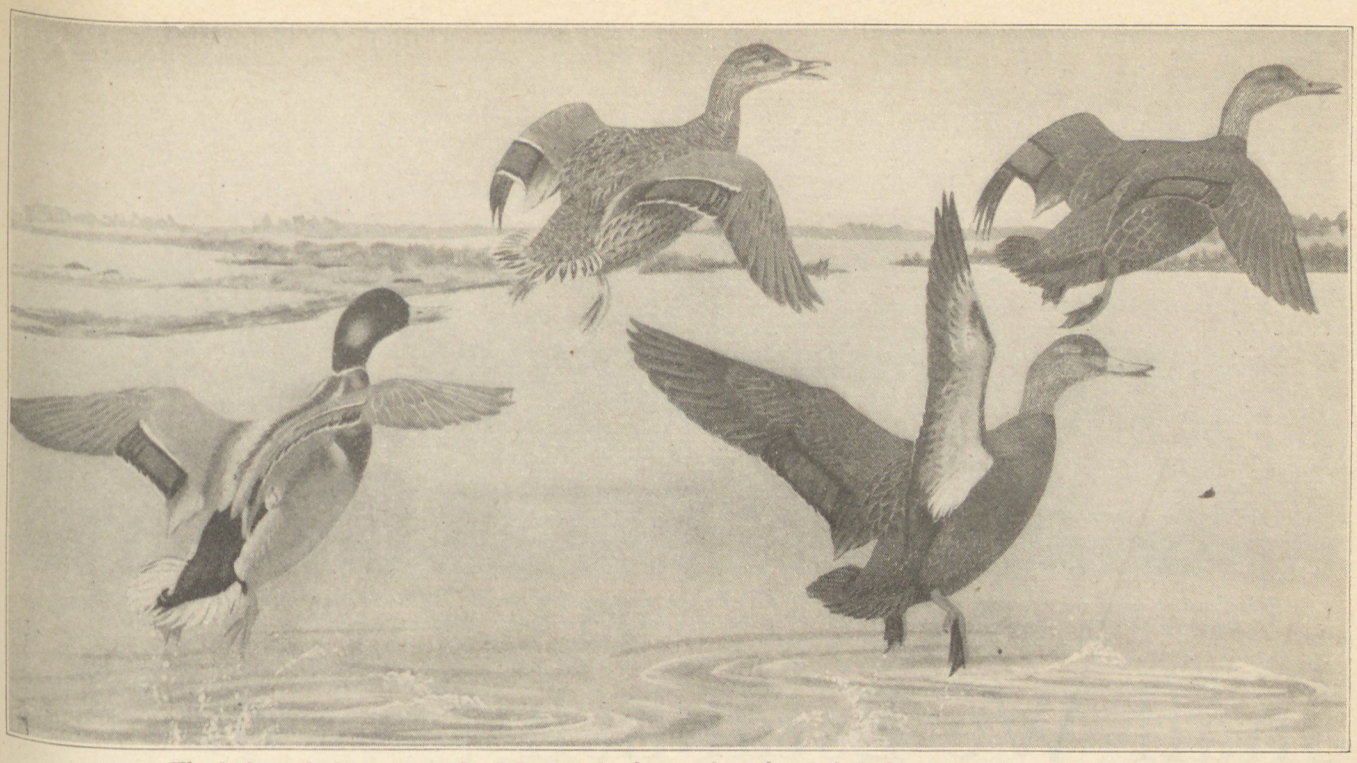
WATERFOWL CENSUS

THE U. S. Biological Survey has undertaken a vitally necessary job if the Government is to discharge its full obligations under the treaty with Canada and to the waterfowl of America. A nationwide simultaneous census of the waterfowl is essential in order that there may be no guess-work about the increase or decrease in America's migratory game birds.

The Survey has asked national headquarters and every chapter of the League for some real help in this worthy cause.

Let us give this help. Special mention was made of the census in the September issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *and the 3,000 chapters of the League in a special bulletin have been requested to designate one or two capable observers to help the Government. This is a worthy cause and Waltonians everywhere are responding. They will act as official observers at hundreds of points throughout the country. Waltonians, here is a real project! Will you help? Do your full share to help save the ducks. Write to the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., at once.*

EDITOR



The ducks at the left are green headed mallards; those to the right, black-ducks, often called black mallards.

astonishing whack, and at other intervals Prout or I would strike a nervous match to keep track of the lagging hours: and so the slow, and you know how weary, night wore on; every duck hunter understands the kind. Our nearest camp neighbors must have been as jumpy as we, for their every word came to us loudly through the shanty walls, while from launches anchored at the foot of the cliff a half gun-shot away voices rattled full half the night. Out in the restless Bay scores of the more ambitious had paddled their crafts to some famous spot of other years, had set their decoys, and were now waiting anxiously for daylight.

It was 3.50 A. M. and inky black when our punter arose and kindled the fire. We followed soon after. "Now," said Prout to me, "ef you've got a little of that stuff you uncorked last night I'd kinder like just a swaller": for he had refused rather proudly at supper. So the Scotch was served and the coffee and pilot bread followed.

Meanwhile tin dishes clattered in the next camp, lights flashed along our beach and far across the Bay countless other gunners were moving with their lights, a restless, good-natured crew.

We mostly slid and slipped down a wet cow trail to the rocky shore, stowed away the gear, weighted up the float properly, and pushed out just as the long delayed drizzle began to blow softly on our cheeks. Indecision I now foresaw was a rather bad fault of our guide. It caused us to find ourselves astride a sand bar with the tide falling and the mystic hour of 5.50 at hand. Suddenly from across the murky water a distant sharp tap, the first gun, then a score of shots near and far, then a hundred and the bombardment was off. Boom, boom from the old black powder as the sparks flashed into the night, and spat, spat from the automatics with their cheap half loads of smokeless. We were in the midst of a battle, but we could not see the enemy. We jumped out, shoved, pushed, and scrambled over the bar as the first hurrying ducks swished by. Then we sculled east to the edge of the big grass flats. Decoys began to loom up, and we passed dangerously close, a lone duck right between us and the shore receiving a charge which rattled on our boat as we twisted our heads to one side. All places appeared taken, every niche contained a float, a dory or a skiff, every grass flat was paraded by shooters chasing wounded or hunting for down birds, so we just shoved into the edge of the grass close to a large stand of decoys where we hoped to steal a passing chance and benefit from an active team of live decoys.

The ducks were now well on the wing and each time the great flocks came circling back they rose a little higher or rather were forced into the air by a fusillade of the most harmless character. As near as I could tell, the object of the day was to see how many shots one could fire at a duck, regardless of distance. Since the marshes were so thickly peopled, few ducks had the slightest hope of getting shot, no matter how suicidal their behavior, for the moment they decided to take a closer look, and long before they had reached a reasonable altitude on set wings, a machine-gun burst of small arms would warn them back to safety. Of course a few foolish birds did manage to cut down and run the gauntlet, but even they seldom paid the price of their daring. My first chance was at a single that came tearing by over the grass, a longish shot, which twisted me half out of the float but resulted in a clean kill with the left. We jumped out to recover the bird and put up a cripple which half ran, half flew to the channel edge and was there despatched. By and by a dead bird came floating by and as our neighbors in the other blinds seemed too busy to go after it, we sculled out and picked it up. We did the same for several others and in the end collected six birds.

As the tide dropped, the storm increased, but the shooting slackened as the now wing-weary ducks began to collect in the deeper parts of the Bay. By eight o'clock we gave it up and went back to camp quite satisfied with our view of the affray, although we had watched it more from the outside than from the ranks. I thought that by and large this absurd exhibition was perhaps the very best thing that could happen for the birds. Never was a congregation of ducks educated in so short a season and at so little cost to themselves. It is true that a good many cripples went off to fall in out-of-the-way places, but some of these must have been picked up on the high tide or found along the shore later on. Ever since this I have been convinced that an automatic gun is an unsportsmanlike arm in the hands of the average shooter of today.

We had guessed at some of the bags from what appeared to be the more successful stands. One which we watched rather closely could not, so we thought, have gotten fewer than twenty or thirty ducks, but we afterwards found that they brought in exactly seven. The scores which appeared in the Bath papers showed that only the most fortunate obtained more than six or seven birds. We estimated that there were 450 to 500 shooters and that 4000 or more shots were fired before eight in the morning. And yet even with this to compete against, Black-ducks seem to be increasing in New England. Verily it is a noble breed of fowl!

Pronghorn or American antelope coming to water at Jack Lake in southeastern Oregon. This is one of the remarkable pictures taken by Mr. Finley and Mr. Horsfall from a sage-brush blind near the border of the water hole, after a four day wait.

Shall We Establish *a* Federal Reservation *for* Antelope and Grouse?

YES
Name _____
_____
Address _____
_____
Let Us Get 100,000 *Yeas*

By WILLIAM L. FINLEY
Director American Nature Association

(In the September issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA *a story was written by Mr. Finley, entitled "Pronghorn and Sage Grouse." This told of the habits of these two western species, and their need for protection. The present article proposes* DEFINITE PLANS OF ACTION, *that if carried out will result in saving for posterity these two unique game species.*
—Editor)

WHO can say how close to the brink of oblivion the pronghorn or American antelope and sage grouse are, two striking and typical wild life species of western America? In the heyday of the passenger pigeon who could predict that the species was traveling so rapidly down the grade to destruction? One day these flocks of swift flyers swept through the middle west, bending the forest trees with their numbers, and were marketed by the millions: the next morning we awoke to lock the door after greed and waste had stolen our heritage. *The species was extinct.*

With the passing of time and changing conditions, many things combine to alter the balance of nature. One species may thrive and increase, another be driven to the wall. The cutting of forests, the plowing of fields, the draining of marshes, lakes and ponds, all have a disastrous effect upon certain species of game. New roads are penetrating all the wildest nooks in the land, and automobiles push into every corner of the west, leaving few areas that do not smell of oil and gasoline. A bobwhite quail lives about a farming community, but a sage grouse cannot. Deer, elk or buffalo can exist in a fenced area, but not so an antelope. Various forms of disease that come with the domestication of animals may be checked in the tame herds, but they play havoc at times with wild flocks. A large number of deer were slaughtered in California a year or so ago because of the hoof and mouth disease. The flocks of big-horn sheep are completely gone in southeastern Oregon, partly from the sheep scab that came from the tame flocks.

Have we not some areas in the vast rocky, sage-brush country of the west that can *be set aside for the permanent protection of antelope and sage grouse?*

The time has come when the defenders of wild life throughout the country must not only work out some *definite plan of protection* for antelope and sage grouse, but *speedy action* must put these plans into execution. Investigations of naturalists, game wardens, state and federal officials, and practically every organization in the United States interested in the conservation of wild life, have for years had these matters under consideration. The combined experience and wisdom of all of these people suggest two plans of action, which can be accomplished only by passage of bills through Congress.

First, one or more areas should be set aside as federal reservations, including the natural home of these two species, somewhere in the high sage-brush and rocky plateaus of the West.

Second, the Department of Agriculture should be put in charge of the remaining areas of the public domain, located in a number of the western states, for the purpose of regulating grazing and restoring plant life that has been destroyed. Such a plan, if adopted, would be the most important single step that could be taken toward saving antelope and sage grouse, because it would eliminate the alien sheep herders, who have sown destruction and death on the western ranges.

Sage grouse at the edge of Jack Lake. Taken early in the morning when they came for a drink of water and a meal of mud. Photo by William L. Finley.

The two bills that will accomplish these purposes have already been drafted by experts, after years of study and experience, and are ready to be introduced at the next session of Congress, if the members of the Izaak Walton League of America and other organizations interested in conservation will march in a solid front of influence upon Congress for the passage of these measures.

Let us glance for a moment at these two dwellers of the sand and sage that are in such need of protection. The pronghorn is the swiftest animal on the continent, but it is a shining mark as far as the eye can see. Contrary to stories told by old hunters, it is one of the easiest animals to bag with a long-ranged rifle. The glaring white patches on its rump, and its natural tendency to stay in the open, give the hunter the best chance of observing the direction of the wind to get within rifle range. Although the antelope has a keen nose and swift legs, it is curious and unafraid of anything it can see. I have often approached within a hundred yards by walking boldly along with no effort to deceive the animal.

Unlike the buffalo, the pronghorn is delicate, high strung and easily upset. Closed seasons have not given it sufficient protection from the long range rifle of alien sheep herders and others in the semi-desert areas that game wardens seldom visit. The most remote range of the antelope is visited by flocks of sheep, so there is scarcely a corner in the former wide range of the American antelope that is left.

The sage hen, like the antelope, cannot adapt itself to the changed conditions. Where sage gives way to alfalfa this "cock of the plains" soon retires. It has disappeared rapidly as automobiles carried innumerable hunters into the furthermost corners of the country. It is a bird too readily approached, and too easy a mark for pointer and an automatic shotgun.

In the selection of an area for a National Antelope and Sage Grouse Refuge, the best place in the west is perhaps on the high rocky sage-brush plateau of southeastern Oregon. Here are perhaps more antelope and sage grouse than in any other section of the west. This is a wide, unfenced area, a large part of which is public domain, with the title to the land resting in the Federal Government. There are thirty-five stockmen who graze their flocks on this area, some own land and some do not. Nearly all of the bona fide owners of property in this region have agreed that a reservation would be beneficial if the control of grazing were under the supervision of the Forest Service, and if the Biological Survey would administer this area with respect to the protection of mammals and birds.

Another reason for establishing a Federal Reservation in this area is that the legislature of the State of Oregon has shown its interest in the protection of game by setting aside the land from the Hart or Warner Mountains south to the Nevada line, as a game refuge. One thing, however, makes this ineffective. The state can in no way regulate grazing on federal property. To make this an effective refuge it is necessary to eliminate the nomadic herders, who are not citizens of this country, and who deplete the pasturage by over-grazing each season.

The alien sheep herders, who come mainly from the countries of southern Europe, are the greatest and most deadly menace to antelope and sage grouse. They are the pests of the public domain. Some 250 to 300 of these foreign herders range their flocks on the public land of Oregon, Nevada and Idaho, the natural home of the sage grouse and antelope. Many of these are financed by larger sheep barons of the west. A Basque herder, for instance, is given a flock of sheep, and in return he gets a part of the increase. These nomadic herders wander from place to place with their flocks, wintering in the more protected valleys and moving through the country in spring and summer, wherever the sheep can pick up a living. They have no homes; they pay no taxes. Since our Government has allowed them free and unrestricted range, there is always considerable competition to seek out the best places. They drive their herds up over the mountains before the grass is mature, so as to get pasturage before someone else. The land is not only over-grazed, but even the roots of the grass are tramped out and destroyed. In the Steins Mountains country of southeastern Oregon were formerly many park-like little valleys, with cool springs and abundant pasturage. I have seen these places tramped by hordes of sheep until these spots have become almost a desert.

(Continued on page 54)

Another view of antelope, the swiftest mammal on the continent, at border of Jack Lake, southeastern Oregon. Photo by William L. Finley.

Singing in the Sun

By
GUY W. VON SCHRILTZ

The outdoor stories of Guy Von Schriltz are well known to all lovers of fish and game, of rod and gun. Read this story of plover and bass, perch and bullheads, a rabbit and a rattlesnake and *almost* some prairie chickens. EDITOR.

THERE is a beautiful little story about a boy who sang in the rain. The lady who compiled that story has a most delightful talent for saying things which cheer. I read her compositions and meditate, and marvel, and smile at my family.

The scene of that story is in Oregon, and in that state the firs and ferns grow to wondrous profusion and proportions in dark damp forests, and, upon occasion, rain becomes a ravager, as well as a spoiler of spirits.

I doubt if our prairie people properly appreciate the moral of that tale. I was born on the prairies, far out on the buffalo-grassed flats, and all my life my best loved lullaby has been the patter of rain drops upon a roof.

To the settlers of the plains rain was not merely one of the elements. It was a divine dispensation from a begrudging Providence, the reluctant granting of which was an occasion for rejoicing.

Among my earliest recollections are those of splashing about in the rain with my several brothers and sisters. And did we sing? I'll say we did. We sang, we shouted, and we scampered.

Nor was this ecstasy confined to the children. I have seen strong men rush out into the rain with shining faces, hands outstretched to absorb the God-given moisture while their women folk leaned against the door sills of their sod houses, sobbing with relief and joy when a booming thunder-storm ended a protracted drouth.

I fear that to such people the simile of that little story is lost. I imagine that they could more readily appreciate the unusual spirit of a lad who sang in the sun.

In the molten sun of "dry weather." In the "hot winds" of a drouth. In the dust, in the glare, and in the incessant torrid south winds which came to us over miles and miles and miles of parched prairies. A boy who can sing in such surroundings is a fit hero for any tale.

Little Bill used to be something like that before he took upon himself the trials and tribulations of manhood and married life. I recall one summer when I noticed this in particular. Bill was about nineteen then, I think. We had had no rain for six long weeks and the corn was burned to a crisp. The wheat crop had been short, the kaffir corn was curled to lead pencil size, and the disc plows turned up chunks of soil as large as dish-pans.

It was August. Blinding, blistering, August on the prairies. The sun blazed down upon the golden wheat stubble and the horizon quivered with heat waves. Indoors the heat was terrific. Life seemed scarcely worth living. Despite the electric fan which blew upon my feet I got nowhere with my work and welcomed the interruption when the telephone rang.

"Nice day." Little Bill's voice rang buoyantly in my ear.

I was suffocating, almost, and miserable, and mad. I resented Bill's blustery good cheer and told him so. I probably added some pointed remarks of a personal nature and openly questioned the sanity of anybody who could be conscious of such weather without bursting into blasphemy.

"Why; why; why;" Bill boomed. "I am both shocked and startled! What is such weather fit for? you ask. Why it's fishin' weather! The long drouth has drunk up the water-holes, and the black perch and the bluegills hover in hungry herds in the shallows. Let's go fishin'!"

I shoved back the clutter on my desk and accepted the invitation.

It was August. The smoke-smudges from the threshing machines trailed off in long streams through the furnace heat of the stiff breeze which blew out of the south, and the grasshoppers pounded themselves to pieces upon the windshield and our faces as we sped along.

Little Bill and I started for the Kiowa with designs upon the pan fish of a favorite lake which had a sand bank at one end and a shallow neck at the other.

But, "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip," and we never reached that lake that day. The first intimation I had of any change in our plans was when my nose plowed into the windshield as Bill jammed on the brakes in response to a liquid whistle in the torrid sky above us.

I came up from beneath the cowl with a shotgun in one hand and a handful of shells in the other and killed that prairie plover before Bill could extricate himself from the clutches of the steering wheel.

When the excitement was all over, Bill argued with little rancor, and less logic, that I had acted in a manner most unbecoming to one who professed to be his friend. That the shooting of that single plover was, at the least calculations, the act of an ass. Furthermore, that even my limited intelligence and poorly developed sense of courtesy, should have dictated to me that I wait for him before shattering the stagnant silences, when there were twenty-nine, or forty-six, other lengthy-legged birds all about us,—sufficient game for both, it seemed to him without that one flushing whistler.

I don't know about that. I get paid for my arguments and don't mix them with my recreations, usually. I always try to brief both the facts and the law, before advancing them, too. Besides, one can't argue with a man who will only grin genially at you, regardless of how hot it is or what you say to him, so with four fat plover in the tonneau to my credit, I subsided into silence and let Bill ramble on.

In justification, I will say now that when I shot that bird, which had been the cause of my sore nose, I didn't know that there was another upland plover in Comanche County. To be sure, I noticed the twenty-nine or forty-six others the instant they gave their short, arising whistles, and flew. True, I bored a hole through the middle of a bunch of five, which flushed fifty feet from the front bumper, without waiting for Bill.

Why wait for him when he stood on his head pawing over the load, seeking for ammunition? He couldn't have killed any plover with his feet, and that was all of him that protruded above the sides of the automobile.

I got just what one can expect, and deserves, when shooting at the flock,—nothing.

About the time I heard Bill serenely wondering where the shells for his gun had gone, I took a pop-up shot at a long winged, black and gray checkered bird, which separated from the bunch and began a rapid retreat back over the automobile. The corpse landed on the hood. At my second discharge the remaining four of the flock of five stepped upon the gas, and I was to be complimented more for my luck than for my marksmanship, when two of them fell, for I emptied the magazine of my 20 gauge repeater at them.

Subsequent events justified Bill's serenity somewhat. Not 100 yards from the scene of the first reel of the picture, Bill again pitched me down upon my nose without warning. I came up that time with my hat over my eyes and my gun across my neck, just as Bill picked a pair of plover from the scorching sky with a clever right and left.

The automobile still rolled onward as I dropped somewhat confusedly to the ground, and I tried for a very much frightened and distance devouring plover from a kneeling position. Bill perceived something funny in my posture and cackled when he, as he said, bagged the bird for me after my miss. That sounds as though Bill might have shot those plover from the moving automobile. He didn't, and

there was not a thing unsportsmanlike in the transaction.

I have been told that sportsmen will censure me when I write of having hunted prairie plover by automobile. Those who know the game will not blame me, I am sure.

To explain to others, I will add that we have plover on the prairies only for five or six days out of a year. They very seldom stay with us as long as two weeks. As rarely we have a light spring flight, when, of course, we do not shoot them. Fully as often, however, for some mysterious reason we have no flight at all, either spring or fall, and we will not see one plover the year through, so the original statement stands.

Now a week isn't much time in which to take your allotted portion from a hurried flight of very fine game birds, especially when one is tied down to a desk and knows that those birds are going on, every one of them, tomorrow or next day. Our plover alight far out on the prairies too,—the farther from cover of any kind they can get, and the hotter and drier it is, the better they seem to like it,—so it is small wonder that one wishes to get at them as speedily as possible.

They will not lie to dogs, they are usually very wary by the time they get down to us, and it is often a problem to approach within range. We do not shoot them upon the ground, and we do not run down upon them intentionally in the automobile, so the apparent unfairness to the birds is not at all real.

No hunting that I know of is more haphazard. One may find birds immediately, but a drive of one hundred miles is nothing at all unusual in a day's shooting, during which one may see one, or fifty flocks, and very, very few times in my many

Guy Von Schriltz with a few plover.

Little Bill preparing for action.

Little Bill when he was sixteen.

Little Bill when he was older, but still a fishin' boy.

years of upland plover shooting have I taken the legal limit.

Bill was not content with this one doubtful kindness of killing my bird. While he retrieved his three down birds, a couple of live ones came in from the northwest, flying slowly, whistling inquiringly, and settled behind the automobile, quavering those thrilling trills, with which alighting plover so considerately impart their plans to a hunter.

According to all the rules of the game, those plover were my meat. I had seen them first and they were ten yards nearer to me than to Bill. I could have taken them both with one shot as they stood gawking at us. But like a gentleman of culture, I stepped behind the car, out of Bill's line of fire, and motioned for him to take one while I took the other.

Bill took one. Took it before I was half way around the automobile. Then he took mine, too. Bill insists that he shot them from the air, but the circumstances are suspicious. Each of those birds was firmly fixed upon its feet when I began my detour, yet by the time I had walked three yards they were both fluttering upon the ground. If they *were* flying, they must have had their long legs doubled up, they were so near the ground when they began to fall!

When a hunter must resort to such skulduggery and underhanded practices, to bag more game than his companion of the hunt, regardless of his disposition at the time, he only admits that he is outclassed!

The next game to command our attention was one plover which slipped silently up on us and alighted half a quarter out on the buffalo-grass flat. I claimed that bird as mine by right of discovery and walked it up, undershooting it badly at 50 yards, and worse at 65.

In a prairie dog town Bill found a half-grown cottontail snuggling on the rim of a hole. He left his shotgun with me and ran to the automobile for the .22 automatic. On the way back he gave a flying leap across a dog hole, whirled and sprayed lead at something which writhed and squirmed,—a diamond-backed rattlesnake with eight rattles and a button, which Bill rather foolhardily kept out of the hole by thrusting his foot therein until he could regain his composure sufficiently for effective shooting.

When the cottontail lifted its ears and shifted its feet at the "crack," "crack," "crack," of the automatic, I beheaded it with an ounce and a quarter of 7½ chilled shot.

We wandered off twenty miles southeast of our starting place and at four o'clock found ourselves looking through a barbed wire fence at a wide expanse of hills, dry washes, and red canyons.

"No plover in there," Bill opined.

"Ever look?" I inquired.

Bill hadn't. We looked. Bill was right,—nearly. There were no plover on the first five thousand acres.

At the end of the trail we abandoned the automobile and set out afoot to interview a series of ponds we were distantly acquainted with a quarter of a mile farther on in the rough country. We took with us two bass rods and one shotgun.

On a white gypsum bluff we poked our noses over the edge to inspect a sizeable lake below. A tall bird trotting about the ten acre level across the pond caught our attention and a half hour passed before my interest again centered upon fish.

During that half hour I was a smiling spectator while Bill slipped up on the plover and three of its near relatives, and shot at them. That is, he shot at them after he had all but fallen over the boulder of gyp rock, which he had utilized as cover, and the birds were all up and going. To me it seemed that Bill tried to spear the nearest flying plover with the end of his gun barrel. He said afterward that his gun had snapped.

When I suggested that he go see what he had ejected from his gun by the big boulder he complied and looked up from an empty shell.

"You shot the rabbit with my gun!"

It was news to me, but possibly I *had*. One does queer unexplainable things at times.

"Why *sure*. You didn't s'pose I'd use *my* ammunition for *your* cotton rabbits?"

I failed to get a rise. Bill's disposition was perfect. He only shook his head in silent approval of my explanation.

Although he was a singer in the sun Bill wasn't one who let his good humor hamper him at all. Not Bill. When he climbed back up the bluff and took one glance at the eight nice bass stationed about the pond, he didn't as much as hesitate to appropriate my tackle when he found his own snarled. Since I couldn't take my property away from him without frightening the fish, I sat down and tried to straighten out his. It was a mess, and I was so absorbed in watching Bill that I made little headway. Bill picked out the biggest bass in sight which lay in the shade of an overhanging ledge. Somehow, Bill managed to place a light lure around the corner of the shelf. It was a clever cast. The lure landed gently. The line slipped haltingly down the rock, splashed into the water, and Bill began to reel. I saw the bass whirl and face the lure, flippers moving, interest apparent in its every act. The plug came slowly on. The bass backed away. It was leaving! Bill jiggled the rod. The bait cut some capers. The bass crept up. Bill reeled faster and the bait moved rapidly off. There was a flash, a swirl and Bill had a nice fish. Three others came swarming, when the big boy began to buck, so I cut off the snarls in Bill's line, tied a weighted fly and a pork rind to the short remainder and went into action. Two of the three on-

(Continued on page 54)

The Vagabonds

By Elinor Corse Robinson

RICH days, rare days, days of golden weather,
Let us leave the house and town and rove the fields together.
Why should we be bowed with care and always think of duty
When all the world is rioting in color and in beauty?

THE trees that yesterday were green are tinted red and yellow,
The wayside hedges and the shrubs, frost touched, show colors mellow.
White, fleecy clouds in sky of blue float in freedom o'er us,
Fair and sweet the whole wide world stretches out before us.

WHY should we toil in hot, dark rooms or study printed pages
When, just outside, is spread the wealth and wisdom of the ages?
And are not health and happiness, as well as work, a duty?
Then let us go a-gipsying through this gay world of beauty.

"Every dollar builds a yard of dyke, and each mile of dyke floods six hundred acres of marsh."

Wanted—Refuges

By

D. H. MADSEN

State Game and Fish Commissioner of Utah

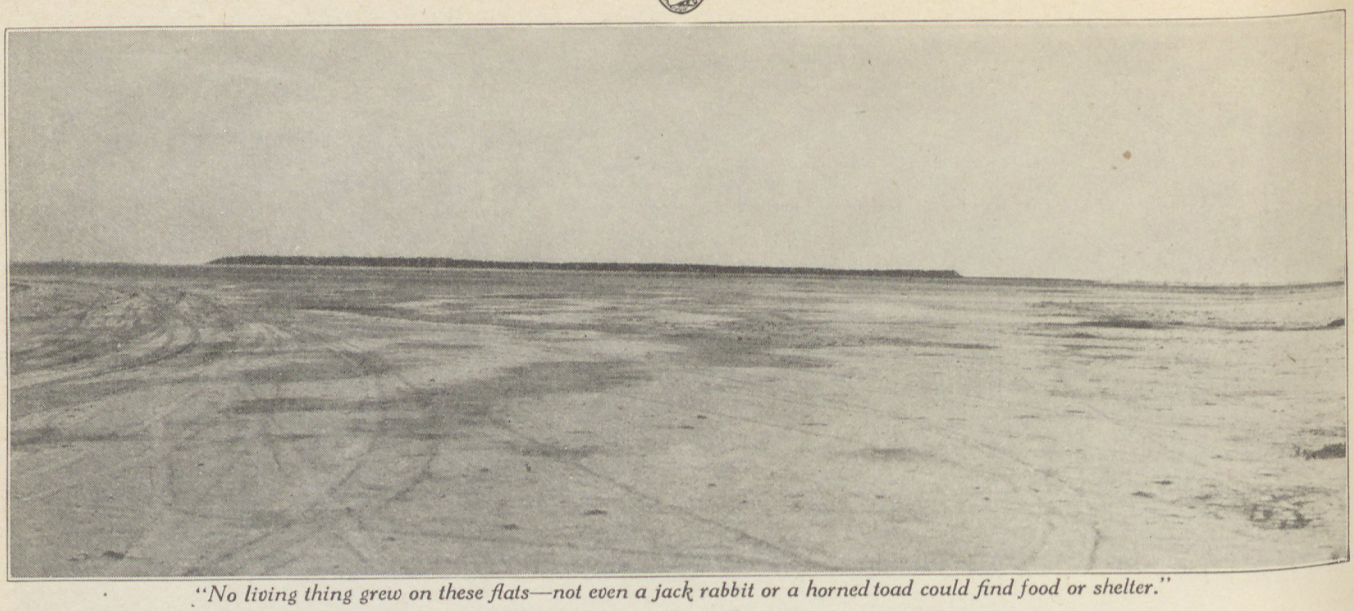
AS I write these lines, a couple of game wardens are tinkering away on the roof of a little shack that we call the clubhouse, making fast a tin smoke stack which is the finishing touch of making ready a second-hand cook stove, the nearest approach to luxury to be found in this the greatest public shooting ground in America. Perhaps someday we may boast of more comfortable quarters, but to date money available for this work has been limited and knowing that every dollar would build a yard of dyke, and each mile of dyke would flood six hundred acres of marsh, we didn't have money for non-essentials.

The little shack stands on one of many knolls that dot this otherwise level country and rise to a height of five or six feet. From this slight elevation, I can look for a distance of three or four miles in any direction and see shining lakes of shallow water, with here and there a patch of tules showing above the surface, and great patches of pond sago or potato moss, one of the finest of all duck foods, making dark blotches on the shimmering lakes.

There is a constant movement of ducks across the lakes, and I can hear the familiar call of half a dozen species. With my glasses I can see great banks of birds, ducks and geese, on far-away points and mud bars. I can step outside and gaze toward the skies for a few moments and am nearly certain to see a great mass of white bellies and hear the familiar whistle of a flock of widgeons as they come down out of the purple, wheel a few times and find a landing place in one of the lakes.

This is the realization of a hope long cherished, that I would some day have a part in the building of a real public duck shooting ground for the benefit of those who, like myself, had never been able to afford the cost of club shooting. Three years ago, I stood on this same spot and looked this

"There is a constant movement of ducks across the lakes, and I can hear the familiar call of half a dozen species."



"No living thing grew on these flats—not even a jack rabbit or a horned toad could find food or shelter."

same country over. Except for one narrow strip, where a little water seeped across the desert and lost itself in a growth of flag and tule, the ground was bare as cement pavement and almost as hard. One could drive a heavy car any place, and the only mark made by the tires would be to disturb the very thin film of alkali or salt on the surface. In the distance we could see the dust devils whirl the light powdered alkali into the air. No living thing, not even a salt weed, grew on these flats, and not even a jack rabbit or horned toad could find sufficient food or shelter to tempt him to remain here.

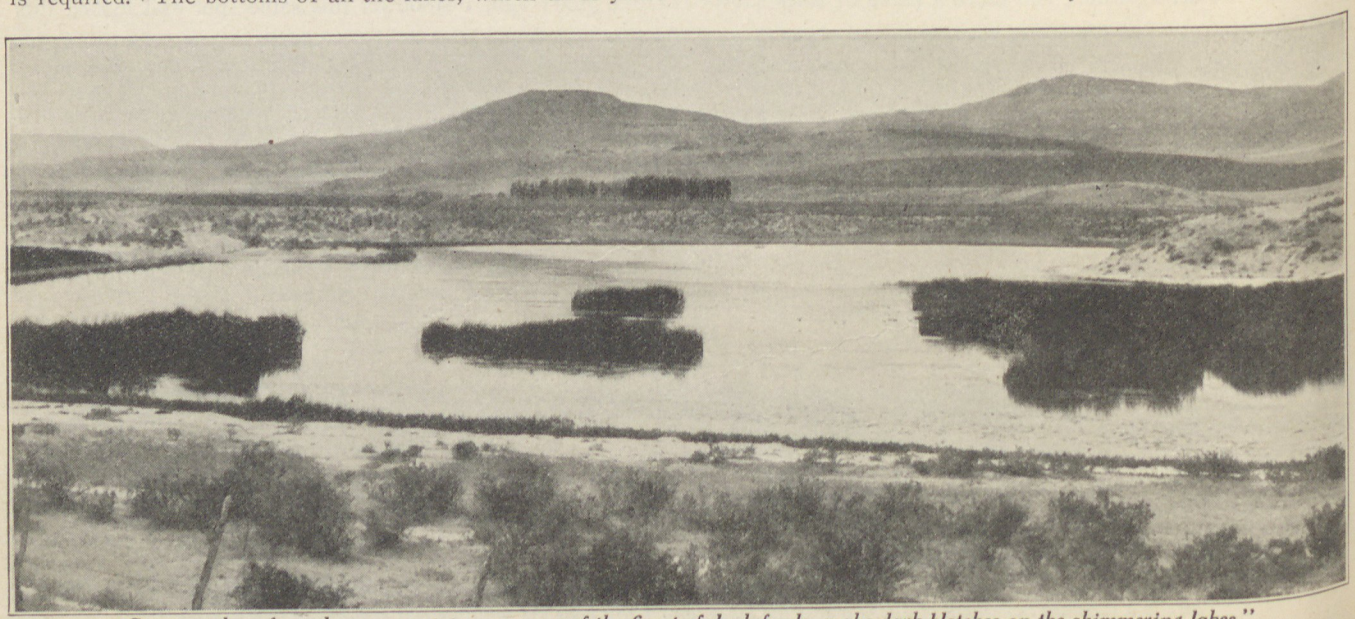
Today this shack is in the center of a tract of seventeen thousand acres, owned by the State of Utah, of which nearly ten thousand acres are already flooded. It is possible to drive an automobile on good road within three quarters of a mile from the farthest shooting point, and every acre of water can be easily negotiated with a pair of hip boots. The shooting season opens six days from today, which will be October 1st, and there are at this moment more than two hundred thousand ducks and geese feeding on ground that three years ago was as dry as the Sahara.

On October 1st one thousand sportsmen will come here to their own club, and shoot. They will all get ducks. Many of them will get the legal bag limit, and there will be no charge except the regular two dollar hunting license.

There is a large rest lake or refuge in the center of the grounds, where the birds are not disturbed, and where food is abundant so they may find safety without leaving the grounds. There is no artificial feeding or baiting, and none is required. The bottoms of all the lakes, which three years ago were totally devoid of vegetation, are now more than sixty per cent covered with duck food. There are approximately five miles of dykes on the grounds, and the total cost of construction work, purchase of land and water, engineering, etc., to date, is less than thirty-five thousand dollars. When the project is complete, the total cost will be approximately fifty thousand dollars. We will then have nearly twenty square miles of water, all of it less than three feet in depth, and every lake under control so that the water can be held at any level, or drained if desirable. The funds for the project represent a part of the license money paid by Utah sportsmen for fishing and hunting licenses.

This, in a word, is the story of Utah's public shooting ground. It is the second year it has been in operation, and conditions are vastly improved over last year. Eight hundred men shot on the grounds on the last opening day, and killed about five thousand birds. This year the shooting should be twice as good.

Now this may sound like a simple story, but don't think for one moment that building or operating a public shooting ground is all peaches and cream. Remember we draw the fellow who has no place to hunt, and from the way some of them conduct themselves, I am sure they have never had any place to hunt. They don't know the game. They want to hunt ducks like they hunt jack rabbits—with the result that all they draw is a lot of exercise and a lot of Hell from the fellow who does know the game and "stays down." Imagine five or six hundred men, leaving half a dozen camps before it is yet light enough to find some blind that has been built for them in a lake they have never seen before,



"Great patches of pond sago or potato moss, one of the finest of duck foods, make dark blotches on the shimmering lakes."

"Across shining lakes of shallow water I can see, with glasses, great banks of ducks and geese on far-away points and mud bars."

and a dozen game wardens trying to get them under cover before the signal to shoot is given. But, fortunately, there are innumerable islands and hummocks, and here and there a clump of tule or dead sage into which they can go when every attempt to find an unoccupied stand has failed, so that by the time daylight arrives and shooting begins they are pretty well out of sight. In spite of all the difficulties, they are a good natured and appreciative crowd, and only here and there does one hear a complaint. You may imagine the anxious moments among so many men, some of whom are shooting ducks for the first time, just before the time to shoot arrives. But last year on the opening day, only one stray shot, and that perhaps an accidental one, was fired until within six minutes of shooting time, when they simply could not longer withstand the temptation of thousands of birds whistling and quacking overhead, and the battle was on. And, let me say to you, it is a battle well worth watching. You simply have no idea of how much space there is around a teal doing eighty miles an hour, until you watch him pass over fifty men on a public hunting ground.

After the opening day our troubles are pretty well over. We shoot two days a week and two hundred men is an average day. They are better hunters and know the grounds, and there is plenty of room.

More than six years ago, I went to New York to attend the American Game Conference, and, incidentally, see that great city for the first time. It was a year when we were having trouble with sick ducks, and hundreds of thousands had died. I had a place on the program at the Conference and my subject had to do with this loss of birds. I do not know that New York is especially noted for its hospitality, but at any rate both I and my subject have been somewhat better received there as the years have passed.

When my part of the program at that Conference revealed the tremendous loss of birds that had gone on in the Bear River Marshes, it was even then an old story. No one seemed to be seriously concerned about the fact that *eight or ten million birds had perished in the West, for the want of fresh water and adequate feeding grounds.* In fact, if you will permit me, I'll just say quietly that I don't think half the delegates at that Conference, who were courteous enough to listen to my paper, believed that the story was even approximately true. But, lo, after six more years, now making a total of nearly twenty years that these losses have gone on, I find the subject is not alone popular, but, by some at least, seems to have been only recently discovered. And the reason for all the interest at this late date is the fact that *in many places in Western United States, duck shooting as a sport has all but disappeared,* and as is usual with us "We miss the water most where it ain't."

But it is not yet too late to mend our ways. There is still a fair supply of ducks and *they will come back if given an opportunity.* The work which the State of Utah has begun in the Bear River Marshes can be continued by the Federal government to almost any extent for which finances are available. There is a tremendous area of land near the delta of Bear River which is now being flooded periodically by the waters of Salt Lake, to a depth of only a few inches, but which leaves in its wake a layer of salt that means the death

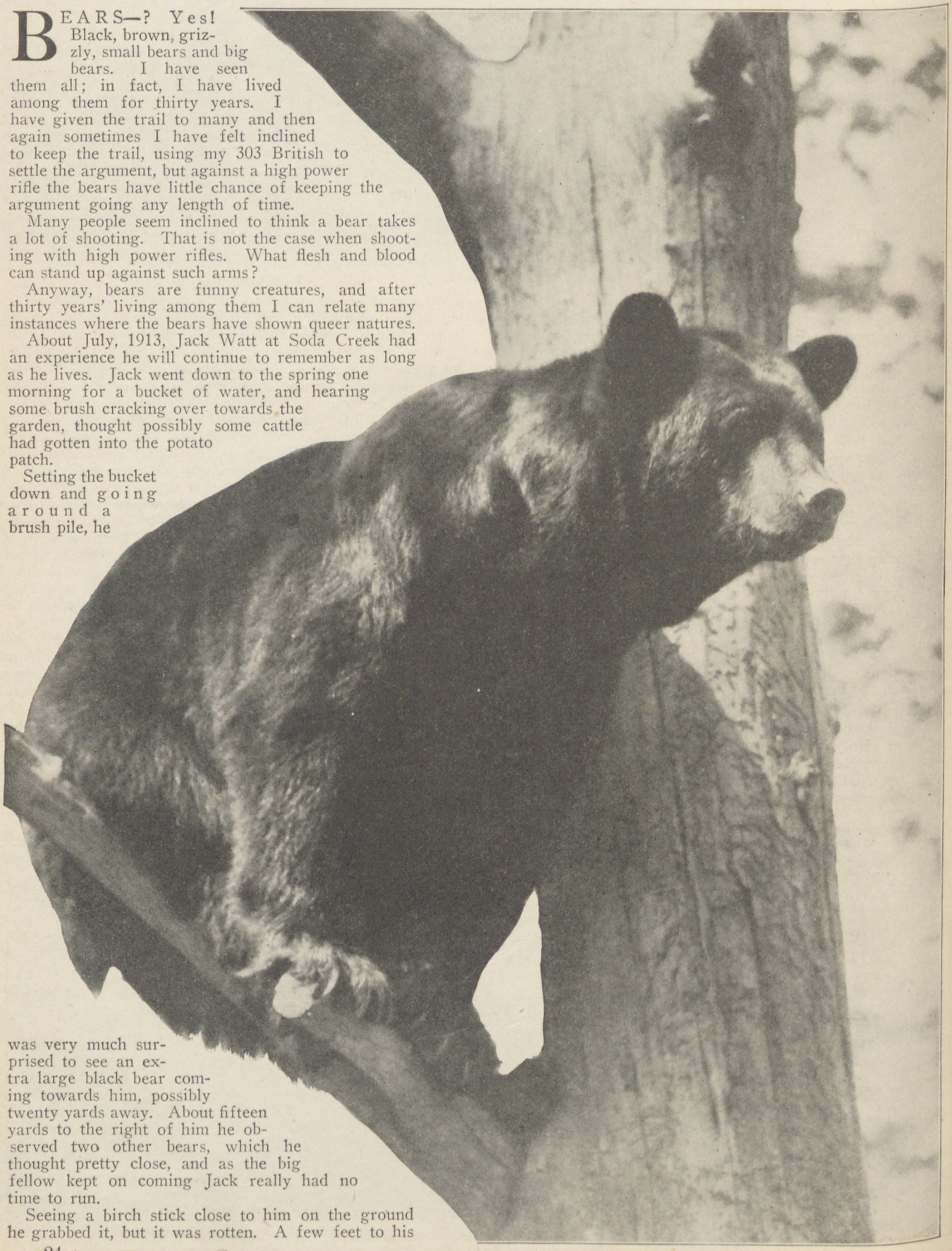
(Continued on page 55)

"The bottoms of all the lakes, which three years ago were totally devoid of vegetation, are now covered with duck food."

Bears and Bears Again

By JAMES MACKILL

Photograph by
H. Armstrong Roberts



BEARS—? Yes! Black, brown, grizzly, small bears and big bears. I have seen them all; in fact, I have lived among them for thirty years. I have given the trail to many and then again sometimes I have felt inclined to keep the trail, using my 303 British to settle the argument, but against a high power rifle the bears have little chance of keeping the argument going any length of time.

Many people seem inclined to think a bear takes a lot of shooting. That is not the case when shooting with high power rifles. What flesh and blood can stand up against such arms?

Anyway, bears are funny creatures, and after thirty years' living among them I can relate many instances where the bears have shown queer natures.

About July, 1913, Jack Watt at Soda Creek had an experience he will continue to remember as long as he lives. Jack went down to the spring one morning for a bucket of water, and hearing some brush cracking over towards the garden, thought possibly some cattle had gotten into the potato patch.

Setting the bucket down and going around a brush pile, he was very much surprised to see an extra large black bear coming towards him, possibly twenty yards away. About fifteen yards to the right of him he observed two other bears, which he thought pretty close, and as the big fellow kept on coming Jack really had no time to run.

Seeing a birch stick close to him on the ground he grabbed it, but it was rotten. A few feet to his

left stood a small spruce tree, and Jack got busy and was climbing up, when the large bear got to the same tree and started up also. Jack got up as far as he could and the bear right after him.

Several times the bear reached up and clawed Jack's legs; in fact, inflicted terrible scars on his legs below the knee. Then something happened. While Jack was kicking the bear in the face and pushing him off, he kicked his foot into the bear's mouth, and the bear took advantage and put its teeth clean through Jack's foot, at the same time evidently losing hold on the tree, falling to the ground and bringing poor Jack down also. They just about touched noses, and, of course, Jack thought it was all off with him, but to Jack's surprise the big fellow simply walked off to the two other bears that had been watching them all the time.

It didn't take Jack long to get to his cabin, but, believe me, his legs were in a terrible condition, and it took a long time under the care of a doctor before Jack could get around again.

That is only one instance of what black bears will sometimes do. To this day I fail to see any apparent reason for this bear acting as it did, unless Jack happened along when the bear was a-wooing bent and one of the other bears was his lady-love.

Poor Tom Meney "got his" last year from a large grizzly in the Prince George district. Tom and I used to trap together, but drifted apart. Tom was of a traveling nature, always looking for new trapping and hunting grounds. Different with me; when I found One Eye Lake in the Mackenzie district I simply stayed and I intend to stay. The fishing and hunting here cannot be beat anywhere, I don't believe, and I have an intimate knowledge of a very large section of British Columbia.

Tom drifted north of Prince George and trapped all winter. In the spring, about a mile from the home cabin, he shot a moose for food for himself and partner, the balance for bait on the trap line. After dressing the moose he started for the cabin, as it was getting dark, intending to go back in the morning and get a quarter for food.

Eating a good hearty breakfast and, after doing a few chores, Tom took a camp axe and went out to get the moose meat. His partner had left early to look over a part of the trap line and would not return until evening.

Bill, Tom's partner, did not get back till after dark, and was very much surprised to see the cabin dark, cold, and apparently no fire there all day. It was then too late to look for Tom, and Bill expected him to return any moment, never for a minute surmising anything was wrong.

It seemed strange, as there were no neighbors for miles. Tom was a good woodsman, naturally things should be all right—at least so Bill thought. Tom did not show up that night. Bill got a cup of coffee in the morning and took Tom's trail, following along in the direction he said he had killed the moose. Sure enough, Tom had gone that way, and Bill noticed grizzly bear tracks in the snow. Going along a little further, the bear tracks were in every direction, and there was poor Tom laying on his face, dead, the top of his head almost taken off by the grizzly.

By the signs it seems as though Tom came along while the bear was feeding on the moose meat, and not wanting to make a trip back after his rifle, must have tried to scare the bear away. Tom and the bear must have had some fight right there, the signs showed it—tracks of man and bear around and around for 100 feet, but Tom lost the fight. The bear must have been hit several times, as blood signs showed on his trail leading away from the moose meat.

Bill, of course, had to get out to Prince George and report what happened to the provincial police. It may interest the readers to know that that same bear was killed by a hunter this year, at least it is supposed to be the same bear, as on this bear's head several scars taken to be axe blows were found. I believe it to be the same bear, as it was killed in that section, and large grizzlies do not travel far from their haunts.

These are only a few narratives. Many strange stories are told of bears in the northern part of British Columbia.

During thirty years of guiding big game hunters after all kinds of big game, I have seen some peculiar things, but I must say I have never seen anything serious happen.

Sometimes a grizzly is wounded and gets away for the time being, but with the help of two faithful dogs I generally have no trouble finding a bear that has been crippled.

One of these dogs, Beauty, a bloodhound, never fails, and a bear getting away after being shot is surely mine when I turn Beauty loose.

It proves again and again that no man knows just exactly what a bear of any kind is going to do. Perhaps he may run, when running is good, then again he may not run. With black and brown bear they beat it 99 times out of 100, unless a female happens to have cubs, and they invariably get out, cubs and all. Perhaps a tree may be close for the cubs, then up they go and the mother runs off into the brush somewhere.

Grizzlies act very much the same, only a female with cubs generally makes the other fellow beat it off into the brush, and an old male or female are not good on the run, generally standing pat.

It is little wonder a grizzly takes the attitude it does sometimes. They are the bosses of the woods, and all other wild animals give them a wide berth, so why should man expect them to run at all times and be more than surprised if they don't?

The Bella Coola valley in the Mackenzie district is to my belief the best grizzly country now to be found. Grizzlies are plentiful. Thousands and thousands of salmon die at the headwaters of the Dean, Stillwater and Abnarki rivers, where great bear feed, and huckleberries, hundreds of acres, are close by. These make a natural habitat for bear of all kinds, even up till snow flies in November. Little wonder bears are to be found in large numbers in this section. Lots of feed, that's what does it.

You will always find bear where there is lots of feed for them. No feed—no bear.

How many hunters have been disappointed when their guide tells them, "Last year we had lots of huckleberries and the bears were thick, but this year, no berries, and I can't find any bear tracks. They must have moved off some place where there are berries."

That's true, no doubt about it.

Get along a stream or river where the fish are spawning, and I miss my guess if there are not plenty of bears—that is, if there are any bear in the country.

It is incredible that we can be so stupid, so utterly indolent, as to let our bear go the way of our buffalo, and our wild pigeon, now merely museum pieces. Do you want your sons, sportsmen of America, to know bear only as a legendary species of wild game, a peanut-catching, rather mangy, Zoo-residing relic? You can save this fine game animal if you will make the necessary effort. PROTEST AGAINST the present inadequate laws for its protection. INSIST on better ones. Find out the laws in your own state; make known to your Game Commission your wishes; urge other sportsmen to do the same. When your will in the matter is definitely known you will gain your way.

BUT MAKE IT KNOWN.

POLLUTION

A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois

Clean Water

By
HENRY BALDWIN WARD

DR. WARD is known as a foremost authority on all pollution problems. This paper, which he read recently at the Second State Convention of the New York Division of the Izaak Walton League at Rochester, N. Y., is of value and interest to scientist and layman alike. His conclusions are eminently sane and practical, and if followed by every municipality and industry in the United States would give our country the priceless boon of CLEAN WATER. EDITOR

IN a marvelously interesting book on the Fitness of the Environment, Professor L. J. Henderson of Harvard University devotes a long chapter at the start of his argument to the subject of water. He said—"It was assuredly not chance that led the Greek Philosopher Thales to found philosophy and science with the assertion that water is the origin of all things * * * However vague his conception of water may, indeed must have been, he at least expressed a conclusion which proceeded from experience and serious reflection. From that day to this the unique position of water has never been shaken. It remains the most familiar and the most important of all things."

Water is universally recognized as a fundamental necessity of life, and a multitude of books have been written on how to handle it mechanically for every one of a variety of purposes. We have learned to make great profits from its use. But in all these discussions and treatises the subject has been taken up as if there were only one kind of water. Thus the mechanics of the subject are well known, and indeed up to recent times it was not important to consider any other aspect of the question. Within recent years, however, a large part of the world has been forced to ask itself, "What kind of water is available?" and to govern its practices accordingly. The relations to life which were previously unknown or disregarded have become all important, and today the world is learning that much of what is called water is not available for its uses. It is indeed this aspect of the question to which I want to call particular attention in our discussion today.

To the casual observer the supply of water is unlimited; while it varies in quantity from time to time, those variations which impress us most are the streams that present themselves in freshets and floods, often of such magnitude that they compel the suspension of everyday occupations, if indeed they do not work havoc so vividly associated in our minds with the great catastrophes of the present year in the Mississippi Basin. We are also though less vividly impressed with the fact that large areas of the continent are seriously limited by their possession of an inadequate supply of water. And the development of our arid or semi-arid regions is directly dependent upon the ability to secure a larger supply of water and bring it into the proper relations to the utilization of natural resources in that region. Unfortunate as they are, both these variations in the supply are really limited and insignificant in comparison with the total amount available in any given region, so that while questions of stream flow and the regulation of water supply are important, the fundamental handling of problems of the supply depends upon an accurate knowledge of the amount available and the best methods of utilizing it for general purposes.

It is a mistake to suppose that if the supply is unwisely handled at one point, such an error is without influence upon other situations. Take for example, the case of a moderate sized river in any of our prairie states. It flows in a shallow basin some hundred or two hundred miles from the sources of the stream to a point to which it becomes part of a larger river, or joins a great body of water like the inland lakes or the ocean itself. All the purposes of man in that valley must be served by the supply which the stream affords. By and large it is impossible by tapping other sources either in adjacent valleys or in subterranean streams to add an appreciable available quantity. Whatever may be developed from the agricultural possibilities of the region or may grow out of the organization of industrial plants, large or small, and whatever is available for the uses of human population of the region, must come from the supply available in the valley itself. It is important to emphasize this point because many a man suggests casually, as a solution for difficulties which arise, that some other source of water supply be developed to replace that which has been misused to the point that it is no longer adequate in quantity or quality for the purposes of the region.

To make the situation clearer let us suppose that there are three cities of moderate size located in this valley some forty miles apart, and that like most American cities in a reasonably settled region they have developed the average amount of industrial activity. In making such a supposition I am only stating the conditions which actually exist in many valleys of the type which I have described. The water of the stream is taken for the use of the first city and employed in industrial plants as well as for human consumption in the city. After utilization it is discharged with the wastes that have come in the course of its utilization for all purposes, and usually discharged untreated into the stream from which it came. So long as the population is small and the manufacturing activities very limited, this makes but little difference. Under natural conditions such a stream will recuperate with marvelous rapidity. At first the next town found its water supply usable, but as the city upstream grew in population, and manufacturing activities became more extensive the burden thrown upon the river was beyond its powers of recuperation. Little by little the second community came to appreciate that its activities were restricted if not more seriously limited by the quality of the water. There is no need to go into greater

detail for the situation will be clear and you will readily appreciate that the third city was worse off than the second. It also requires no gift of prophecy to assert with positiveness that the conditions have become a menace to the welfare of industry, even to the existence of human life.

These conditions actually exist in a considerable part of our country. We have all come in contact with them, and know that the only question which arises in any mind concerns the degree of acuteness which the situation presents. New York state started upon the pollution of its streams nearly three hundred years ago, but the situation did not become serious until within the last century. I was born and brought up on the banks of the Hudson. In my boyhood that noble river "ran unsullied to the sea." Less than forty years ago opposite the center of one of the great cities of the state that is proud of its position on the banks of that river, water was so clear that we boys watched with delight fish playing among the water weeds, and so pure that we reveled in sports with which the stream tempted us. Today at that same point the water is so vile that no fish could possibly live in it, and the streams so malodorous that it fortunately drives away any who may have sought to find in it or on it opportunities for aquatic sports. It is a menace to industry and equally, if not more so, to human life. There is little need to emphasize further the facts of the situation. Unfortunately the Hudson is not the only stream which has suffered in this fashion. The description applies with equal truth to a multitude of rivers all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. The pollution of our streams which even fifty years ago was relatively trifling has grown in this short time to such an extent that it constitutes a problem of first magnitude for all who have at heart the present and future welfare of our country.

The cause of the situation is easily recognized. It is the discharge into the stream of untreated wastes. People usually attempt to distinguish these as domestic and industrial, including in the first the waste products of the human organism and in the second group the waste products of industrial plants. While from a theoretical standpoint the distinction is reasonably good, yet I wish to call attention clearly to the fact that the two classes of wastes are not separable under present day conditions. The large number of garages, machine shops, laundries, small factories and other establishments which empty apparently insignificant quantities of waste into the sewage systems of our cities transform the city discharges into mixtures in which the sum total of industrial wastes is sufficient to modify seriously or even over balance the wastes produced by the population, so that the effect on streams is far different from that produced by city discharges forty or fifty years ago. In order that the situation may be properly understood, it is important to call attention also to the fact that modern industry has been developed extensively along chemical lines, and chemical waste products are often highly poisoned and unfortunately in many cases so resistant to natural influences that they remain unchanged for long periods of time. In consequence the stream recuperates very slowly, and the pollution spreading downward involves not merely a short stretch such as was defiled under older conditions, but an area so large that for a hundred miles or more the river is nothing but an open sewer. Thus the wastes of today are not only much larger in amount, even relatively than they were half a century ago, but by virtue of their

The Fox River Saved

Reprint from the Chicago Tribune

THE voters of Aurora have approved a bond issue of $1,000,000 for the construction of a sewage disposal plant. The vote is the last but by no means the least important action required for the purification of the Fox river. The river was in danger of becoming a noisome thing, if not a definite menace to public health, carrying off, as it did, the wastes of a chain of industrial communities.

All of the larger cities in the Fox valley have now adopted programs of sewage treatment. Aurora's vote follows that of Geneva, St. Charles, Batavia, and Elgin, and assures the success of the program laid down by the Fox river conservancy district. Here is an example of the vigor of local government in this country.

The result of the vote shows the value which the Fox river towns wisely place upon their stream. They are alive to its beauty as well as its recreational possibilities, and do not propose to have these advantages lost to them for lack of foresight or appropriation. Every resident in Greater Chicago is indebted to the men and women who have made possible the preservation of the Fox river in all its charm.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Installs $600,000 Sewage Disposal Plant

Sponsored by Local Izaak Walton League Chapter

THE largest single project undertaken by the city of Sioux Falls was the building and installation of the sewage treatment plant located east of the spillway and between the river and the Dell Rapids road. This plant was completed at a cost of approximately $600,000 and covers six to ten acres. The plant is designed to handle the 7,000,000 gallons of sewage from the city each day and to handle the sewage, both domestic and industrial, for the next fifty years.

The erection of the plant is the result of the protests of residents living along the Sioux river below Sioux Falls. The fact that the river was in such condition, due to pollution, that no water animal could live in the waters brought the matter to the attention of the Izaak Walton League.

For several years past, delegations had come to the city commission protesting against the pollution of the river. The final protest was made by residents of the community around Brandon. This protest was backed up by the threat of injunction proceedings to enjoin the city from polluting the river. Legal authorities pointed out that the city had no standing in court in an injunction of this nature, and the best thing to do would be to place the matter before the residents of the city. Accordingly the Izaak Walton League asked that the people be allowed to vote on a $600,000 bond issue for the purpose of erecting a sewage treatment plant.

On November 27, 1925, the matter was submitted to a vote, and so well had the Sioux Falls chapter of the Izaak Walton League presented the matter to the voters that the bond issue carried by 4,095 for and only 637 against the issue.

On Tuesday evening, August 16, the sewage treatment plant was placed in operation following appropriate dedication ceremonies under the charge of the local chapter of the league.

A large bronze plate will be installed at the plant, giving full details.

The plate is about four feet long and two feet wide. It reads as follows: "1928, Sioux Falls Sewage Disposal Works. Main treatment works designed to be adequate until 1937, with capacities as follows: Grit chamber, 18.6 M. G. D.; sedimentation tanks, 8 M. G. D.; dry weather flow with 95 per cent removal settleable solids; sludge digestion tanks, 149,000 cubic feet each; filter beds, 9 feet deep, covering 4.1 acres; capacity to furnish good effluent for dry weather flow of 8 M. G. D.; area of sludge drying beds, 1.1 acres; 42 outfall sewer has capacity of 23 M. G. D.; storm water is diverted; pump station across the river lifts pre-treated industrial sewage to main treatment works; capacity of pumps, 6.5 M. G. D. Thomas McKinnon, mayor; John Mundt, Ellis O. Smith, Joseph S. Nelson, commissioners; R. E. Bragstad, city engineer; Albert A. Chenoweth, consulting engineer; Pearse, Greeley & Hansen, consultants; Sioux Falls Construction Company, general contractors. Izaak Walton League chapter sponsored movement to build the plant."

character constitute a far greater menace.

The large and rapidly increasing population of our great cities is sufficiently conspicuous to emphasize without further discussion the magnitude and corresponding importance of the wastes they are producing and pouring into the streams of the country. It is not so easy to see or to estimate correctly the significance of the burdens thrown upon our waters by industrial wastes. In most regions the burden is far greater than the ordinary citizen suspects. It is even minimized in many cases by the manufacturer himself, who often honestly though mistakenly maintains that the contribution furnished by his particular industry is too small to play a prominent part in the pollution of the stream. This was particularly true in one region where careful study of the situation has recently been made. Yet an accurate scientific measure of the wastes discharged at three points show that the sewage of one city furnished 90 units of pollution and the wastes from the industries 744 units, or more than 8 times as much. At another point domestic sewage was responsible for 64 units of pollution where the industrial waste was equivalent to 913 units, or 15 times as much. In the third location a little city was responsible for 3 units of pollution and industrial waste was equivalent to 52 units. In this calculation no account was taken of the fact that some industrial waste is also contained in the city sewage, and no allowance was made for the fact that the industrial wastes are much more serious than those coming from domestic sources. It is certainly a blot on a great and prosperous nation that its cities discharge such a volume of polluting materials into its streams, and it is safe to say that no other great civilized nation has anything like so black a record. At the same time, one must also state with equal frankness that by far the largest and most serious factor in the situation is the discharge of immense quantities of untreated industrial wastes, a procedure not countenanced in any other part of the civilized world, and entirely unworthy of the ability with which American industry has been developed in general.

Are We This Simple?

Cartoon by
GROVER PAGE

Widely known cartoonist and member Louisville Chapter, Izaak Walton League

The picture has not been painted in too sombre colors. Indeed *there is need of repetition upon repetition and emphasis of the most powerful type to bring home to the average citizen the actual facts of the situation. If the processes of destruction are not stopped the country will be appalled in another quarter of a century* by the destruction of natural resources, commercial values and human life, all of which can be traced directly to the wasteful and careless pollution of our waters. Every year that passes adds to the difficulty and expense of correcting the evil.

If you ask me how this evil is to be corrected I must say frankly that no one can answer that question, that is can say FULLY how the natural conditions are to be restored. The situation involves a large number of particular cases and the precise methods to be used in each case are not in all instances understood nor would there be opportunity today to cover the details involved in the discussion of such cases. It must be sufficient to outline the general plan of procedure and to state the broad policy which must guide our efforts. A situation of such magnitude and complexities cannot be handled in a brief period. It would be impossible, for instance, to purify the Hudson in a year, even if the entire resources of New York state were devoted to that particular purpose. Unfortunately the best of methods will achieve results only slowly and just as with the individual recuperation is often a very gradual process, so much time will be demanded to restore our streams and lakes once more to a healthy condition. Nevertheless I should not deal fairly with you or with the situation if I failed to say that sometimes unexpected results have been attained within a relatively brief time. Thus the installation of the sewage disposal plant at the twin cities, Champaign and Urbana, Illinois, was followed within a year by a sufficiently complete rejuvenation of the little stream that had formerly been nothing but an open sewer, to such an extent that fish were seen playing about in clear water near the point at which the discharge from the plant had emptied into the stream.

Those who say that purification of American rivers is impossible are neither familiar with the results obtained both at home and abroad nor are they animated by the

(Continued on page 38)

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

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LIMIT THE CATCH

THE following letter, of extreme interest to all sportsmen, was written to Jacob M. Dickinson, President of the Izaak Walton League, by the Hon. John M. Parker while en route on the special train of Vice-President Dawes to Greenville, Miss., on July 28, 1927.

As is well known, Mr. Parker is one of the outstanding men of America. He was nominee for vice president on the Bull Moose ticket with Theodore Roosevelt. He was one of the most distinguished governors of Louisiana, and in the recent flood disasters, he was the factotum in Louisiana of the Hon. Herbert Hoover.

THE deluge in the Mississippi Valley has been most disastrous to game of all kinds, some of which are almost exterminated, as the overflow came at a period when most of them had their young, and in many instances stayed by them which resulted in the death of both. Deer and bear suffered especially, and reports made to me in regard to both quail and wild turkey indicate that the toll from the waters was more than in any previous flood.

It is a rather curious thing in the case of the wild turkey. The male, which is the larger and stronger, was almost wiped out. Old hunters and trappers told me that they had seen quite a number fall or alight in the water and totally unable to fly or arise from it; while the female rarely ever touched the water, and, though very poor and weak, most of them managed to live from the buds and bugs on the trees. The male turkey in the spring of the year is of resplendent plumage in full costume. His feathers are beautiful and his breast, which old hunters call the "spongue," the large body of flesh immediately surrounding the beard, almost as large again as during the winter months. This fact, no doubt, accounts for the excessive mortality among the gobblers.

With the subsidence of flood waters millions of fish of all kinds were left in shallow pools and low places where vast quantities of them have died, and in many places where the waters receded rapidly, at a rate of one foot or more per day, many millions were left on the ground, furnishing food for crows, black birds and the various members of the heron family. It is a pity a concerted effort was not made to preserve the edible fish but on account of the unusual conditions this was impossible. In many places the land was a sea of mud as the waters receded.

It is to be hoped that sportsmen will appreciate these conditions and *will limit their catch so as to give the game an opportunity to reestablish themselves.*

CONSERVATION ? ? ?

IT is a bitter disappointment to us to announce to our readers that the courageous fight staged by the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League has resulted in one of the saddest travesties on good government one could possibly imagine. The 1927 Wisconsin Legislature, spurred on by the Wisconsin Division of the League, passed what is considered the most perfect law ever enacted in this country for the administration of conservation.

This law provided for the appointment by the governor of a non-salaried, non-political commission of six men, these in turn to appoint a conservation director, specifically defined by the law as "a person having executive ability and experience, special training and skill in conservation work. . . ." The first set-back came when Fred R. Zimmerman, governor of Wisconsin, appointed six men to the commission, at least a majority of whom did not qualify under the law as "persons having knowledge of and interest in conservation." Yet this is the man who during his campaign of 1926 volunteered to act as the evangelist of conservation in Wisconsin, who made this his principal platform pledge to the people of the state, and who threw the national convention of the Izaak Walton League into a wild uproar of enthusiasm when he declared in his most dramatic style that "conservation must be divorced from politics and not only in Wisconsin but in every state in the Union."

The governor repudiated his pledge to the people and to the cause of conservation when "his" commission selected as their choice for director the governor's own private secretary. This man is totally without qualifications under the plain language and intent of the law. No pretext is made by this appointee or by the commissioners themselves that he has any experience, special training, or skill in conservation. This is the man who played a conspicuous part in the election of this governor of Wisconsin, wrote many of his speeches, and has acted as his administrative adviser. The appointment is so obviously political as to require no further comment on that score.

Governor Zimmerman has sacrificed conservation upon the altar of selfish political expediency. His pledges were not kept. Can any members of this League have anything but the utmost contempt for politicians whose Judas-like insincerity makes a farce of a sacred obligation?

Governor Zimmerman's pre-election declarations had the ring of truth and sincerity, a sincerity which seems to have been but mere word-service, a capacity to grasp at a popular demand and to use the ideals of individuals and organizations for his own purposes.

If pure justice is still a supreme aspiration of mankind, if it has any significance in the ideals of Waltonism, it is our hope that the Wisconsin Division will not accept this blow lying down. We are informed they will not but will stick to their guns like redblooded men, men of character and principle, and fight to the last ditch, in the courts or at the ballot box, until the death-grip of unscrupulous politicians be removed from conservation in their state.

In this battle which our brothers in Wisconsin are fighting, our entire membership may see an exhibit of that splendid militancy to which Waltonism must rise on occasion, if we are to be loyal to our ideals and achieve the fundamental purposes for which we are organized.

A MORAL OBLIGATION

MR. SPORTSMAN, the story by Commissioner Madsen on page 21 of this issue is a challenge to all America—a story of real accomplishment—not just an idle dream! Mr. Madsen, with the limited funds at his command, has shown the way to help solve the duck problem. But it is only a start. Are all the other states which benefit from this accomplishment by one sparsely settled state going to sit idly by twiddling their thumbs, or are they going to pitch in and do their full share?

(*Continued on page 59*)

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Edited by SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

The Red Demon

BAD habits are acquired in various ways; usually they are the result of environment. And what may be considered good practice now may later prove just the opposite.

The first white settlers in America had to destroy the forests in order to build their homes, clear fields, and prepare sites for cities and factories. Large areas of forest had to be destroyed in order to make possible the development of this wonderful country of ours.

Too much of any commodity induces waste. The early lumberman found so much choice timber and a comparatively poor market that only the best logs were used; the balance was wasted or became the prey of uncontrolled forest fires. The entire program was simply one of destruction; no thought was given to the needs of a later day.

Waste Became a Habit

DESTRUCTION and waste of our forests became a habit and not merely an occasional incident. The "red demon" of the forest, as we now know him, was not considered a serious menace in the early days. Big devastating forest fires were all too often looked upon as a necessary evil or as a wonderful spectacle, especially in sparsely settled regions. So long as homes or other personal property of settlers were not endangered, no attention was paid to fires.

It has taken many years of concerted effort to overcome this attitude of forest destruction on the part of the American people. Organization and education have turned the tide, and in most sections of America today the forest fire is considered one of man's worst enemies. To the discredit of modern enlightenment it must be admitted that in a few rather large areas there is still need for a real awakening of the public conscience to the menace of forest fires.

Statistics Tell Sad Story

THE Government's statistics on the forest fires during 1926, just completed, tell a sad story. The Forest Service finds that 24,300,000 acres of timberland were burned over with a total loss of $27,000,000. It scarcely seems possible that there should have occurred almost 92,000 separate fires in one year, and that more than 72% of these fires were caused by man. Smokers are credited with starting more than 16%; railroads with 13% and careless brush burning with 12% of these fires.

Mississippi leads the list with 23,170 separate fires; Alabama comes next with 14,953; and Georgia is third with 6,446. The southeastern states—the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi—had a total of 54,200, or 60% of all the fires in the entire country. The West Mississippi States—Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas—had 10,657 fires; the other groups all made better showings.

In Florida the average fire burned over 373 acres; in Wisconsin 355 acres; in Minnesota 354 acres; in California 333 acres; in Pennsylvania 77 acres; in New York 56 acres, and in West Virginia 53 acres.

Protective Systems Made Fine Showing

IN states with real protective systems functioning, nearly 61% of the fires were confined to less than ten acres. Within protected areas as a whole, the average fire burned 140 acres as against 337 acres per fire on lands without protection. Unfortunately only 65% of the forest lands in the United States are within what the Forest Service classifies as "protected areas." This showing should spur all states not in the protected area class into action at once.

The fall fire season is again upon us. Due to weather conditions last spring, 1927 so far has made a very excellent showing. Since man is credited with the responsibility for 72% of this enormous fire loss of $27,000,000 in 1926, man must help stop this terrible waste of our national assets. Smokers and campers, this is a challenge! *Be careful with fires in the woods. Help stop the red demon!*

57th Meeting of Fish Culturists

ONE of the oldest scientific organizations in America—the American Fisheries Society—held its Fifty-seventh Annual Meeting during August at Hartford, Connecticut. This group consists of the leading fish culturists and the scientists who work with them. These are the people upon whom America must depend for a future supply of fish and they deserve the aid of every Waltonian.

The retiring President, John W. Titcomb, Superintendent of Fisheries and Game of Connecticut, prepared a very splendid program, and upwards of one hundred registered delegates from all parts of the country were in attendance.

Among the many subjects discussed at this meeting, elimination of stream pollution received a large share of attention. Among the outstanding topics were: "Flood Prevention in its Relation to Fisheries," by Percy Viosca, Biologist of the Louisiana Department of Conservation; "Studies in Trade Waste Pollution," by Doctor David L. Belding of Boston; "Stream Survey Investigations," by Doctor Emmeline Moore, Investigator in Fish Culture, New York Conservation Department; "Artificial Production of Food for Young Bass," by Charles O. Hayford, Superintendent, New Jersey Fish Hatchery; "The Natural and Artificial Foods of Fishes," by Ida Mellen, Aquarist, New York Aquarium; "Further Observations on the Diseases of Trout," by Doctor Belding and Doctor H. S. Davis, Pathologist, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries; and "A Preliminary Report of Experiments on Fishways in the Columbia River Region," by John N. Cobb, Washington State College of Fisheries.

Fish Foods Important Subject

ON the last day of the convention a special treat was arranged for the delegates at the Burlington (Conn.) State Fish Hatchery. "Fish Culture and Fish Foods" was intimately discussed by Doctor C. M. McCay, who is connected with the Yale University Scientific School headed by Doctor Mendell. Doctor McCay's discussion dealt largely with ten different basic food experiments on trout which were conducted at the Burlington State Fish Hatchery.

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nationwide. He will gladly answer any inquiries from readers of Outdoor America. EDITOR.

under the immediate direction of F. C. Bing of Yale University. The separate groups of trout were in evidence and attracted much attention. Food experiments have been made by many hatcheries, but never before was there such a comprehensive experiment with different foods on so many separate groups of fish in the same hatchery. The experiences in the Burlington Hatchery gave Doctor McCay a wealth of important information which he imparted to the assembled delegates for their guidance.

Cost of Feeding Mounting

THESE experiments were brought about largely by the fact that certain scientists have found that liver, heretofore used almost exclusively in feeding young trout in the hatcheries, has special food values for anemic people. These discoveries have increased the demand and likewise the price for liver. Many of the fish culturists claim that if the increased human consumption of liver continues it will be but a short while until liver will be selling over the butcher's stalls at the same price as good beefsteak.

The ordinary hatchery food for young trout at the Burlington Hatchery was largely beef liver, supplemented by lights and hearts, and sheep plucks (liver, heart and lungs). Other trout hatcheries use large quantities of milk curds (cottage cheese), fish meal, desiccated liver, specially prepared cracklings and other foods.

The experiments made by Mr. Bing showed that young trout fed on raw ground beef liver and 5% cod liver meal, or raw liver and 2% cod liver oil made the best growth. Of the other experimental lots, the trout raised upon powdered skimmed milk with 2% of cod liver oil added made the best showing. Further results will be reported later.

The Federal Bureau of Fisheries also has been conducting exhaustive experiments with fish foods of various kinds under the direction of Doctor Davis, the results of which will later be published.

These food experiments are expected to develop suitable cheaper substitutes than ground liver for feeding trout in a hatchery, also find foods that can be handled satisfactorily in remote places where freshly ground liver in large quantities is not available.

Output Can Be Greatly Increased

THE fish culturists assembled all agreed that the output of our hatcheries is controlled entirely by the funds available for the work, and the number of organizations, such as the chapters of the Izaak Walton League, that are willing to maintain cooperative rearing ponds in which baby trout, baby bass, and other fishes may be reared to suitable size before stocking. The hatchery facilities now greatly exceed the rearing pond capacity, and *this clearly justifies the recommendation of Secretary Hoover that every chapter of the League should start Hoover rearing ponds at once.*

The Fisheries Society in its resolutions urged the several states to provide adequate legislation for the collection of fisheries statistics and stressed the need for treaties with Canada providing for an International Great Lakes Commission to study the conditions and regulate the Great Lakes fisheries; also to provide for joint control of the salmon fisheries in the boundary waters of Washington and British Columbia.

Doctor Emmeline Moore of New York has the honor and distinction of being the first woman elected to head this important scientific organization. The next annual convention will be held at Seattle, Washington.

Complete transactions of the American Fisheries Society meetings may be purchased from John W. Titcomb, the Librarian of the Society, Hartford, Connecticut, at $3.00 per volume. The fee for membership is $3.00, which entitles the members to a copy of the annual transactions. This organization deserves the active support of all outdoor leaders.

Stop the Bootleggers

CONSERVATION leaders during the past ten years have spent much time and thought considering ways and means to save the wild waterfowl, the grouse, the woodcock and other game from being exterminated. Discussions and publicity incident thereto have resulted in more protection for all game thruout the entire country, but much of this protection has been of a restrictive or negative rather than of a constructive character. Bag limits and seasons on all game birds have been materially reduced; in many instances alternate seasons have been provided for upland game birds; in other cases the seasons have been closed entirely. Long closed seasons have rarely produced desirable results; alternate seasons have often been the cause of much friction and of doubtful value because dishonest hunters kill game on which the season is closed while ostensibly hunting only for game with an open season. Even honest hunters are often tempted and fire before thinking when a grouse, quail or other game bird flushes unexpectedly.

Waterfowl Cause Much Dissension

ONE of the questions causing much dissension during the past year has been the bag limit and length of seasons on waterfowl. One school of thought insists that both the daily bag and the season must be reduced; also that a possession bag and a season bag must be fixed so that hunters who have nothing but time and much ammunition on their hands will not kill more than their fair share.

The other school insists that an extensive system of refuges and not further shooting restrictions are needed. There is merit in both arguments, and the Biological Survey has been right in the middle, scarcely knowing which way to turn.

Bootleggers Take the Cream

DURING all of these discussions and dissensions a potent factor in securing game law observance and perpetuating a supply of game has reaped the benefit; namely, the market hunter—the game bootlegger. Usually this chap is the type that has no other visible occupation than hunting and fishing. And so long as he can find a ready market for his birds he will do exactly what other bootleggers do, take a chance and invariably he gets away with it.

What is the sense of tearing our hair about bag limits and seasons and at the same time ignore or tolerate destructive conditions which we all know exist right under our very noses? A mere handful of Federal and State officers can't stop it! Federal officers admit that ducks are being sold in violation of the law. State officers admit that quail and other game birds are being killed and marketed. Every once in a while one of these pirates gets caught, but *what are we as individuals and organizations doing to shut off the market?*

Our Obligation to Act

UNFORTUNATELY, many men who pose as good citizens and who would not themselves kill game in vio-

(Continued on page 64)

Two New Departments of the League

By FRED H. DOELLNER

General Manager Izaak Walton League of America

THE first steps have been taken in the great national "Do and Grow" program of the League. Well under way on the first phase of its expansion program which, both in conservation and in its own growth, is bigger and more comprehensive than anything ever undertaken before, the League has made good the first of its promises in return for mighty effort on the part of its members.

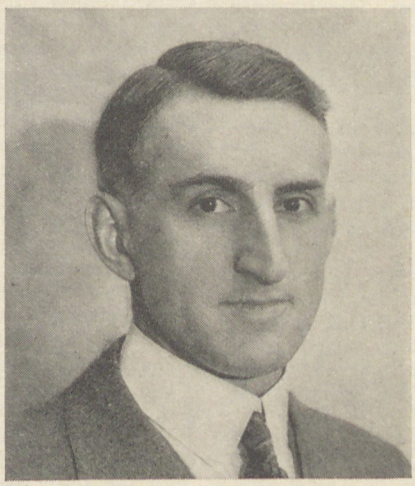
Fittingly, this first step is directed along two lines—a "do" line and a "grow" line.

The League has promised that it will accomplish things in conservation on a greater scale than ever has been thought of before, and as a start it has created a conservation department, of which Seth Gordon, easily the most noted conservation expert in America, is the head—and of which every chapter is a member.

The League has agreed to give every possible help to the members in the "grow" campaign, and toward this end it has created a publicity department, which will broadcast the League's message into every hamlet in America—it will pave the way for the efforts of the members and will follow up those efforts so that the maximum benefit is derived from them.

This department is headed by Donald Hough, known to all Waltonians and considered one of the best outdoor writers and most accomplished publicity men in this country.

The work of the conservation department is under way, with Seth Gordon here at headquarters perfecting the gigantic machinery that is necessary. Mr. Gordon was formerly executive officer of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, and largely responsible for the perfection of the famous "Pennsylvania Plan" of game administration—a system that is being copied all over America. With the whole country to work in, with the magnificent help of the thousands of chapters of the League, Mr. Gordon's opportunity is without limit, and he is right now preparing to take full advantage of it.



Seth E. Gordon

Conservation Director of the League

He has been given blanket authority to lead and help the chapters in the most perfect and thorough campaign for conservation, national, state-wide, and extending into every community that it is humanly possible to work out. Briefly put, he will utilize every means at his command to rebuild outdoor America.

That he will do it goes without saying. Here are his plans in outline:

1. Developing, directing and co-ordinating the conservation and recreational activities of the entire League.
2. Aiding state divisions and chapters in developing, and pushing to conclusion, their respective conservation programs.
3. Rendering to state departments expert advice on conservation administrative problems, helping to draft and enact legislation, etc.
4. Co-operating with and co-ordinating the activities of federal, state and other agencies throughout the country.
5. Building up a real "clearing house" of conservation and recreation progress throughout America.

This is a comprehensive program, and Mr. Gordon means to push it through to full realization. It will require the building up of gigantic machinery, both at headquarters and in every town and state. In the meantime he will stop at any moment to give attention to the desires of any chapter. While the work of perfecting his far-reaching plans goes forward, he wants to hear from as many as possible, on, as he says, "any question dealing with conservation except how to make fish bite and how to hit a duck."

So let your slogan be, "TELL IT TO SETH."

Mr. Gordon wants to serve you. No problem is too small to receive his personal attention.

The League feels that it has made a ten-strike in getting Mr. Gordon to concentrate all his energies in this field. The need for organized conservation efforts has been felt for a long time, and with the League straining at the leash and eager to start rebuilding, and with Mr. Gordon on the job, there is no end to the good that will accrue to Waltonism, to the outdoors, and to every outdoor loving man, woman and child in America.

That Mr. Gordon's experience has been wide goes without saying. The success of the Pennsylvania system made him a very much sought-after leader in conservation affairs all over the United States. He has been busy during the past few years traveling from state to state conferring with state and government officials and aiding in drafting conservation measures.

He is a member of the executive committee of the International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners, and always has taken a leading part in the deliberations and discussions of that body.

During the past year he has been of great service to the League, actively engaged in extension work all over the country, and assisting state divisions in drafting conservation laws. The new department of the League will be under his entire charge, and he will devote all of his time and efforts to this work.

The League long has felt the need of a publicity department of a size and scope of activity compatible with the job of carrying the message of Waltonism to every nook and corner of America.

It has such a department now, under the direction of Mr. Hough, and the addition of this department means big things in the "Grow" program on which we are embarked. At this instant this department is busily engaged in preparing plans to create a publicity machine which will extend throughout the League, will penetrate to every chapter, will function through every state division, to the end that whenever the League does anything, nationally, in the state, or in the community, the accomplishment will be driven into the minds of the world.

In other words, this department will guarantee that the work of the League, its state divisions, its chapters, will not be hidden under a bushel basket. It will be a magnificent aid to expansion—one cryingly needed and which could not possibly be improved upon. Soon will be announced the plan and beginning of "The Voice of the League"—the most complete publicity system possible to be devised.

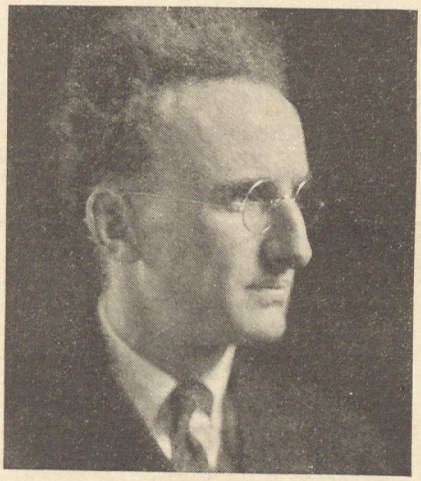
Donald Hough has done important work for the League in the past. He has been sent on assignments for the magazine which required his services not only as an expert reporter and writer, but as an investigator. He spent six weeks in Jackson's Hole investigating and writing about the elk there at the time of the nation-wide campaign, sponsored by the League, to save those wonderful animals from

starvation. He was sent on horseback for a month through the Kaibab Forest, in Arizona, to write a series of articles about the deer herd of that isolated plateau on the desert, and that series of stories marked one of the high spots in the history of this magazine.

His most recent assignment has been to the Superior National Forest, in Minnesota, and in a series of two articles just ended, he has given a comprehensive picture of the attempt to despoil that beautiful region by the construction of a series of power dams along the international boundary. This is the second assignment Mr. Hough has undertaken for this magazine in the Superior region.

His experience as a newspaperman, publicity expert, and magazine writer of national note, coupled with his intimate knowledge of the Walton League, and of the outdoors, makes him an invaluable addition to the organization.

While plans for the detailed operation of his publicity machine are being perfected, Mr. Hough is especially anxious, just as Mr. Gordon is, to hear from chapters. He wants your ideas and your suggestions, and he is hungering to "pinch hit" for any chapter or division that needs newspaper publicity right now. Get in touch with him.



Donald Hough
Publicity Manager of the League

These two new departments fit well into the general plan of operation of the national headquarters' organization. Headquarters operates as a single unit, every department dovetailing into the other, working toward the steady onward march of the League. The keynote is SERVICE to the chapters.

Headquarters has no idea that it is the whole Izaak Walton League. It knows full well that the strength of the League lies in the chapters, that the accomplishments of the League are the accomplishments of the chapters, singly, in state divisions, or as a national unit—it knows, for example, that conservation in America depends, not on the efforts of Mr. Gordon, but on the efforts of every member of the League.

The business of headquarters is to link up, to inspire by example, to advise, to receive advice and pass it on to others, to act as your agency through which the magnificent power of the membership can be applied to our outdoor problems.

Headquarters is now closely organized, with control of the entire organization in the office of general manager, in order that all cogs of the wheels shall closely mesh. At the right hand of the general manager is the Extension Service Bureau, which receives and handles all business communications from chapters, sends out all communications to chapters and chapter officers, and in a general way provides the machinery for direct and helpful contact between headquarters and the rest of the League. The Chapter Service Department provides another important link between headquarters and the chapters, and, as all chapter officers know, gives very real service in helping solve speaker and motion picture problems. This department is developing into one of the most important in the League. All speakers, all motion pictures, are handled by this busy department, and before the winter is over it will be three times as big as it is now, offering the most comprehensive speakers' bureau in America, and motion pictures in any number. Comprehensive plans are launched now to create a nation-wide army of "Waltonian Minute Men"—evangelists every one. Details will be announced later.

Another important unit at headquarters is the Auditing Department, which has general control over all statistical and financial affairs of the League, and which acts in this capacity, as a stabilizer of all other departments and helps them to work together.

The League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA, is produced, of course, at national headquarters. It is owned by the membership of the League and is at the service of the membership, just as is every other part of the League.

The magazine is divided into three departments, the editorial, the advertising, and the circulation. Marguerite Ives is editor-in-chief, and responsible for the contents and all editorial detail of the magazine. Miss Ives is an experienced editor, an accomplished writer, and an angler of wide experience.

She has been connected with the magazine, first as assistant editor, then as editor, since the first issue, with the exception of two years when she was in the East doing special writing for various publications.

Paul Burress, field editor, has charge of the Waltonian Nook, and in addition handles all questions pertaining to outdoor recreation, where-to-go, and so on. This department is now undergoing a complete reorganization and preparing for great expansion of activities. Arresting announcements to be made soon will show that in a short time there will be centralized at headquarters one of the most complete libraries of information on outdoor affairs in America.

The Advertising Department, of course, gets the "ads." This is under the direction of M. A. Bergfeld, one of the most efficient advertising men in America. This phase of your magazine can be made the source of real financial aid when circulation has grown, with your help, to greater size.

The Circulation Department takes care of changing addresses and of the distribution of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

AN ABSOLUTE OBLIGATION

upon every real American man and woman

HELP BUILD THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE AND SAVE OUR OUTDOORS—ADD TWO NEW MEMBERS BY DECEMBER 31st!

So little to ask—So little for you to do—Can any patriotic American refuse or shirk?

PLEASE TURN TO INSIDE COVER OF THIS ISSUE—
SEE WALTONISM'S DISTINGUISHED SERVICE EMBLEMS—
LEARN HOW TO EARN THEM!

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

The wild pigeon, whose flights darkened the sky, were not mysteriously spirited away, as some think, but ruthlessly annihilated by net and gun

By DAVID WHITTAKER

Illustrations by CLEMONS GRETTER

THESE wilderness reminiscences of half a century ago are of absorbing interest and of great value as authentic data on those vast, vanished flocks of Wild Pigeon, now gone forever. May we take warning and guard our present birds that they do not disappear in the same manner, leaving our children to bemoan their passing as we regret that of the Wild Pigeon. —*Editor*

CHAPTER V

THE next day Honk and the Oneida came in with some snapping turtles, and as they wanted to have a feast we killed some of the turtles, dug a hole and half-filled it with hot stones, put the turtles in on top of these and covered them with some more hot stones, put more turtles on top of these and covered them with more hot stones, and then built a fire over all.

That day the pigeons seemed to be confused. They began to gather in small flocks and fly around and around. Males and females seemed evenly mixed. Others kept coming in, feeding the young that were still there, paying no attention to the rest, nor what was going on about them. That night we dug up the turtles, and feasted upon turtle and pigeons and also venison. The turtles, I thought, were the best of all, and when the meal was finished I saw that there was still some pigeon and venison left, but no turtle, showing that the Indians liked the turtle best too.

Next morning the Winnebagoes were cracking at the hawks for their share of the pigeons. I think they did a great deal of good. I never saw them shoot a hawk that did not have a pigeon, and I never saw them take a pigeon that a hawk did not have. So they seemed to live up to the Indian law.

That day the pigeons got very noisy and gathered in flocks. Some kept flying down into the bushes, and then up into the trees, and Ahmoor said they came down to their young ones that were on the ground; and, as their roost had been made up of pigeons that had been disturbed at their roosts and had come in here later than the rest, there were young ones of all sizes and ages, and the old ones came back to their young ones that could not fly.

The males began to fly up into the trees and call. Then they all started off toward the west, rising very high. They did not form in columns, as I had seen them do before. Quite a number kept dropping out, and returned to the roost after the flock had gone out of sight. Those that came back flew very high and fast toward the east, and when over the roost suddenly dropped down. Something seemed to annoy them, as they frequently dodged and broke their flight and then straightened out again and went on their way. The birds that came back to the roost were all males, and this showed plainly to me that the males took better care of the young than did the females, after the young had reached a certain age.

The next morning we broke camp and headed for the Presque Isle River. When about two hours out, we crossed a fresh trail in the sand, and we stopped to examine it. Ahmoor's tribesman who had joined us said the trail was made by his people. I asked him how he knew whose trail, and he said: "See this one; he go light on one foot, he lame. See this one, he froze toes off and walk on heel." And I guess he was right, judging from the appearance of the prints in the sand. He bade us good-bye and took up the trail after his own people.

Conflicting Theories Tested

WE reached the river that night and ran across two timber cruisers, one named Bert Carter and the other Cartwright. Two husky lads they were, and fit for any kind of job. We camped with them, and as I had a good stock of venison I shared with them. They had a gun, but did not like to kill a deer, as they could not eat it all and could not carry it with them.

I asked Bill Cartwright if he had seen many wild pigeons.

"Thousands of them, feeding in the heavy timbers," he said. "We looked to see what they were after, but never found out. Do you know?" "Yes; June bugs, beetles, Green Bay flies, and that sort of stuff."

They both stood up and stared at me. Then Carter went over to the Indians, and asked them where they were taking me and how long I had been out in the woods before I was found.

The Indians looked at me and then at the cruisers. Then Cartwright came over to Ahmoor and said: "Does he ever try to run away? You know they do sometimes; they get scared and run, and it's hard to find them, because when they see any one they hide."

Just then a small flock of pigeons flew over the river and lit in the woods just behind me.

"See here, this thing has gone on long enough. Give me a gun, and I will show you that pigeons eat bugs, flies and that kind of stuff."

I knew that if I had a gun I could settle the whole situation in a second. I was excited, and yelled, "Let me have a gun, and I will straighten this out in a minute."

They looked at me and shook their heads. So I called Ahmoor, and when he came over I told him to get a gun, and I showed him the pigeons. He shot three pigeons. Their crops were full, and when I opened them I found June bugs, beetles, and some green berries. I escaped the "bughouse," and the boys all apologized. Cartwright felt the bumps on my head, and said, "Well, your head is all right, but you sure have bugs in it." We all laughed, and the Indians talked and laughed about the joke.

The next night we struck camp, and found it deserted. The Indians I had left there had moved farther into the timber, on the shore of a beautiful lake, where the otter were as tame as dogs. They would follow Honk all over the lake; so I guess his way of taming them by the smell was all right.

I saw a trapper once on the Nipigon River who had four otter pups as tame and as well trained as dogs. They would follow him all day, and when tired they would hop up into his boat and go to sleep beside him.

I gave Carter and Cartwright drawings and estimates of some of the timber I had cruised in the northern countries; so they came out with me, and were glad to get back home to old Maine; and their company afterwards sent me a thousand dollars for the information I had given them.

Mississippi River Travels

SOME years later I went to the Mississippi, to hunt stone for Portland cement, and took the same bunch of Indians I had on my other trip. When two days out, I split the company, and took Honkepoti, Ahmoor, and the Oneida, as I called him. I told Muschaukette, Turtelots, and Nolegs to cross the river and work north, and we would talk to them by means of smoke rings if the day was clear and fine; if not, we would use fire at night from the bluffs.

It was about the first of April when we started in, and I told Ahmoor and the Oneida on the ninth day to go back a mile or so and drift north, and if they found anything, to follow my trail, as I would hug the bluffs over the river. On the fifth day out, after we had parted, I began to get tired of my job, as my clothes had not been dry on me since we started; so I thought I would trail up the Indians and get out of the rain for a while.

A Friendly Dog

I LOOKED back on my trail so I would know the way I came out. The Indians always do that in a strange country. I saw a strange dog coming along my trail. When about fifty feet from me, he lay down in a friendly way and looked at me; so I called him all the nice names I could think of, but he would not come or stir. Then I thought of the old river dog with no name, that was on the raft we ran to St. Louis one summer. So I used a profane name on him, and he wagged his tail and came to me. By this I knew he must belong to a long-driver or a river rat, as they used to be called.

We soon were the best of friends. I could hardly walk on account of him. He was in front of me, between my legs, and on my heels. He was a companion to me; I was more than glad to have him with me. We traveled together, man and dog, both on the same footing, searching the bluffs of the Mississippi—Father of Waters, as the Indians named it—the one looking for what he could chase and kill, the other for the earth's hidden treasures; depending on each other for certain things, and both ready to fight for each other to the last, if necessary.

Circumstances make queer companions sometimes; so it was with me and the dog. Circumstances had made companions of us. For five days we trailed through the valleys and bluffs of the river. The sixth day we came to a beautiful little valley where I camped, as I could see the river, and if travelers passed I could see them.

The next morning I saw there was quite a bit of beech scattered through the timber, and it looked like a good pigeon wood; so I wandered up through the woods and hills. On the side of a hill I saw that something had been working in the leaves and scattered them about. It must have been quail, partridges or pigeons. Just then I noticed some feathers on the ground. They were part of the tail feathers of a male wild pigeon, and were pulled out when the bird was on the ground. If they had been pulled out when the bird was in the air, they would have been scattered, as they would have parted while falling. Thus I got the first sign of the wild pigeons in the valleys among the bluffs of the Mississippi.

That night it rained with thunder and lightning. It was fierce. It put me in mind of once on the Amazon River with a native who spoke English well. When the storm broke overhead, he yelled and laughed, "That's my old uncle —he's dead many years, but he always out to have a good time this kind of weather." The lightning flashed so in my face that it blinded me, and the thunder rolled so loud it seemed to shake the very earth. "That's him, that's him! I know his gun when it goes off—he's having a good time, and I wish I was with him!"

"You will soon be with him if you tip the boat like this with your jumping around!" I said.

The storm proceeded on its way. Swarms of wildfowl passed overhead. The honk of the wild geese always was music to my ears. Not so with the dog. When he heard them he must have taken in a long breath, for he gave forth the most unearthly howl I had ever heard. I grabbed his mouth and held it shut. I pinched his tongue, and he went out into the woods and howled until he was contented. We agreed on everything all right, with the exception of the musical part. I could not help thinking that the dog must have heard some of the river men's songs and tried to imitate them. He certainly did not like the music the wild geese made.

Late in the afternoon Ahmoor and the Oneida came into the camp, having run across my trail and followed me up.

The Indians did not like their camping place; so we made a fire on the bluff to call them over to us. They answered with fire they would come. The next day they came into camp. They were dissatisfied; game was scarce and they were always hungry.

It seemed for a while that these Indians would leave me; but as they said I had never cheated them or lied to them, they would stay.

The next day we went fishing down on the river. We got logs, and made a V-shaped pen out of them, with a trap of brush at the small end, and as the fish could not turn around very well, they went into the trap. Once in the trap, they never got out. The next morning we had plenty of fish. So we rested and feasted for two days, and then broke camp.

Nolegs and His Father

NOLEGS was a funny Indian. He laughed and said to me one day, "My father give me funny name. He see big pine snake. 'Ugh! good name for my boy—Nolegs! Maybe he stay home—Nolegs!' Now he say 'Goodlegs, run all time.' Turtlelots he funny name too; his father go look for name; he see turtles, lots; he say, 'Good name for boy!' so he call him Lotsofturtles."

"And what about Muschaukett?"

"He father go look for name; he take canoe, go across lake; he find white man chop wood; he ask him for name for boy; he give him whisky muggway; then he start for home. He drink plenty; he paddle one side all the time; he no go home—round and round the lake all night. Sun come out; he see his wigwam, and say, 'Lake much crooked last night—good name for boy; so he call him, Muschaukett —means crooked lake."

"And what about Honkepoti?" said I.

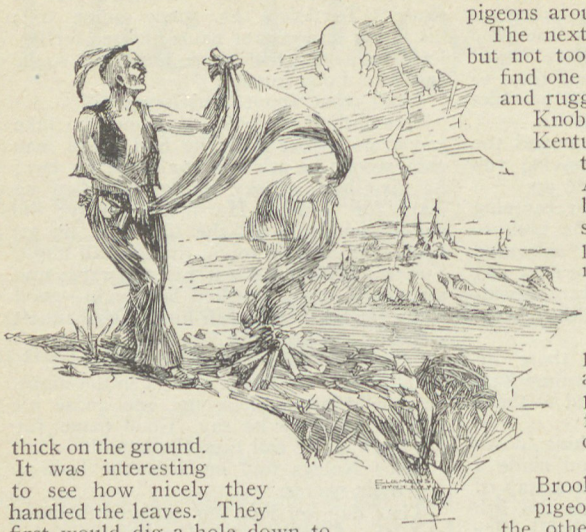
"Oh, yes. He father go out in the night, hear wild goose, look up, one goose hit him in face; so he say, 'Good name for my boy!' so he call him Honkepoti."

Thus Nolegs told me how the Indians got their names.

That day we left the valley. Ahmoor and the Oneida stayed with me, also Honkepoti. The rest went on their own lookout. They said they would find us sometime. I told them we would hang to the bluffs and river.

When about two miles out, the Oneida came to me and said he had found pigeons. I went over with him. They were in the beech woods, working in the leaves. The leaves were about eight to ten inches

"We were companions, the dog and I—the one looking for what he could chase and kill, the other for the earth's hidden treasures."



thick on the ground. It was interesting to see how nicely they handled the leaves. They first would dig a hole down to the ground; then they all faced one way, never throwing a leaf in front of them.

As the leaves had been packed by the winter snow and the spring rain, they were hard to dig through, and as the nuts had fallen in the autumn, and most of them were on the ground, the pigeons never pulled a leaf out by the middle, but always caught it by the stem. Often a nut came out with the leaf, and they would drop the leaf and swallow the nut. They were sure to pick the leaf up again and throw it out behind them, never throwing a leaf in front of themselves to be worked over, and never tried to pull out a leaf by the middle, as it would be sure to break. When they got tired or had enough, some of them stretched themselves out on the leaves and stretched their wings out, sunning themselves like tame pigeons, while others flew up into the trees on the lowdown branches, and preened their feathers and sunned themselves like tame pigeons. In fact, they reminded me very much of them.

All at once, the pigeons in the beechwood were all flying in the air at breakneck speed, making for the open between us and the river. When they reached the open they flew slowly, rose high, flew around and around, far apart, and scattered for ten minutes or more. They kept this up; then they dived down and lit on a sandbar in the river.

Ahmoor and the Indians said they saw some kind of hawk, and I asked what made them think so. They answered that all the robins and other birds flew into the thick branches to hide, so they too must have seen a hawk. The pigeons began to come back in small flocks and alight in the woods half a mile north of us. So we thought we would go up and get some.

We had not gone far when our guide man held up his hand. That is a sign for everyone to stop until he knows what is the matter. Then we heard the tinkle of bells—cowbells. We soon came upon the cows. They looked at us, whirled their tails over their backs and ran like deer. That showed they were not accustomed to seeing many people.

An Intelligent Squatter

WE followed, and came to a squatter's shack, the squatter being a Mr. Brooks. He was a graduate of Harvard or some other big college in the east. He had taken to the wilds on account of a love affair, and was glad I did not have a woman with me, so we could camp on his grounds as long as we wanted. We got pork and potatoes, and fared well. I asked him if there were many wild pigeons around his place. He said plenty.

The next day we started out singly, but not too far apart, so that we could find one another. The bluffs were wild and rugged, putting me in mind of the Knobs of Tennessee and parts of Kentucky where I had hunted wild turkeys. Late in the afternoon Ahmoor came to me out of breath, and told me he had seen three big red-breasted pigeons, one female and two male, with a small flock of other pigeons, feeding on the ground near a pond. I went over with him, but the pigeons were all gone. I examined the ground and found plenty of feed for them, so I felt quite sure the birds would come back.

That night I asked Mr. Brooks if he had ever killed any pigeons that looked different from the others. He thought he had, but had never paid much attention to them, as they looked so much alike, only when one seemed bigger and the plumage much more beautiful; but he had killed hundreds of the smaller ones. Those he had killed, he thought, were all males. "I might have killed some females, but if I did I don't remember them as I do the big ones with the fine red breasts."

He said he had only killed three or four in the thirty years he had been there. "I never would have thought of them if you had not refreshed my memory. I remember one morning when I had tame pigeons I saw one of these big fellows with my tame pigeons on the roof of my shack. He stayed around for three or four days, and then disappeared, but as the wild ones often came and stayed with my tame ones I did not pay much attention to them. I never saw a big flock of big pigeons in my life. Those I killed were what I would call common wild pigeons. I never could keep any tame pigeons here in the bluffs. The hawks pestered the life out of them, and they finally got with the wild ones. They could not protect themselves from the hawks like the wild variety. No hawk I ever saw could outfly the wild pigeons. Also they always made for the timber, and in the timber they were safe. Not so with the tame pigeons—they made for the open, and as they could not fly as fast as the wild pigeons, they hardly ever escaped."

I asked Mr. Brooks if he thought the large pigeons were of the same species as the small ones.

"I think they were like common hens compared with Plymouth Rocks. They certainly were all wild pigeons, closely allied to one another. Their habits, I think, were the same. The only difference I could see was in the size and plumage. They certainly were beautiful birds, but I have not seen any of them for years."

The pigeons left one morning in a big flock. Some of the old ones came back and flew around for several days, and then disappeared. The Indians told me they had gone to the blueberry fields with their young ones.

Mr. Brooks told me they nested early in the summer at some place in the bluffs. The whites and Indians often stopped at his place, coming to and going from the roost. One year they trapped thousands of the old ones, and left the young to starve to death. So it came to me that when I was a small boy I heard them say that so many pigeons had fallen out of the nests and died that you couldn't go near the place for the smell. I guess what they said was true, as there was no law to stop anyone from killing or destroying wild game or fish at any time of the season. I myself have seen express cars filled to the roof with crates of wild pigeons, old and young. The young were nearly all dead, as they were only half grown. The other half would be dead by the time they reached their destination. And now we wring our hands and say, "I wonder what has become of the wild pigeons?" It is sometimes surmised that they must have flown into a fog at sea and were lost. The fog they flew into was the net and the gun.

The Roost Near Kilbourn

THE last roost they had was in Wisconsin, somewhere near Kilbourn on the Wisconsin River, and people brought their youngsters into Milwaukee for trap-shooting. The tournaments were held at what is now Lake Park, in an open space with trees all around it. So everybody brought a gun and sought the woods round the shooters, hiding behind the trees so that the pigeons that got away could not see them. It was laughable to observe these would-be hunters when the boy pulled the string and the trap threw the squab up twenty or thirty feet into the air. The marksman banged both barrels at it, and the fellows behind the trees poked their heads out and looked up into the sky to see which way the pigeon was coming, if it had been missed. But none were missed and the boys behind the trees got tired of waiting and looking up into the sky for the pigeons that never came.

The net and gun were what finished that flock. That was the last large flock that ever nested in Wisconsin; and as they started to net the old ones when the young were half-grown, and as the old ones would not leave the young ones, they got them all.

But I must return to the story of my trip with the Indians. The next morning we all went to the pond where Ahmoor had seen the big pigeons. When we got there the pigeons were there. Some were feeding on the ground and others were upon the branches of the trees, cooing and mating.

We did not see anything of the big ones, so we started out, Ahmoor and I going toward the river, Honkepoti and

the Oneida going their way. I told them to look out for pigeons, especially the big ones. Ahmoor and I worked our way gradually toward the river. I had found no cement rock so far, but St. Peter sandstone and a kind of bastard limestone rock. I crossed a wide ravine. I heard some male pigeons screaming and fighting; so I called like a bluejay and Ahmoor came to me. We went up the ravine, and on a dead limb there sat three pigeons—a female and two males, one on each side of her, flapping at each other over her back. They seemed careful not to hit her. Once in a while one would get a whack on the bill that would make him shake his head. Then he would turn around and try the other wing, while the object of their love seemed to enjoy the fun and let them go to it.

Strife Within the Flock

THE wild pigeons had their trials and tribulations. When they were not working and worrying or watching for hawks or hunting for food, they seemed to be fighting among themselves, a good deal like the human race.

We did not get out of the bluffs that night. We had no supper, but fixed ourselves comfortably. About midnight the dog began to bark, so we got up and went to where he was. He had two raccoons in a tree. Ahmoor climbed up and knocked one down, and the dog and I killed it. He could not reach the other, so I tied my shirt around the tree to keep it up there until morning when we could see to shoot it.

A bear or raccoon will not come down from a tree at night if you tie something that has been worn around the tree. The raccoon comes down backwards, and when he feels and smells the garment he goes back up the tree till morning.

Ahmoor skinned the raccoon. I got a flat stone, dug a hole, made fire in it, then put the raccoon on the stone over the fire, then put stones around the raccoon, and another flat stone over all. Then, having the raccoon in an oven, I piled wood over it and went to bed in the leaves.

We were just about asleep when the dog started baying again at the raccoon tree in the woods. He had stayed there to watch the raccoon; so we jumped up and went half way out to the dog. What Ahmoor said in the Indian tongue I would not want to repeat.

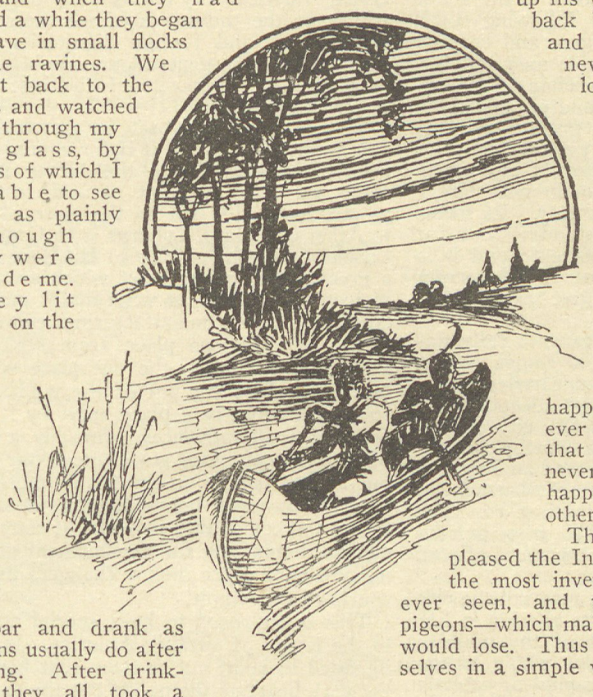
In the morning Ahmoor went after the raccoon. The dog saw Ahmoor coming and went to meet him. The raccoon jumped off the tree and ran away but the dog found the trail, and they got him.

The raccoon we cooked was fine. He was fat, he did not burn, he had the beechnut flavor. Raccoon meat tastes like lamb or the mountain sheep of the Rockits. We had meat for two or three days.

We came to a wide ravine, and the leaves showed that pigeons had been feeding there. We climbed onto the bluffs to have a look at the surrounding country. We had hardly gotten on the bluff when a good-sized flock of several hundred came in from the northwest and pitched in the woods around the ravine. Other flocks soon began to come in from the same direction. For about an hour they kept coming in and pitching around the ravine. We slipped down the bluffs and went into the woods to see what they were doing. It was a sight to see the leaves dancing, and as the pigeons could not be seen one would not know what made the leaves dance if he did not know that the pigeons were there. They were down in the holes they made to get their food. This was an ideal feeding-place for them.

Watching the Pigeons

THEY soon began to fly in the open, and when they had rested a while they began to leave in small flocks to the ravines. We went back to the bluffs and watched them through my spy-glass, by means of which I was able to see them as plainly as though they were beside me. They lit down on the sandbar and drank as pigeons usually do after feeding. After drinking, they all took a bath, sometimes going down into the water like ducks. The current would shoot them out two or three feet, and they did not seem to mind it until they were going too far from the flock. Then they would flap back with their wings, like a duck in the water. When they had had their bath, or swim, as you might call it, they lay out on the sand and preened their feathers and dried themselves.



There were hundreds of swallows flying around and lighting down with the pigeons on the sand. They were what I call the rock swallow, the same as I had seen in Alaska. They built their nests of clay or mud, under the eaves of the rocks. I noticed that whenever the pigeons lit on the sandbars the swallows came and joined them. They stayed on the bar for an hour or more, then rose, circled round once and then went north, out of sight.

We made a fire on the bluffs, and threw up some rings of smoke, so that if Honkepoti or the Oneida saw them they should know where we were and come to us. We smothered the fire so it would make smoke and enable them to find us.

Hearing pigeons calling, we went down and got ten or twelve. I dressed them, finding nuts and small gray beetles or bugs. The birds began to come back in from the east, and I wondered if they had circled around from the north and had been flying since they left. They acted queerly sometimes. They pitched in the timber over the feeding grounds and began to fly down on the ground and go to work among the leaves. Soon they began to fly up into the trees. They made no noise, but seemed to go to sleep. Before sundown they began to get uneasy, some of them calling, and they started up through the tops of the trees and circled out over the river, rising to quite a height and then going north the same as before.

We went up the bluffs to the fire, where we cooked our supper and fixed ourselves for the night.

The next morning Honkepoti and the Oneida came in time for their share of the raccoon and pigeons. That morning the pigeons came in as before, going to feeding shortly after they had rested. When they had fed they went up into the trees and began mating and fighting.

When a male wanted a female he flew over beside her, ruffled his feathers, raised up his wings, drawing his head back between them, flapping and screaming fiercely, but never hitting her. If he looked good to her, she caught him by the head, shook him, and pushed him off the limb; then she sailed through the woods like a butterfly, and he followed her, flapping his wings under his belly, as tame pigeons do when they are mating. Thus the marriage ceremony is performed, and as they fly away they seem to be very happy. I don't think they ever part; at least the ones that I had tamed and raised never parted until something happened to one or the other.

This pigeon courtship pleased the Indians. The Indians are the most inveterate gamblers I have ever seen, and they gambled on the pigeons—which male would win and which would lose. Thus they entertained themselves in a simple way.

Indians Leave for Home

THAT night Nolegs or Pinesnake joined us. He said the others had left for home. They had bought a pony from some Indians they had met. When they got to Duluth they would sell the pony and buy a canoe, in which to paddle around the lake to see their people. I asked why he did not go with them. He said he had no money to buy a part of the pony, and he might have had to walk all the way. I told him I was glad he came back, and that pleased him.

It was getting late, the gooseberry bushes were becoming green, and Ahmoor said the pigeons would soon start to roost and build their nests. I had nearly given up hope of finding the stone for cement that I had come to look for, as the formation was not right for that; so I thought I would devote all my time to studying the habits of the wild pigeons.

They were crossing and recrossing the river from bluff to bluff in small flocks, and Ahmoor said they were looking for a place to nest, and when one of the small flocks found a place and began to build, the rest would come and join them. The next day the pigeons did not cross the river much, but flew north along the bluffs. Ahmoor said he thought they had found a place among the bluffs somewhere, and we followed up the flight.

Rabbit Skins for the Dog

WE got some squirrels, so we made a fire and skinned them, as we had not had much to eat for the last three days, and the dog nothing. Ahmoor took the skins, turned them inside-out, and fed them to the dog, who swallowed them down one after another.

I had often seen the Cree Indians in the Arctic, round Hudson Bay, feed their dogs rabbit skins. Hair is good for dogs, foxes, wolves and cats. When they started the fox farms at White Horse and Caribou Crossing, Alaska, they skinned the rabbits and plucked the ptarmigan,

(*Continued on page 61*)

"What Price Ideals?"

(Continued from page 7)

the development, without jeopardizing the success of the entire project. It is a case of putting our full confidence in the ablest men available and of following their lead, or if we can not agree and can not follow, of getting other able men and following theirs; but the principle of leadership must be recognized and supported.

We know of no abler group than that to which the planning of the national capital has been entrusted; nor of any group of men who have had to do with larger projects of the same character. Its members have international standing not for theory but for accomplishment; and it is the purpose and intent of the American Institute of Architects to give them its full and unqualified support.

It is a truism that we can not fully understand or appreciate the things closest to us. It was a Frenchman, Charles Pierre L'Enfant, who had the first adequate conception of what our capital city should eventually become to be worthy of the nation that was to be. It was an Englishman, James Bryce, one time Ambassador to the United States, and author of "The American Commonwealth," who pointed the way years ago for our present efforts, in this striking paragraph:

"In these circumstances, may not the city of Washington feel that its mission in life is to be the embodiment of the majesty and the stateliness of the whole nation . . . to be . . . a capital of capitals . . . representing all that is finest in American conception, all that is largest and most luminous in American thought; embodying the nation's ideal of what the capital of such a nation should be . . . the highest aspirations as to external dignity and beauty that a great people can form for that which is the center and national focus of their life."

Bryce was a man of international viewpoint, and he saw Washington not as a casual American city but as a city of cities, which, to the thousands of ministers and ambassadors and foreign dignitaries who would come for generations, would stand as a striking composite of the best that America can give.

This is the mission set for us; and we fall miserably short of it if for commercial benefit we subordinate the larger ideal. Here we have a great natural feature, as striking in its way as the Acropolis is to Athens, as the Bosphorus is to Constantinople, or the mountains to Rio Janeiro—a great gorge and cataract which are now in jeopardy:—and for what major consideration? Power, manufacturing, commercialism—in the one place from which it should be excluded—the one place which our forefathers cut out of the wilderness so that it could be a place apart by itself, free from all influences, primarily a seat of government. Our government, our law, our temple, can be no greater, no more respected, no more honored, than we make them; and controlling elements of commercialism dominating the development of the nation's capital are money changers in the courts of the temple.

This is supposed to be a special appeal to the lovers of outdoor America. It was intended to point out to them that here at the very heart of the nation lies the opportunity for a great national park, which the planners from whom we have gotten guidance for our efforts are bending every effort to save for a part of the park system of the capital. It needs but the photographs alone, however, to demonstrate to any lover of the outdoors all the arguments which could be offered. One can readily picture all the delights of hiking, camping, swimming, fishing, canoeing and motoring—all the relief of finding quick refuge from hectic city life in the most primitive yet most beautiful surroundings.

One may offer the perfectly reasonable needs of a park system already crowded to the limit and seeking new outlets for the increasing population. It seems but yesterday that the Rock Creek valley was snatched from commercial development and made a breathing space; when the Potomac flats were reclaimed from marshland and made over into a great playground; and tomorrow, when the population of the capital shall have doubled again and trebled, and when the city shall have long served as the Mecca of all Americans, this marvelously beautiful gorge of the Potomac, with its great cataract, will be a great national park at the national capital—or will it be a vast flooded area, through the surface of which will protrude the gaunt reminders of rare scenic beauties that nature bestowed upon man and man destroyed?

But all such appeals are taken for granted, and this is an appeal to American citizens and to their pride in the city without suffrage, of which all Americans are citizens.

This is your city of cities. You may despair about ever correcting the evils or realizing the maximum possibilities in the place where you happen to live; but you can still help in the upbuilding of that city which is peculiarly your own because it is the heart of your country. If you are in sympathy with its great ideal, *your sympathy, your opinion, your written word, will have weight with the Federal Power Commission and with the final action of your senators and representatives.*

Clean Water

(Continued from page 28)

spirit of true Americanism which has in the course of three centuries done so much that was proclaimed impossible by the rest of the world. While the work will be slow and difficult, it must start now. While knowledge is not adequate to provide for the complete solution of all problems we must be satisfied to accept a partial conclusion and recognize that the ultimate outcome depends not so much upon the rapidity with which we move as it does upon the direction in which we are moving.

The favorite methods of the past have been far from effective. Those interested have striven to include in political platforms a plank which recited in high sounding terms the evils of the situation and the urgent need for reform, or they have sought to embody in similar striking terms a convention resolution which might be broadcasted in the press as "adopted unanimously." No such method will accomplish anything. Equally futile is the oft repeated statement that we *"must study the situation,"* that through the medium of state or national grant we must find out more about pollution. Indeed some of the most powerful movements for the correction of pollution have lost momentum and have failed to accomplish anything significant because they have been sidetracked by the appeal to "investigate the situation more fully." It is certainly true that we are not yet thoroughly informed concerning the effects of pollution or the methods of correcting it, but it is equally true that if we wait for that complete mastery of the situation our civilization will be destroyed and our race exterminated before the ideal is attained. We need to continue studies of the situation, but the most urgent need at the present moment is *action.* The facts already well understood will enable us to *improve the situation materially at every angle,* and *there is no waste, domestic or industrial, which could not be conspicuously improved by the utilization of methods that are well known and have been employed for years in other parts of the world.* When a distinguished engineer said only a few months ago to an Izaak Walton League convention that certain industrial wastes could not be purified, he meant completely and fully in a chemical sense. Such an ideal purification is neither necessary nor even desirable, nor do such statements tend to impress the public ultimately with the justice of the position taken by the speaker.

The general policy that the League should adopt and that the future welfare of the country demands may be outlined in a few brief sentences:

1. Stop the growing evil by *prohibiting all new discharges* into public water unless approved by some well informed and responsible public department, as an unavoidable necessity.
2. Provide that every *polluting agency be responsible for reducing the amount or the destructive character of the pollution by some given amount, say 10 per cent annually.*

This will require, of course, *laws with teeth in them* and *public officials with sufficient backbone to enforce the laws.* It will demand also *public pressure to support the officials in their work.* Hand in hand with this movement must go the process of educating the public and the industries regarding their individual responsibility for the present situation, and for the changes which must be made.

At the very foundation of this movement is the principle conspicuously enunciated by that great leader, the one who laid down the principles of conservation and brought them home to the American people for the first time in our history. I refer, of course, to Theodore Roosevelt and the principle of the square deal. *A square deal for the fish and the forests, for folks as well as factories.* Let us however never forget that the apostle of the square deal was above all a man of *action,* and there are not wanting features in the present situation which would seem at times to justify flourishing the big stick.

Let us continue to talk about pollution, let us keep on educating the people in every possible way, let us prosecute studies of lakes and streams with the utmost zeal, but *let us not be content to stop there.* In the name of all our great states and of the greatest nation that has ever arisen in such a short span of the world's history, *let us arouse ourselves to action. Let each division, each chapter, each member of the Izaak Walton League do something in his own home town and then further afield in the state and in the nation. The way to stop pollution is to begin right here and now.*

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

First Annual Minnesota State Tournament

THE casting clubs and Chapters of the Walton League of Minnesota opened their Annual Casting meets most auspiciously at St. Paul with a large and enthusiastic entry list, a remarkable gathering for a first Tournament.

These clubs, none of whose members had ever cast at a National are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the Tournament. Fred W. Kuesel, a veteran National Caster, who did not take part, captained all the events and deserves great credit for his handling of the crowds. This contest with an entry list of almost fifty exceeded the National at Detroit in the number of contestants. From the scores it is easy to gather that the Minnesota clubs have material that will be contenders at the National Tournament at Columbus, Ohio, next year. The scores are too numerous to be given in detail so the highest only are recorded here.

¼ Ounce Accuracy

Paul Schilling	99.3
A. C. Peterson	99.0
Ben Wittick	98.8
E. L. Steidel	98.5
T. J. Pope	98.1

½ Ounce Accuracy.

W. L. Coller	99.4
Ben Wittick	99.0
E. L. Rogers	98.5
Paul Schilling	98.4
W. C. Dunn	98.3

⅝ Ounce Accuracy.

Ben Wittick	99.3
W. L. Coller	99.2
H. A. Gillette	99.1
Roy Wittick	99.1
J. Novotny	98.9
H. E. Dickenson	98.9

Dry Fly.

H. A. Gillette	99.9
O. C. Peterson	99.8
Ben Wittick	99.7
E. L. Stude	99.4
Paul Schilling	99.4

Accuracy Fly.

Roy Wittick	99.5
E. E. Ibberson	99.3
E. L. Steidel	99.2
E. Tischler	99.1
T. H. Zabel	99.0

Distance Fly

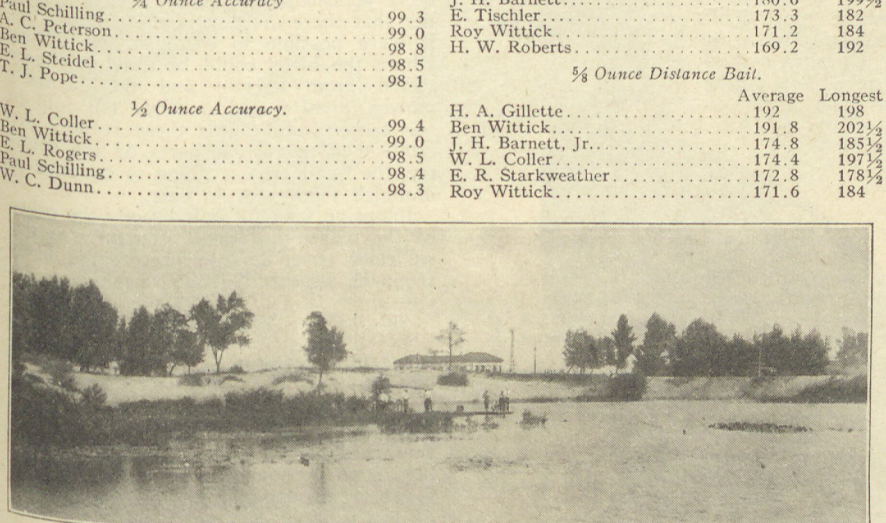
	Average	Longest
F. C. Doeren	92⅔	94
P. Feist	89	91
W. C. Dunn	85	87
Ben Wittick	81⅔	82
Paul Schilling	79⅓	80

½ Ounce Distance Bait

	Average	Longest
Ben Wittick	196.9	216
J. H. Barnett	180.6	199½
E. Tischler	173.3	182
Roy Wittick	171.2	184
H. W. Roberts	169.2	192

⅝ Ounce Distance Bait.

	Average	Longest
H. A. Gillette	192	198
Ben Wittick	191.8	202½
J. H. Barnett, Jr.	174.8	185½
W. L. Coller	174.4	197½
E. R. Starkweather	172.8	178½
Roy Wittick	171.6	184



New Gary casting pool, doubtless the scene of many future tournaments.

New Casting Clubs Enter N.A.S.A.C.

FOUR casting clubs have recently joined the Association and are furthering the development of the art of casting a bait and a fly.

The State of Minnesota contributes two of them; the Ten Thousand Lakes Club of Hackensack, and the Gaylord Casting Club of the local I. W. L. A. chapter, whose members will take part in the Minnesota State Tournament.

Baltimore casters, under the leadership of George R. Babylon, President, Harry A. Jackson, Vice President, and J. Hammond Brown, Secretary Treasurer, have organized under the name of the Bait, Fly, and Surf Casting Club of Baltimore.

The *Baltimore Sun*, commenting on the club says, "Casting should be one of the first requisites of the rod-and-reel fisherman, for it is by that method that the bait is placed within reach of the fish. To be able to place one's bait where one wants it, and to retrieve it in such a fashion that will make fish simply grab for it is a science that may be acquired by anyone with a desire to do so. Like golf and tennis, casting has form, and while many of us can get our baits out in some way or other the correct way after all is the one which brings home the most fish and which gains for the angler the most fun in catching them. Good casting may best be achieved, through association and instruction with better casters than oneself.

The fourth club has been formed by some members of the Gary Chapter who are interested in the art of casting and who believe that through scientific angling the ideals of the League may be emphasized. Recently, a number of Chicago casters, among whom was the writer, visited the lagoon at the Gary Municipal Park, where the club casts, and came away convinced that this club has at its disposal all the necessary facilities for holding a National Tournament at some future date.

The accompanying cut gives a general outline of the pool, which is situated at one end of a large lagoon of clear and fresh water in the midst of the famous Indiana Dunes.

The Park Commissioners who are cooperating splendidly—an example to such authorities of other cities—are planning to increase the platform space and erect a clubhouse for the Gary Waltonians. This extended platform can be arranged so that it will be possible to cast in any direction with the wind and at the same time have plenty of water back of the caster, a very desirable feature in connection with Distance Fly Casting.

The distance bait field is across the road almost at the shore of Lake Michigan. There is none superior in the country, as one can cast in any direction with the wind without interference as far as anyone could hope to cast. There is a slight slope from the lake and the space is so large that any wind must be a steady one.

In addition, the scenery at the lagoon is most attractive and close by is the Municipal Building of the Park which has all conveniences as well as a first class dining room.

In fact, Gary will soon be ready to hold any kind of a tournament, for all the facilities as well as all the attractions are there. Its members are young and enthusiastic and are now planning to hold a tournament on October 9th for the nearby clubs and if Indiana should form a State Association, its initial State Tournament could find no better place than Gary.

Chapter Tournament

RESULTS of first Casting Tournament held by Sioux City Rod & Reel Club (I. W. L. Chapter) and South Sioux City, Nebr. (I. W. L. Chapter) at their annual Picnic on August 21, 1927, at their Crystal Lake Club, where about 6000 I. W. L. members and guests were present.

The all around championship trophy, a beautiful cup presented by Harry L. Erwin, Sec'y Iowa Division I. W. L. A. for all around champion of Sioux City and South Sioux City Chapters, was won by Erwin Weller, Sioux City, Ia.

To get more fishermen interested in tournament casting, the following events were held.

LADIES ⅝-oz. FISHERMAN'S ACCURACY

Mrs. B. E. Giesler, Sioux City, Ia.	98.6
Mrs. E. E. Weller, Sioux City, Ia.	98
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins, Sioux City, Ia.	97
Mrs. Larry Sample	96.3
Mrs. Dewey Sample	96
Mrs. Barrett	95.2
Mrs. P. C. Cosner	94.5

⅝-oz. FISHERMAN'S ACCURACY

Dr. Perrigo, Norfolk, Nebr.	99.1
	Tie off 99.2
D. W. Martin, Norfolk, Nebr.	99.1
	Tie off 98.7
E. F. Weller, Sioux City, Ia.	99.1
	Tie off 98.6
Roland Tallman (age 15 yrs.), Sutherland, Ia.	99.1
	Tie off 97.8
Earl Geisler, Sioux City, Ia.	98.5
Dewey Sample, Sioux City, Ia.	98.1
E. E. Gailey, Wayne, Nebr.	97.8

(*Continued on page 60*)

Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD

Our Two Brown Birds— Bob White and Woodcock

Illustration by George Herter, Jr.

Bob White

ORNITHOLOGISTS tell us that the bird we call a quail is not a quail at all but a partridge, hence the name given it by the early settlers, Virginia partridge. These same scientists tell us that the true quail is found in Egypt. Be that as it may, we of America will keep on calling the bob white a quail till the end of time.

Whether it be quail or partridge, he is the gamest little chap in the world of sport, and affords greater pleasure to more people than does any other of our game birds.

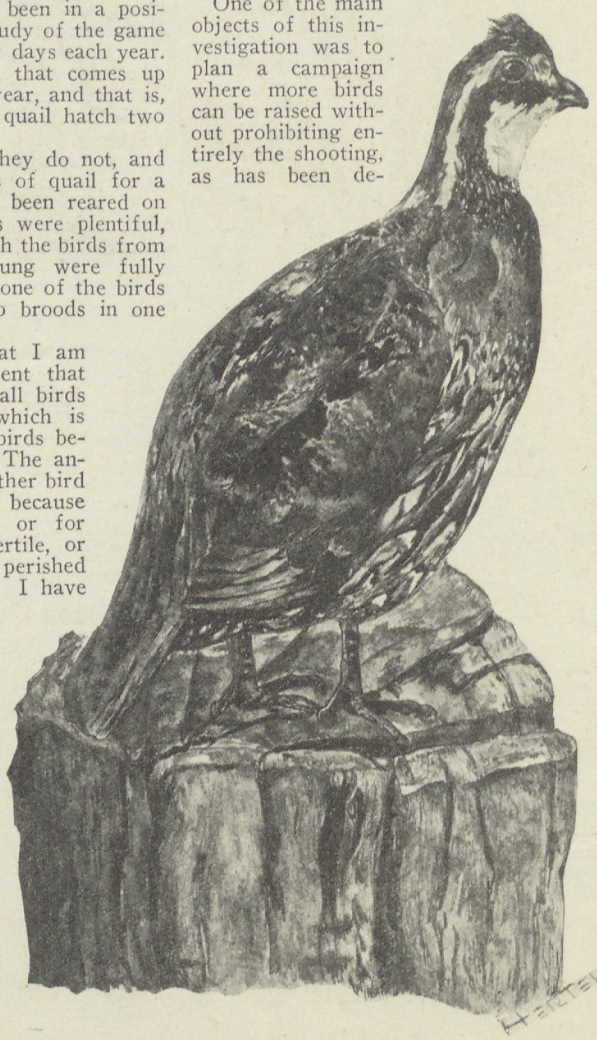
Most of our readers are familiar with the habits and general characteristics of this bird, but I know that there are a great many hunters who may be very fair shots but have given very little thought to anything more than just shooting, while there are others who have not been in a position to make much of a study of the game they hunt and shoot a few days each year.

There is one argument that comes up frequently from year to year, and that is, whether or not a pair of quail hatch two broods in a season.

My contention is that they do not, and I have studied the habits of quail for a great many years, having been reared on a small farm where birds were plentiful, and I had the time to watch the birds from mating time till the young were fully grown, and I know that none of the birds on our place hatched two broods in one season.

Those who contend that I am wrong use as an argument that frequently a covey of small birds are found in the fall, which is proof positive that these birds belong to a second hatch. The answer to this is that the mother bird abandoned the first nest because the eggs were destroyed or for some reason were not fertile, or maybe the young birds perished soon after being hatched. I have known this to happen very often, and have watched the old birds start over again with another nest. Another argument is that sometimes a covey is found containing two sizes of young birds. This does happen once in awhile, but again proves nothing, for in cases of this kind that have come to my notice, I believe that one brood or the other has been adopted by a pair of old birds because a mother bird had been killed. I have known this to happen three different times. As a matter of fact, if a pair of birds hatched two broods in a season the first brood would have to be abandoned to shift for themselves while the old birds made a new nest and the mother bird laid the eggs and hatched the second brood, which would mean that the young chicks would have to take care of themselves for a period of about 50 days. So many theories have been advanced regarding the habits, food, etc., of the quail, none of which were satisfactorily proven, a group of sportsmen in the South raised the sum of $30,000 to meet the expense of a thorough study of the quail, his habits, food, enemies, natural span of life, best method of protection and propagation; in fact, the instruction given the committee was to find out all about the quail from egg to maturity and from maturity to his natural death.

One of the main objects of this investigation was to plan a campaign where more birds can be raised without prohibiting entirely the shooting, as has been demanded by some of our doubtless well-meaning but uninformed conservationists, who spread a lot of foolish propaganda of theories that are not substantiated by facts.



"Bob White is the gamest little chap in the world of sport."

Some of the facts brought out by this investigation are as follows: The season's figures show that the average number of eggs to each nest is 14, with the largest number 24.

The setting hen takes only one period for feeding and recreation each day, usually during the afternoon. She always flies to and from the nest. The process of laying an egg takes about 4 minutes.

Besides grain and seeds, with a few bugs, when grain is not to be had it was found that quail are very fond of mulberries, which goes to show that a certain amount of soft food is required to go along with the grain.

Close observation shows that 65 per cent of the nests are destroyed before the eggs are hatched, and then the young birds that are brought out suffer the ravages of snakes, skunks, house cats, dogs and hawks, till it's a wonder that any of them reach maturity. Different localities have different enemies, in some places the skunk is plentiful, while in another territory the house cat is the chief menace. There are some places on the map where the quail is harassed by all of these enemies, though this is not often the case, we are glad to say. The poor quail has more natural enemies than any other bird, and is hunted more persistently by man, so it is a wonder that there are any in the country. If it were possible to establish sanctuaries, where the birds could be absolutely protected from vermin and the farmer's mower, quail would multiply ten fold in one season, and unless these refuges are established in various parts of the country, the quail crop is going to continue to diminish from year to year.

Intensive farming is indirectly the cause of the scarcity of quail, for there is not sufficient cover left to protect the birds from the weather and the vermin.

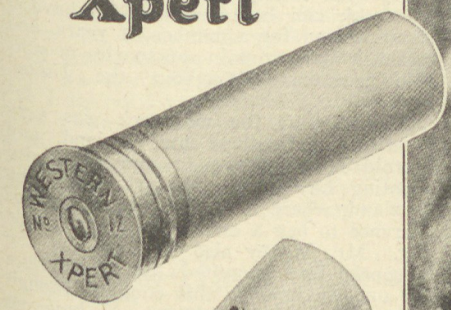
Woodcock

THIS wonderful game bird, the most prized by epicures, has been exceedingly scarce in this part of the country for a number of years. In fact, there are very few places in the United States where this bird is to be found in any numbers, and I venture to say that there are very few of the younger sportsmen who have had the pleasure of bagging any of these "brown beauties."

The scarcity of this bird is not entirely due to the hunter, as is the case with so many others. In this instance we must lay the blame to natural causes. About 35 years ago the Southern Atlantic states suffered a sudden change in the weather in the early winter, and thousands of woodcock perished, and since that time they have not increased to any extent, and the chances are that they will never be as plentiful as in former years.

The woodcock, like the jack snipe, bores for his food, but, unlike the "jack," is seldom found in the open, and is a night feeder. Soft, moist ground, not marshy, in timber, where there is no underbrush, is where the woodcock likes to feed. Thickets of wild plum or red haw make ideal feeding grounds, and it is in just such places that the market hunter plied

Western
Xpert



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The WESTERN *Xpert* shell is a quality smokeless load selling at a popular price. Ideal for all your shooting that doesn't call for the long range of WESTERN's famous *Super-X*—the load with the *Short* Shot String. The pellets in the *Super-X* shot charge travel in a compact mass instead of stringing out before they reach the bird.

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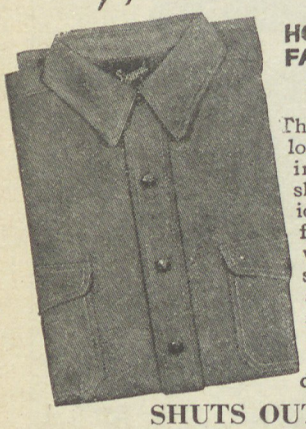

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his deadly trade by "shining" the birds at night, in the old days using a home made flare, and later an electric or acetylene torch. The bright light thrown on the bird confused it to such an extent that the hunter could approach within a few feet and the bird would be murdered while on the ground. A very light load of fine shot was used, about one dram of powder and a half ounce of No. 10 shot.

During the day the woodcock seeks a thicket on ground that may be quite hard and dry, and sometimes he is found on a rocky hillside, a mile from any wet ground.

The flight of the woodcock is very peculiar and deceptive, and, when flushed, as a rule will start at an extreme angle to clear the thicket, and then is apt to take the same angle in his downward flight, going only a short distance. This habit is quite apt to fool any one who is not familiar with the characteristics of the bird, and the hunter often thinks he has made a kill when he has scored a miss. I was shooting with a friend, who had never even seen a woodcock, when we flushed one in a willow thicket. My friend took a hasty shot and exclaimed, "I got him." Tom went over to retrieve the bird and I heard another shot and the exclamation, "I got another." As a matter of fact there was only one bird and Tom had scored two misses, each time thinking he had killed owing to the sudden dropping of the bird at the time of the shot. It took some time to convince Tom that he did not have two birds on the ground, but as he had a good dog, who failed to locate either bird, he began to think that I might be right, and when we finally flushed the bird the third time, neither one of us shooting, he noted the same downward pitch as though the bird had been hit. Then he realized that he had been wrong.

Some 25 years ago woodcock were more plentiful in Louisiana than in most states, and as game was allowed to be sold on the open market the best hotels and restaurants served woodcock in season and out of season at prices ranging from $1.00 to $3.00, according to the supply, and even at this late day when the sale of game is prohibited, woodcock as well as other game may be had at some of the cafes in New Orleans.

The breast of the woodcock is plump and light in color, just a little darker than the meat of a grouse, and the flavor is between that of a snipe and quail, if one can imagine such a thing.

Missouri has an open season on woodcock, though very few are killed, and I do not believe there are a half dozen men in the state who have made a special trip for this bird during the past 10 years.

The woodcock mates very early, and years ago when they were plentiful the season opened July 1st and lasted till the first of October. Now, since all migratory birds are under Federal control, the season opens November 10th and closes November 30th.

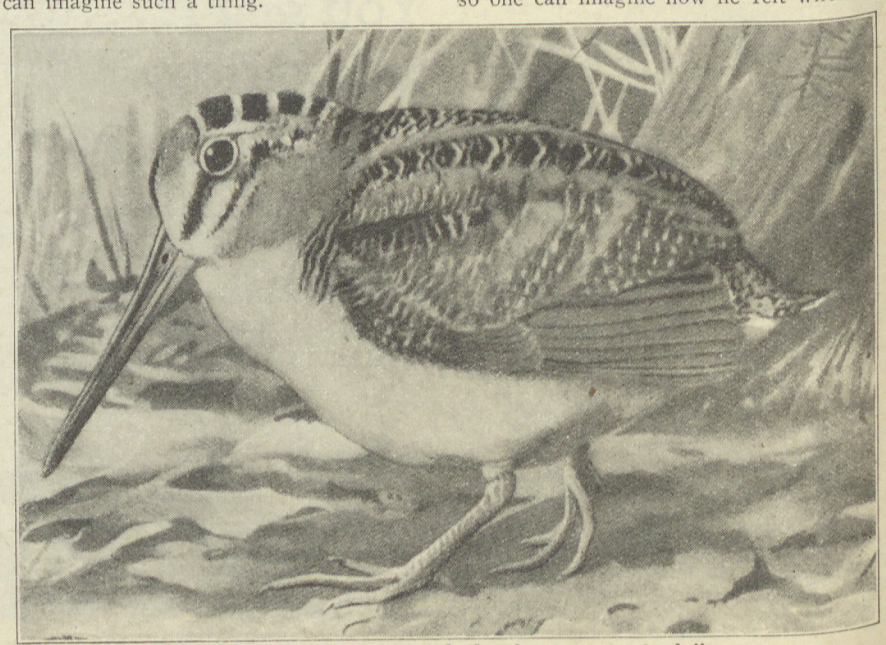
The flight of the woodcock, when migrating, is similar to that of the jack snipe, though I have never seen them in such large flocks. Twenty-five or thirty are as many as I have seen at one time, and they occupied a space of about 50 yards square. As a rule one will not see more than 5 or 6.

The color of this bird is brown and the back is about the shade of that of a quail. The shape is similar to that of a snipe, though he is much heavier and sits closer to the ground, and his bill is larger and stronger than that of the jack snipe and is better adapted to boring in hard ground. The head is large and full, and the expression is more intelligent than that of any other game bird I have known. He is one of the handsomest little chaps in the game bird world.

There is no chance of propagating this or any other of the family of waders or borers, as is being done with members of the grouse family, so the only way the woodcock can be restored is to have a closed season for a number of years, and establish and maintain sanctuaries in suitable locations throughout the United States.

At one time the woodcock was very plentiful in Scotland and Ireland, and Harold Money tells of some wonderful shooting he had on the west coast of Scotland, where it was no uncommon occurrence to bag a dozen brace in a single day. Mr. Money also tells us that the European bird is quite a bit larger than the one we have in this country, though why this should be the case I have no idea.

Speaking of woodcock reminds me of my old friend Campbell Shaw, who in his younger days invited a young lady to a supper at Tony Faust's popular restaurant in St. Louis. Money was not very plentiful in those days and Campbell only had a couple of dollars and some small change, so one can imagine how he felt when the



"The woodcock is one of the handsomest game birds."
Photograph from painting by Louis Agassiz Fuertes

young lady, after glancing over the menu, decided that she would have a woodcock, the price of which was two dollars. Campbell rose to the occasion by saying, "Good Lord, girl, did you ever eat one of those birds?" She replied, "No, I never even saw one." Shaw came back with the remark that she couldn't eat a woodcock in a week, that they were as big as turkeys, and then proceeded to order a supper that was in keeping with the size of his bank roll.

In the Eastern States dogs are especially trained for woodcock shooting, for the birds are found in heavy cover and a slow careful dog with a good nose is necessary. As a rule the birds lie fairly well, but there are times when they flush wild, and it is difficult to obtain a shot.

When woodcock were plentiful enough to have paid a hunter to make a special trip for them I did not own a bird dog, so was obliged to tramp around and trust to luck. Seven was my biggest bag in any one day, and that score was never duplicated by me, though there were days when I might have beaten that record had I not missed several shots. Since I have owned dogs I have killed a good many woodcock over points, but this only happened when quail shooting and with one exception I never found more than one bird in a single day. The exception was one day in Arkansas, where I killed three birds over the dog, and each time I was looking for a quail to flush as I stepped in, for in each instance the woodcock flushed from ground in which there were some scattered quail, and in one case where the cover was specially thick on a rocky hillside I did not know that the bird knocked down was not a quail until the dog brought it in.

The woodcock seems to enjoy his own company, for during all the years I have been shooting I never flushed more than one bird at a time.

Do You Hunt With a Conscience?

By Gene Brass

AS I read the many different stories and articles written regarding deer hunting and the various methods employed in this sport, I become curious to know what has become of the real hunter.

When I say real hunter, I mean the hunter who has a conscience. The hunter who hunts for the sport of hunting. I don't mean the hunter who goes out to get his deer no matter how he gets it.

I have hunted with a great number of so called sportsmen in the past fifteen years, and I could count all the *real* sportsmen on the fingers of one hand.

For a number of years I have acted as guide for numerous parties in the big woods, and I am truly surprised at the small percentage of real sportsmen to be found.

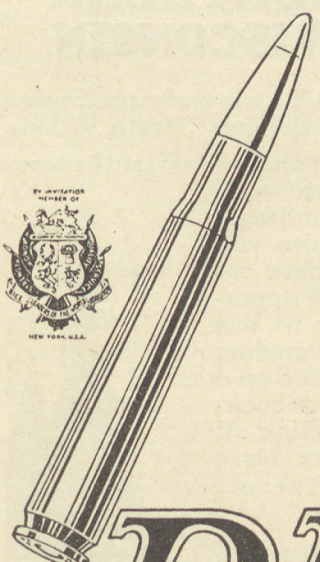
Ask any hunter why he hunts deer, and the usual reply is—"Why, because it's great sport." Well, if you can explain to me the great sport to be found in hunting deer with most methods employed you will solve a great mystery. I find that most hunters hunt deer with one thought in mind—get your deer, never mind how, but be sure and get one.

Perhaps I am different, but I get a thrill out of deer hunting because I love to pit my skill against the deer. I like to give the buck an even chance with me every time. Then should I be fortunate enough to bag my game, I get real pleasure out of deer hunting.

How many of you deer hunters take your rifle, and start out in the morning tramp-

Your Chance at last—

a magnificent buck



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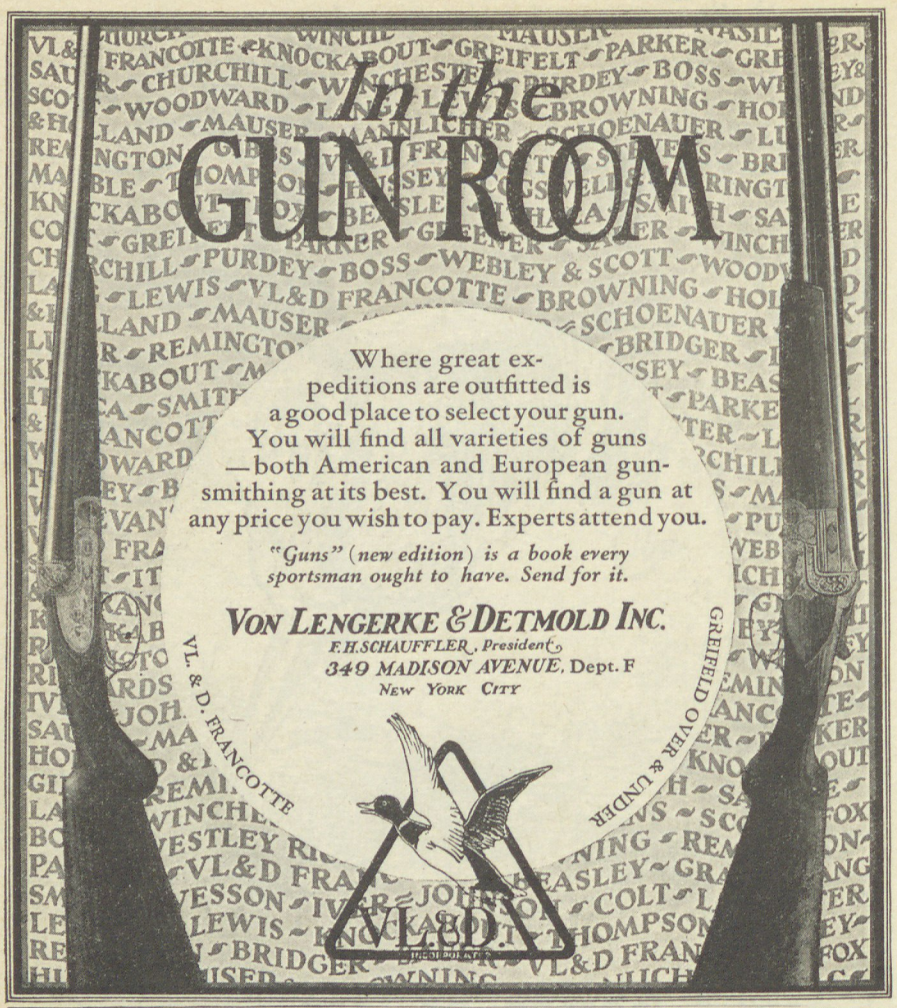
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ing along through the woods, much the same as you would march in a parade? Do you go out to get a deer or see how many miles you can walk in a day, tearing through the woods in the manner of an elephant, charging some infuriated monster.

Suddenly you jump a buck. He goes tearing away through the timber. You fire at him madly in your haste. Then you dash over to the spot where you figure Mr. Buck was standing when you fired at him. You arrive at the spot. Is your buck lying there? No. Then you dash through the woods in pursuit of him, thinking you will again catch a glimpse of this wary old boy. After perhaps a half hour search you decide he must have escaped, so you forget him and go on lumbering through the woods in hopes that you will surprise another deer.

Or perhaps you are one of the numerous stump hunters who tramp out from camp for perhaps a half mile or so until you locate a nice looking stump. The usual procedure here is to clamber up onto the stump or sit down against it and perhaps sleep a few hours, trusting that some stupid buck or doe will amble into sight during the day. After a few hours the usual course to follow then is to wander along another half mile, locate another good stump and repeat this operation two or three times.

Perhaps a big doe or even a young buck may happen to feed up into your sight. If so you're pretty lucky, but surely this must be a wonderful sport. I will admit that a stump hunter does do some good though. He at least is out in the good pure air all day. Also it gives him a chance to get caught up on his sleep.

Then there is the hunter who likes to drive. He and three or four companions like to sit on a good looking, well worn runway while one or two hunters or usually guides climb up the mountain and drive towards the hunters who are left on the watch. These drivers are called the dogs. They even try to imitate a dog, barking, shouting and thrashing through the woods, much as a band of school boys would thrash around to kill a nest of mice or rats.

If lucky, perhaps a buck will be driven out of hiding in fright at all this noise and racket. He will naturally go racing down the mountain in some well worn runway. Down at the foot of the mountain are located the watchers. Hiding behind a log or stump within ten or twenty yards of the runway. As the deer comes trotting along he is fired on from ambush.

This is also an exciting, sportsmanlike method of hunting. Almost as much real sport as the stump hunter gets. Four or five men with four or five rifles to get one deer.

I have described three methods of deer hunting which are popular with many hunters. The Marathon hunter—the stump hunter—and the gang hunter. This last named method strikes me as being a pretty cheap way for a hunter who claims he is a real sportsman to get his deer. Three or four or five men ought to be able to get one deer, but where does the sportmanship come in?

When I can leave camp with my rifle and proceed a half mile or a mile from camp, and then start and still hunt alone and give my buck an even chance to outwit me, outguess me and outrun me, then I get a thrill out of deer hunting.

I love to slowly, carefully and quietly pick my way along through the woods, perhaps fifty yards at a time. Then stop —look all around—listen—then proceed again. Ah, soon I see Mr. Buck feeding perhaps 100 to 150 yards away. Now, I could pull up and shoot, but the chances are I would miss him, or at the best

slightly wound him. Perhaps he would race away for miles to die a day later. So here I try and see if my skill is equal to his. I drop down low and very quietly creep along a few feet at a time, then stop and watch him. I know that the snapping of a twig, or breaking of a stick, or thud of a step will warn the buck of my presence. Here I must show my real quality as a hunter.

I try to work against the wind. After perhaps ten or fifteen minutes I have worked my way up to within thirty yards of the buck. He is sensing danger now. I see him lift his head and listen. He stares over at my hiding place, but does not locate me. I honestly believe that the enjoyment I feel from being able to outwit Mr. Buck and work my way this close to him is greater than any stump hunter ever got in his life.

At last I realize that I am now in a perfect position for my shot, so taking careful aim I fire. The buck makes a jump or two and is out of sight. Here I just sit for a few minutes, then I slowly pick my way over to the spot where I saw him. Yes, he has traveled about a hundred yards, and there he lies.

I am proud to show this head to my friends, because it not only is a very fine specimen but I can always look back and recall that I gave this buck a fair chance. I simply outsmarted him, that is all.

Now I am not out to tell any hunter how to hunt deer, but I am out to try and discover how many of our so called sportsmen, who claim to hunt for the sport of the game, really give the game a fair chance.

I once jumped a buck. I had a poor shot, so rather than wound him and have him die perhaps a day or so later and never be found I passed up the shot. He had seen me about the same time I discovered him. I figured that he would head for the nearest rise or hill, so carefully and slowly I worked my way over to his first location. He had started jumping. He was very easy to track. For some distance he continued at great speed, as his tracks indicated. I continued to carefully track him and shortly I found as I had expected that he was heading directly for a knoll or sharp rise, so here I decided to try and outwit him.

Naturally he would stop when just over the rise and look back to discover me. So here instead I turned and slowly and carefully circled the knoll. After about twenty minutes of careful work I had circled this knoll so that I was now approaching it from the opposite side from which the buck had ascended it. Sure enough I soon caught sight of him. He was feeding again but was very cautious as he would constantly raise his head and look back in the direction from which he had come. I worked my way to within a hundred yards of him. Here I had a very fine opening and a broadside shot. I brought him down at my first shot.

Now here is a case which goes to show that my method was correct. Had I fired from my first view of him the chances were one hundred to one I would have missed, or at best have wounded him only to lose him.

In conclusion I wish to say that I believe the day will come when all real sportsmen will band together and rid our forests and parks of these poor sports. And yet these very men who hunt like butchers are always the dissatisfied ones. They are usually the grumblers complaining about poor hunting, no game, etc.

How many of you deer hunters could go out and get your limit every season if you only were allowed five shots? The least you can do is to wake up, and try hunting for a while with your conscience.

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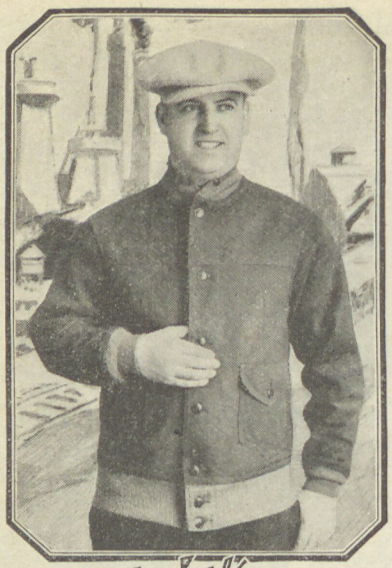

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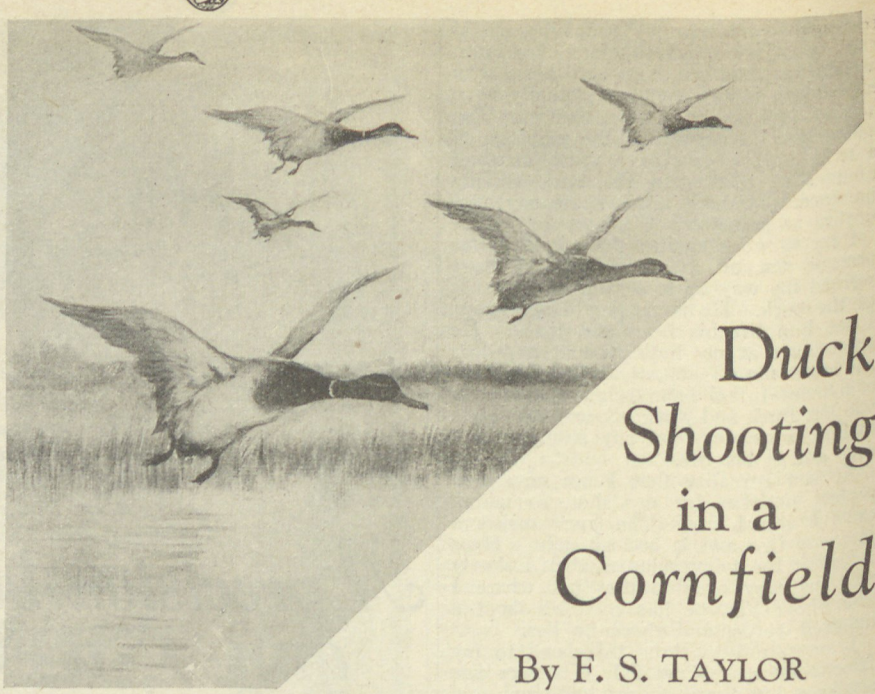

Duck Shooting in a Cornfield

By F. S. TAYLOR

I SUBMIT to you, red blooded Waltonians; you who have been permitted to enjoy duck shooting, that you have participated in the King of Outdoor Sports. It is further safe to assert, that sitting at one's desk of an October day, when the first snowflakes have come again, and when, high above the skyscrapers, long V-shaped lines of mallards are flying south, it is simply beyond the power of man to concentrate on the work before him. No, sir! at such a time he will not allow business to interfere with pleasure, and he may as well close his desk and arrange to get it out of his system.

In his condition it is far better to say to the good wife that she will have to attend to locking the back door and putting the cat out, for a few nights, for you have an imperative business call to the river; and in justice to her, the boys at the office and yourself, it is better that you arrange to catch the first train headed that way.

On one October day last fall, while making an honest effort to work, my mind involuntarily turned to number six chilled shot, duck boats, decoys and my old hunting partner, Steve. (You fellows know just how it is.)

Just then the telephone bell rang and, taking up the receiver, I heard a rather pleading, "Hello, Frank, this is Steve. Say old-timer, do you know I am just naturally worked out and I need a few days off?" (Steve was superintending the opening of a new hotel, but there was no reason on earth to believe that he had overworked; but nevertheless, it was a good "alibi," and in the words of that grand old sportsman, Grover Cleveland, that little white lie would be wafted to the ears of heaven and forgiven.) "Let's go duck shooting."

"Well, Steve, that's a good idea; not that I care to go, but far be it from me to stand in your way from taking a much needed rest."

I could hear the old boy chuckle as he said, "Shall we go to Meridosia as usual, and when do we start?"

"Now hold on, Rameses," I said, "are you so far behind the times that you do not know that the Illinois river is raging, and there are six to fifteen feet of water over the grounds where we usually shoot?"

"Well, what do we care? I want to get away for a few days. Didn't I tell you that I am just tuckered out and need to get away from business?"

"That's all right, Steve, but personally, if I permit you to drag me away from my desk, I want to get a little shooting, and mallards do not feed in fifteen feet of water; but I understand there are a lot of birds on the bottom, and I have an idea I can locate them. Just sit tight and I will telephone a farmer friend down in the drainage district and see what he has to offer."

That seemed to disappoint Steve, but he said, "All right, but make it snappy, for I am nervous, and something is the matter with the index finger of my right hand. It keeps contracting and twitching curiously. I'll just have to get away from this work, so don't waste any time."

This farmer friend of mine has a cornfield of approximately one thousand acres, in the bottom land which was drained a few years ago, and I believed the levee might break and flood his crop of corn, which was not husked. That evening I telephoned my friend Austin, whose farm is ten or fifteen miles above Beardstown, and asked him if there was a prospect of any shooting on his farm. "You bet," he answered, "the levee broke several days ago, and my cornfield has been flooded, and it is black with ducks. Come on down. Be here Monday morning, and I will have a blind built and everything ready."

So I telephoned to Steve to oil up his old shooting iron, for we were going to the river Sunday night. My opinion is, that this pleased him more than if I had promised him a trip to Paris. And certainly we were destined to spend several days of cleaner and better sport than may be found in all Europe.

Leaving Chicago Sunday, we arrived at the little town of Astoria after dark. This town is five miles from Austin's home. We had telegraphed to a liveryman to meet us at the train with a flivver and take us to the Austin farm. When we got our traps in the car and were settled for a five-mile drive, it was raining, sleeting and snowing and darker than pitch; and as we jogged and slipped along over those clay hills along the bluff of the Illinois

river, Steve remarked that some people would say that a man is a natural born damned fool to take all the hardships incidental to duck shooting, but as for himself, he believed it only proved that a man was a real "he" man, and had the love of God and nature in his heart, and that he was a good American citizen.

The roads were slippery and rather rough, so we drove slowly; occasionally a rabbit would cross the road and become blinded by the headlights. Once a skunk passed in front of the car, and we slowed down, as these babies are to be respected. He seemed in no hurry to get away, but walked slowly to the side of the road, apparently satisfied that we would not molest him, and as much as to say, "You know me, fellows!"

Finally we reached the long Bluff hill which leads to the bottom lands, and about half way down, the driver turned off on a side road and we pulled up at Austin's home. And then one of those famous country suppers. O boy, who said anything about the hardships of a duck hunt!

During the night it turned cold, making some ice and freezing those clay roads harder than a Chicago bandit. Austin hitched up to the wagon and drove us down to the cornfield. As we turned off the road into his field we could see a few ducks in the air, but nothing unusual, and not as many as I have seen scores of times on the Illinois river bottoms, for I have been shooting there for more than thirty years.

About the center of the cornfield there was a small bunch of willows, and Austin had built a very good blind there. This was the only place for a natural blind in the field.

I have never been anxious to shoot with three men in a boat, but as we were assured that the boat could be fastened in securely, we asked Austin to bring his gun and shoot with us. After we had loaded our guns, shells, decoys, etc., in the skiff, we had to break ice for about twenty yards but after a short pull we were at the willows. Thinking I might get a shot at a high flyer, I had slipped shells into my gun, and after placing our decoys we shoved into the blind, and being first in I stood up, and there above our decoys, not twenty-five yards away, were three mallards. Bang! Bang! Bang! three shots and two of the kings of gameland "bit the dust" if you know what I mean.

Steve said, "That's a good start and a quick start, but just between friends, don't you think it would be only fair to delay the entertainment, and not roll up the curtain until all the audience is seated?" I had to remind him that two-thirds of the audience was seated and only one-third ready for the show, and that is why I had to give the first three actors a glad hand.

We wedged the nose of the boat between two willows and tied it in so it could not slip out, and there we were as solid as on terra firma.

Coming through the corn, I noticed that the ears that were not covered with water were stripped of corn, the cobs only, remaining; our friends, the ducks, had attended to that.

During the next hour there was good shooting, as every few minutes there would be a single or a pair and about a dozen curious mallards came in to visit our decoys. Steve got a fine drake. Then five mallards came in and we registered four out of that party. After about an hour there was a noise at the upper end of the cornfield which sounded like a freight train or a tornado in the distance, and if all the ducks in the world were not getting up the other three or four must have been

(Continued on page 65)

BROWNING -ARMS-

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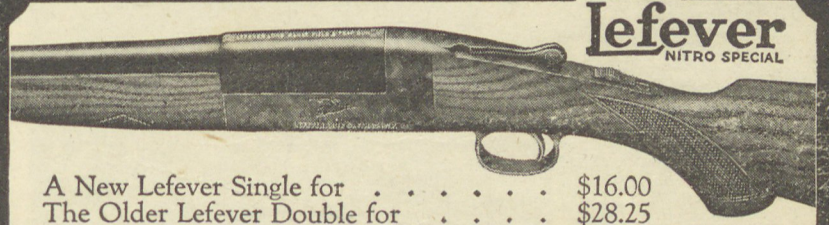

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Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

INDIANA CHAPTER CHALLENGES WINNER

Delay in Mail Noses Bremen Out of Contest Cup Won by North Baltimore, Ohio

The June issue of the Bulletin carried a report of State and Chapter Membership Renewal Contest carrying the head that North Baltimore, Ohio, had won the Chapter Cup. If fate had not taken a hand in the affairs of the Bremen, Indiana, chapter, then the heading probably would have read RESULTS OF CHAPTER CUP CONTEST A TIE, permitting Bremen and North Baltimore to shoot off the tie. Fate in the form of mail delivery stepped in and now after again carefully checking the records we are pleased to announce that another hundred percenter chapter, Bremen, Indiana, is entitled to equal recognition and credit for tying the winning score in the membership renewal contest. Our hats are off to both of you and especially to the good sportsmanship displayed by the Bremen chapter in the person of their Secretary, H. G. Carbiener.

[Editor's Note: It would seem that North Baltimore and Bremen might best settle this friendly dispute by conducting another membership campaign between themselves. What do you say, Secretaries Rogers and Carbiener? All Waltonians will be interested in reading about a contest between two 100% chapters representing two cities of about equal population. Choose your own weapons, boys; tell me about the contest rules and regulations you have decided upon and we'll see who is the best man.]

MANITOWOC "PULLS" AN OLYMPIC

The annual field day of the Manitowoc, Wis., chapter, staged at the grounds of the Manitowoc Gun Club was a gala event enjoyed by several hundred Waltonians and friends. The events were many and varied consisting of men's and ladies' archery contests, trap, pistol and rifle events, horseshoe-pitching and bait casting. Valuable prizes were awarded to the winners in the various contests of skill. The archery contest was a center of attraction due to the novelty of archery to a great many of the guests.

EL RENO HAS THE SPIRIT

Twenty miles northwest of El Reno, Okla., the El Reno chapter is maintaining a public fishing and camping grounds known as "Ike" Lake. Hank Drake well describes "Ike" Lake in the August issue of "My Oklahoma," a monthly magazine published for and by the citizens of Oklahoma.

"The lake proper has about seven miles of wooded shoreline that shades the water on both sides. Clear, deep holes are found, extending well back under the roots of the trees. A trail has been cut through the timber around the lake, making it possible to fish every foot of the water.

"The El Reno chapter is accomplishing a world of good for the people of Canadian county and the surrounding counties, who enjoy the lake as freely as the home folks. If each chapter throughout the United States would forget about that private club lake and all pull together and obtain the finest body of water in its county, then stock and maintain it as a public fishing and camp ground FREE for the public to enjoy, you would find in a very few years, a bigger, stronger nation of outdoor men and women raising children capable of meeting and conquering the obstacles that our rapid growth is building up for them."

The El Reno Ikes bought and are maintaining the lake from a purely unselfish motive, with no thought of publicity—but with such a live wire chamber of commerce as El Reno has it is useless for them to try longer to hide their light under a bushel. So now, a display and invitation to the public occupies space in the chamber of commerce rooms, maintained in connection with their tourist information bureau and free public rest room. The local Izaak Walton League chapter takes this means of extending the privileges of the Ike Lake to every Oklahoman and to every visitor coming through. The only strings to the invitation are, that you observe the fish and game laws and report anyone whom you see breaking any of the sections of the law. One other request and the lake is yours; clean up your camp ground before leaving that others following you may find a clean camp awaiting them. Thus El Reno Ikes welcome you to the Ike Lake—it is yours.

Part of large group of Waltonians assembled at Peterboro, N. H., for first New England League Convention.

PREPARES FOR THE OPEN SEASON

Paul Garret, secretary Herndon, Pa., chapter, tells us about their big outing and shoot fest. The Third Annual Tri-County picnic of Organized Sportsmen of Snider, Union and North Umberland counties was recently held at Rolling Green Park, Penn., and produced one of the most interesting programs of the year at the Snider County Resort. Norman Wood, who is Education Service Board Commissioner, addressed the gathering; this was followed by moving pictures. Twelve squads of five men each entered in the trapshooting event. There were over one thousand persons in attendance and about three hundred participated in the various contests. There were bear and deer target shooting events, fly and bait casting, and numerous other contests of picnic variety.

OUTERS ENJOY MEET AND LEARN CONSERVATION

Sunday, August 14th, was a great day for the Grove Lake, Minn., chapter. On the shores of beautiful Grove Lake about fifteen hundred people gathered to spend the day at the second annual picnic of this chapter. The bait casting demonstration put on by Messrs. Sather and Torgerson was well received and these two gentlemen are to be congratulated on the exhibition they put on. The Sauk Centre band worked hard all day and entertained the crowd with good peppy band music. Prof. F. R. Weber of Fargo, N. D., the "community wizard," in his splendid address drove home the community idea with the playground, the park and natural wonders, the most beautiful in the state, available to Grove Lake citizens. Twenty prizes were won by people from all over the county. A fine spirit prevailed and everybody went home having enjoyed the day immensely.

STATE CONVENTIONS

Ohio—October 31st at Columbus, Ohio

Kansas—October 30th and 31st at Independence, Kans.

Wisconsin—November 10th and 11th at Pfister Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis.

EVIDENCE OF CHAPTER GUN CLUB VALUE

Here is one of the many live chapters who has taken advantage of an inter-chapter trapshooting club to entertain its members.

F. H. Burke, president of the Woodlawn chapter of Chicago, Ill., has provided both targets and chapter plans for his live wire chapter to shoot at. Mr. Burke reports some of his chapter activities:

"When Woodlawn chapter began talking about installing a trapshooting range in one of the south side parks, last spring, there was much skepticism and many expressions of grave doubts, but all of that has vanished and now our shooting lodge in Calumet Park, at Ninty-ninth St. and the lake shore is the Mecca, on Sunday afternoons and other days during the

week, of south side sportsmen. We have two or three events every Sunday afternoon and our clubhouse and range overlooking the lake is a popular resort for all who love the sport dear to the heart of every red-blooded sportsman. We have installed two sets of traps and will put in two additional sets at once. Our clubhouse is always well stocked with ammunition and targets. The Izaak Walton Gun Club is the name we have chosen and only members of the League of any chapter, are eligible as members. General Superintendent Donoghue of the South Park Board has given us every assistance we could ask and Fred Aye, Henry F. Boberg, Frank Southern and Dr. J. W. Stanton have pushed it along. We have visions of at least ten sets of traps and a membership of at least 500 before January 1st."

Algie Holt, the active Secretary of First N. E. League Convention.

TIMELY WORK SAVES 100,000 FISH

C. A. Carlisle, Jr., chairman of the Fish Propagation Committee of the South Bend, Ind., chapter reports their work in saving a great number of fish from Beck's Lake. It was necessary to pump the water from the lake in order that a large sewer line might be installed. Mr. Carlisle states that the work of removing the fish was started by the South Bend chapter several weeks ago with the assistance of the State Conservation Commission under the immediate direction of the manager of the Tri-Lake Fish Hatchery at Columbia City, Ind.

During the last couple of weeks, small crews of workmen, composed of members of the Izaak Walton League, donned rubber boots and overalls and proceeded to seine fish from the lake—then they were put into cans and removed to one of the many lakes around South Bend. The species of fish removed were blue gills, sun fish, cat fish, bass, pickerel, etc. About 100,000 fish were taken from that little lake. The following lakes received fish in the approximate quantities shown: Country Club Chain-of-Lakes, 25,000; Hudson Lake, 5,000; Chamberlain's Lake, 1,000; Clear Lake, 5,000, and Bass Lake (North Chain Lake), 64,000.

The work was carried on under the direction of C. A. Carlisle, Jr., and assisting him were: Russel Hunt, George Stephenson, Ivar Hennings, L. G. Bradford, vice-president of the National Izaak Walton League, Roy Hayes of the Nelson Construction Company, and many other prominent citizens.

SHORT BUT SWEET STORY

Grover Page, secretary of the New Albany, Ind., chapter, has submitted a summary of his chapter's activities and program for the coming year. Construction of a fish rearing pond and the propagation of fish, planting trees along state highways, marking the names of streams on bridges, assisting in the development of state game preserves in southern Indiana, improving local game warden services and active co-operation with boy and girl scout organizations. Grover reports that they have no local pollution problems other than the Ohio River.

Just Before They Flush

That tense moment, when the dog stops still—and points—waiting for the word. The birds are there and you know it. In a moment they will be in the air and away like shots from the gun. Which way will they fly?

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Kimball, Minn., Waltonian Families Enjoy Annual Outing.

PLEASANT WALTONIAN GATHERING

Kimball, Minn., Waltonians and families posed for the above picture after enjoying a banquet of delicious fried fish and other trimmings supplied by members from bounteous food baskets. The afternoon was taken up with sports of various kinds with special attention given to swimming, as it happened to be a hot day. Dr. Baldus reports that the Kimball chapter has been busy stocking many tributary lakes and has just established and posted a twenty-five hundred-acre state game refuge near Kimball. The boys are keeping in practice by trapshooting twice weekly.

WICHITA SCORES BULL'S EYE—W. A. EDITOR GETS BLACK EYE

Mr. George L. Miller of Wichita, Kans., has just rapped the editor of Waltonian Activities Department squarely on the nose in a just letter of criticism for not giving Wichita due consideration in this department. We are guilty in the second degree, judge, because we had the following story set up for you for the August issue but due to the length of the story and the fact that we had considerable runover for that issue and that the managing editor would not allow us to use rubber type, some of the news items had to be held over. In such a predicament, the longer items are held in order to serve the greatest number of chapters in our limited space. If the story had not been set up then we would plead guilty to a first degree charge. We ask your pardon and will try not to let it happen again.

Following is Wichita's well deserved story:

George L. Miller, Wichiga, Kans., joined the League, February, 1922, and since has been one of the outstanding consistent conservationists of Kansas. If space permitted we would like to reproduce the page ad in "The Wichita," the official publication of the Wichita Chamber of Commerce. The page represents an interesting and appealing three color message, explaining the principles of the Izaak Walton League. At the head of the page is a bull's eye target, captioned, "Won't you shoot at our Target?" The bull's eye represents the fish and game hog; the nine ring, the water polluter; the eight ring, the forest exploiter; the seven ring, the pussy-foot politician; and the six ring, the poachers, vandals and market hunters. This target cartoon conveys as impressive a message at a glance as any we have seen.

Following is a brief outline of the accomplishments of the Wichita chapter, whose officers are James Lawhorn, president; Dr. Earl J. Frost, vice-president, and C. E. R. Winthrop, secretary.

Mr. Miller writes: "It is a most refreshing thing to read of the wonderful doings of the Izaak Walton League chapters throughout the nation. One who started with the organization of the League in 1922 can view with much satisfaction this wonderful growth and gather hope for the future of our outdoor life; and it means that this earnest work is to go on with unceasing vigor. Kansas has caught the flaming torch of Waltonianism and is putting it across. This chapter started last fall with a handful of real sportsmen and now has an organization of six hundred and still going. It has a monthly magazine that goes throughout the state spreading the Gospel of conservation, preservation and restoration for Kansas. This chapter has an extension department that sends speakers and moving pictures through the country parts to acquaint the folks with the spirit of Waltonianism; it has in hand the establishment of three lake facilities for the near future; it is putting into activity the very meaning of the League. That is Wichita chapter, of the I. W. L. A."

READ "MICHIGAN'S OPEN SPACES"

The Michigan State division in the person of its president, H. A. Savage, has printed and distributed to its members, an unusually interesting and timely message in booklet form entitled "Michigan's Open Spaces." This booklet has to do with Michigan's big open spaces, forests, lakes, streams and wild life. It treats in an intelligent and interesting manner the subject of practical conservation in that state, beautifully combining the application of the Izaak Walton League policy to Michigan's outdoor problems. We recommend that all division officers write to Mr. Savage, 116 North Washington Avenue, Saginaw, Mich., requesting a copy of this booklet for the purpose of preparing a similar leaflet explaining the conservation problems of each division.

GREAT WORK! ST. MARY'S, PA.

The Renovo (Pa.) Record published a report of the activities of St. Mary's, Pa. chapter No. 70. We will all admit that the story has good news value. This chapter has a membership totaling over 150 since its organization five months ago. They have ordered ten thousand forest seedlings for planting along the highways and a large consignment of trout is expected. An effort is now being made to acquire a tract of land for the purpose of establishing a public camp. When this project is accomplished the chapter members will clear the grounds, build fire places and shelters, and provide good water.

HOLD 'EM COWBOYS

C. N. Alleger, secretary of the Belle Fourche, S. D., chapter accomplishes chapter work like those boys accomplish other worthwhile duties. Alleger reports as follows: "A few days ago—the first of this week, it was, we all received the Special Proclamation Bulletin. Among other interesting things you asked for six new members. All right, brother, here are the names of six who have come in today. I am sending these names not as a regular report but merely to indicate that there is a world of new pep in the organization here. I will write you at length later, telling you of some of the big plans which include: A membership contest between at least two chapters in our district; a big two-night outdoor movie show as a chapter benefit; a dance (to get some money); a state-wide drive to induce forestation and game-fish stocking of Orman Lake; a bigger and better fish hatchery; a general awakening of interest."

Alleger says these are but a few things that they are going to do and continues—"In fact, since Cal came out here and got a trout or so, we feel we have a big obligation on our hands, by dad, we are going to fulfill it." This is the real Waltonian spirit and it is evident that the Belle Fourche chapter hasn't got the "cart before the horse."

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA AROUSED OVER POLLUTION AND KILLING OF FISH

The pouring of acid in the Conoquenissing River in western Pennsylvania by a steel plant, killing thousands of fish, aroused the western Pennsylvania chapter, Pittsburgh newspapers and state departments to immediate and beneficial remonstration. This unfortunate occurrence following on the heels of the proposed Pennsylvania anti-pollution bill brought forth an avalanche of protests culminating in a most successful solution of the problem.

John G. Mock, secretary of the Millvale, Pa., chapter, went after the matter with hammer and tongs working hard and long in accomplishing the desired end. He was ably assisted in his work by members from his chapter and from the Harmony, Pa., chapter in the initial steps of the campaign to restore their river. Florent Gibson of the "Pittsburgh Post," and Ralph Davis, sporting editor of the "Pittsburgh Press" came to the front with liberal and well-written stories condemning pollution and appealing for state assistance.

The pollution was traced to its source and the offender proved to be the Forged Steel Wheel Company of Butler, Pa. According to a report of investigation by the Sanitary Water Board, and the Department of Health, they found the cause of the acid pollution to be in the form of an accident. Criminal prosecution was not resorted to. Following the investigation of the Department of Health, Pennsylvania Fish Commission and Sanitary Water Board, the matter was referred to N. R. Buller, Commissioner of Fisheries and the Attorney General. Mr. Buller not only succeeded in having the pollution stopped but received a thousand-dollar contribution from the offender toward restocking the stream, and the assurance that there would not be a reoccurrence of the tragedy.

All parties who were instrumental in bringing about the successful accomplishment of this problem are to be highly commended for their splendid and timely work.

A BUNCH WITH A PUNCH

Kirkhoven, Minn., recently put over another real meet and we will leave it to Secretary Dave Egerstrom to tell you about it. Dave knows his stuff.

"We had a standing invitation from Sam Anderson at Hutchinson to come over there and spend a day. Well, we did that yesterday. Twenty-five auto loads loaded. All the cars had banners, on which we had painted—'Kerkoven Chapter, I. W. L. A.' and 'For Better Sportsmanship.' We had our picnic lunch over at Sam's and Frank Blair greeted us at the State Farm at Mound, after lunch. Jay Gould, State Game and Fish Commissioner, gave a splendid talk. He drove all the way from Cass Lake to be with us.

"The people here know now that when we put anything on, it is well worth attending, and the best of it all is that they are getting right down to brass tacks in our work. Our membership is not so large, but it is a live one, and we are going to get more members, just like the ones we have now."

WENTWORTH, S. D., STAGES BIG CO-OPERATIVE MEET

Fully two thousand people attended the second annual Izaak Walton League picnic recently held at Smith-Chester parks. Family and Walton League groups from Iowa, North Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska and Montana attended, quite a large delegation being present from Omaha, Wentworth, Rutland and Nunda, besides representatives from 30 Wisconsin chapters. A total of over 500 pounds of crappies and bullheads, 75 gallons of coffee and 50 gallons of lemonade were consumed by the picnickers. The trapshooting contests and fly casting events proved very interesting. In the 50-bird event, open to all, Dr. Max Eishner of Sioux Falls took first on a 46 score and Tommy Van Langingham of Madison, second, on a 45 score. A total of 2,800 targets were trapped for this contest. In the women's events of 25 birds, Mrs. Harold Rensch of Madi-

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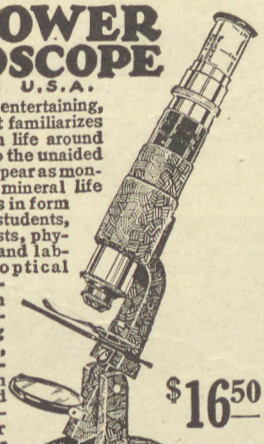

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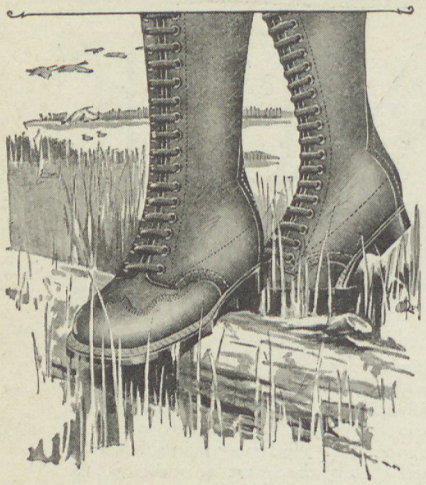

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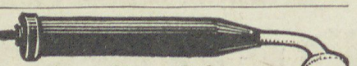

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son won first and Mrs. H. Kerstein, also of Madison, won second. In the casting event, both accuracy and distance, Rush Brown of Sioux Falls won high honors, Harold Rensch of Madison, J. M. Oyen of Colman and B. Faragher of Sioux Falls, also won places in both events.

"Wentworth South Dakota Progress," newspaper, well reported the above picnic in their issue of August 4th and made the following appeal to its readers:

"Every true American citizen loving the outdoors should become a member, and would if they but stopped to think of the great work that can and must be done if the outdoors is to be preserved. The local chapter has but a small membership; it should have 50 or more. John J. Warns is secretary and he will be glad to sign you up. Come in and say you want to belong."

LEAGUE HONORED AT WELAKA, FLA.

We appreciate the honor extended to the Izaak Walton League by T. R. Hodges, Florida State Shell Fish Commissioner, who recently named the state's fresh water fish hatchery at Welaka, "Izaak Walton League Hatchery No. 2."

The hatchery was completed some time ago, and since that time hundreds of thousands of young bass have been distributed to the lakes and other fresh water streams of the state for restocking purposes.

ONE TRANSPLANTED IN TIME MAKES NINE

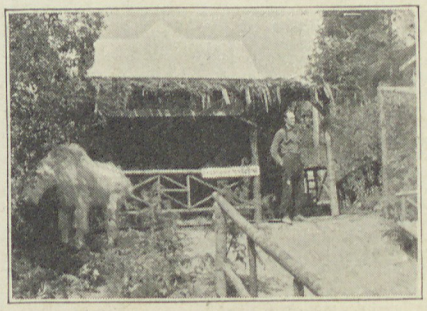
There will be better fishing in Texas streams next year as a result of the work that is being done in the state by the Izaak Walton League in saving fish from drying streams of Texas during the hot summer months. The early spring rains in Texas overflow many small ravines and creeks leaving stranded fish when the water subsides. During the hot summer season when these streams dry up they leave many murky little pools filled with thousands of small fish. Texas chapters, under the direction of Dr. J. A. Stanfield, state president, Fort Worth, have obtained a special permit from the state to seine these isolated pools and to place the fish back into larger bodies of water. As a result of this conservation, President Standfield estimates there will be a million more fish in Texas next year.

LEAGUE WELL REPRESENTED AT THE SEATTLE SPORT SHOW

Washington chapters are up and doing again. Several Seattle chapters made an excellent showing and entertained many visitors in their exhibits at Seattle Sportsman's Club annual outdoor show held at Seattle, July 9th to 17th. The exhibits proved to be great attractions for thousands of men, women and children.

Seattle chapter maintained headquarters at the show and under the guidance of President Baskett, distributed much League literature and also held an informal outdoor meeting one evening at which several speakers talked to the crowd of interested sportsmen present. Mr. Ray Steele, Deputy U. S. Game Warden, and Mr. C. E. Heineman, Field Representative of the League, gave interesting talks.

The prize accomplishment, however, was the cabin built by the members of Kirkland chapter and presided over by President Owen Smith. The rustic furniture with which the cabin was adorned, was specially built for the occasion, by President Smith's father,



Pres. Owen Smith at the Kirkland Chapter Cabin

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Best Money Value

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"Filson Clothes for the Man Who Knows"

who is 80 years of age and who is an ardent worker in the cause of Waltonianism. Copies of Outdoor America and League literature were passed to most of the 18,000 visitors, creating a number of prospects for membership. Both Seattle and Kirkland chapters should materially increase their memberships as a result of the excellent work done.

Texas chapters, under direction of State Pres. J. A. Stanfield, save thousands of fish from drying pools.

"LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS," OKLAHOMA STATE MOTTO

We saw some of the McAlester, Okla., boys who were entered in the Chicago rodeo a few weeks ago and judging from the report of T. S. Chatman, secretary of the McAlester, Okla., chapter they must be as good conservationists as they are ropers and riders. T. S. has sent us the following report of his chapter's activities.

"We meet regularly every second and fourth Thursday evenings and the usual same old faithful bunch of fifteen or twenty are present. We keep busy. We have our standing committees at work all the while. For instance, the upland Bird committee has cane planted in our preserve for winter feed for our quail and pheasants, and the Fish committee is powerful busy looking after our three miniature hatcheries and our baby bass. Then our Law Enforcement committee is on the job all the time."

We judge that the Law Enforcement committee of the McAlester, Okla., chapter are a real bunch of fellows whom poachers avoid.

COOK COUNTY (ILL.) CLEAN STREAMS CRUSADE

As a forerunner of what is proposed for every part of Illinois, the State Division of the League, aided by National Headquarters has laid plans for the formation of a Cook County Clean Streams Crusade, to be launched at once. A concerted effort will be made to remedy the present abominable conditions along the Desplaines River, Salt and Thorn Creeks and the Little Calumet River. Dr. R. R. Blodgett of the Board of Governors of the Illinois Division, turned over the leadership of the first committee which he formed to do this work to Mr. Walter Haines of Harvey. Mr. Haines as chairman of the first district organized, called a meeting of the executive committee consisting of the mayors of Thornton, Glenwood, South Holland, Chicago Heights, Harvey and Dalton, Ill., and the supervisors of Calumet township.

The conference was well attended by representatives of all the Walton League chapters in that part of Illinois, and by Rotary, Kiwanis, Women's Clubs and other organizations. Assurance of help from the State Division of Waterways and the State Health Department was given to the organization.

C. B. Miller, chairman of a special pollution committee of the Maywood chapter recently sounded "the call to arms" and at a meeting held at National Headquarters the Cook County Campaign was developed and formally launched to co-ordinate the activities of all chapters.

The Colt .45, with which Alfred Tremblay, Arctic Explorer, supplied his outfit with meat, killed a charging polar bear weighing a ton.

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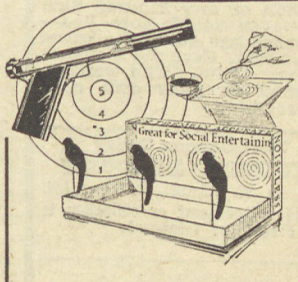

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Set includes bull's eye stamp, bird targets and extra ammunition.
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Shall We Establish a Federal Reservation for Antelope and Grouse?

(Continued from page 17)

All of these nomadic herders carry firearms, for the purpose of killing coyotes and protecting their flocks, but in turn they have no thought of protecting game. They frequent a country where no game wardens are employed. They live on game in preference to canned meat. Many an antelope has fallen under the long-ranged rifle of these aliens. In the course of a day I found carcasses of three antelopes that had been shot in a region where a flock of sheep had moved on.

A second very important law that should be passed by Congress is one giving the Department of Agriculture control over our public lands of the West. This would bring revenue to the Government, it would build up the range and increase the pasturage on public lands so more domestic stock and game could occupy these areas, and federal supervision would be the most important step toward saving antelope, sage grouse and other game.

In the West the Federal Government still owns a large amount of land, which is called Public Domain. Of this area (something like 180,000,000 acres) a good part is still unsurveyed. Taking out purely desert land, such as found in southwestern Arizona and southeastern California, and some of the desert ranges in Utah and Nevada, there are about 100,000,000 acres which have more or less natural grass and plants that can be used for grazing of domestic stock.

There are certain large areas, for instance, in the state of Oregon, and especially in the southeastern section running into Idaho and Nevada, known as the Owyhee Desert. This perhaps covers over 10,000,000 acres. It is a good example of land once extremely productive of range forage plants, now so badly depleted that it is doubtful if it will carry more than one-third or perhaps one-quarter of what it should carry if this public grazing land was handled by the United States Bureau of Forestry, and regulated as it is on the National Forests. This would restore the native plants and feed more game, as well as a much larger number of stock. Again if it were under the direction of the Forest Bureau, grazing fees could be charged and our Government would receive some source of income. Some twenty different bills have been introduced in Congress by senators and representatives, with the idea of investing the Department of Agriculture with the care of this vast territory. Only one of these bills was given a public hearing before the House Committee on Public Lands. This was known as the Kent Bill, and inasmuch as it was introduced by Mr. Kent of California, then a member of the committee and a large western stock man, it was hoped that some results would be accomplished. The bill, however, was never reported on by the committee. A bill that has the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture and United States Forester William B. Greeley provides that 25 per cent of all monies received for grazing fees has to be expended for the benefit of public schools and public roads in the community where collected. The question is can it get past the House Committee on Public Lands?

Much of the difficulty in securing favorable action on these measures has been due to the feeling among many of the stockmen, especially sheep owners, that control of the public ranges by the Federal Government would be inimical to their interests. Many of the states have opposed it on the ground that land should be donated by the Federal Government to the states, to be handled as they see fit. The result of these opposite viewpoints has been to prevent Congress from taking any steps toward the proper use of 100,000,000 acres that the people of the United States own.

Singing in the Sun

(Continued from page 20)

lookers of the struggle tried to take my bug all at once, and, as so often happens, the smallest of the lot got it. This bass was about as long as the tail half of Bill's,—and about as heavy. Bill's bass was too large to risk hauling it up the bluff, so he held it as steady as one can control a raging rhinoceros, while I tried a long cast toward an undisturbed bass which looked to weigh 2½ pounds, over by a bank of moss. But I had cut off so much of Bill's line that the plug plopped down with a great splash short of the fish. I didn't see a black perch, when it darted out, but the bass did. Without ceremony he chased the perch away, then whirled and pounced upon my pork.

When we had strung our fish I demanded and obtained possession of my own rod and wondered if he suffered from the sun, or something, when Bill only smiled cheerfully as he noted the wreck and ruin which I had made of his pet line.

In the next pond we took a black perch each and wished for the fly rods back in the automobile, when a big bluegill in a deep shady pocket would not take our bass bugs.

At a little lake with a wire fence across it I had a heavy strike, which churned the water, and Bill took two bass too small to keep. We found one long hole which had recently been stirred up by cattle. It was decidedly dingy. Seeing something moving upon the surface, Bill investigated and reported several catfish, which had come up for air. We pulled off our shoes and caught six, which weighed some twelve ounces each, with our hands.

Before joining Bill in this enterprise, I had baited a hook with a grasshopper and had dropped it in near the bank, first half-hitching my line about the end of the steel rod, which, for no particular reason at all, I used in those days.

When we had all the bullheads we wanted I went for my tackle to find it gone! We located it after half an hour of wading and diving, a hundred feet from where I had left it, with a two-pound large-mouth black bass firmly hooked. We both became gloriously sunburned doing this, but Bill, being a son of the sun, thought it worth the money.

We made three stops on the way home that day, I remember. Once when a single plover sat upon a fence post inviting us to take its life. Bill promptly alighted and granted this wish, killing it on the wing, twenty feet from the post, with his third shot from the .22 automatic.

We made the second stop when we unexpectedly flushed six plover as we topped a rise. My sore nose was spared that time. The plover alighted a hundred yards

farther on, and when we came back to the machine after ten minutes of profound pleasure, I carried two plover while only one dangled from Bill's left hand.

The third stop clings in my memory as one of the delightful moments of my life. I had a stroke of apoplexy, became completely inarticulate, and suffered something closely akin to softening of the brain, when eleven three-quarters grown prairie chickens crossed the road.

It is fortunate that Bill is one who sings in the sun and holds his head in the midst of momentous moments. For I was upon the running board with my 20 gauge repeater crammed with shells before Bill grabbed my shirt tail and held me until I had regained control of my faculties, and recalled that the dates of our prairie chicken season had been changed.

Bill sings in the sun. His chronic good disposition is all that the statement implies. He plays the game and he breaks no laws. But he isn't a goody-goody or a wishy-washy, and there that evening while the copper sun sank slowly in the west, and those beautiful game birds filed regally across the rutted divide road on that prairie sand swell, I sat enthralled at the comments and the observations, the suggestions and the generalizations, which Bill directed with much feeling and in lurid detail, at any legislative body which would push the prairie chicken season back until the birds were as tough as tripe, and as wild as wolves.

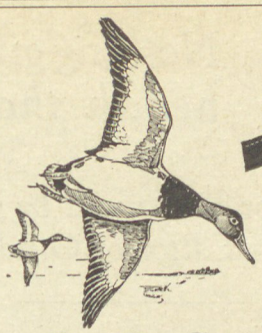
Wanted—Refuges

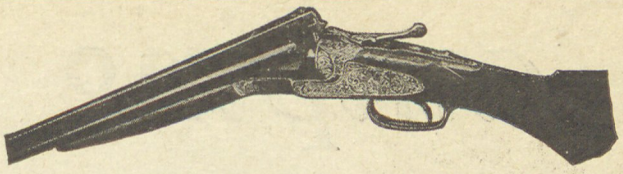
(Continued from page 23)

of all duck foods, and which, by the construction of inexpensive dykes to hold back the salt water, and impound freshwater, could be reclaimed and furnish breeding and feeding grounds for water fowl. Not alone ducks and geese, but many species of shore birds, nest in these marshes. Perhaps the greatest rookeries of snowy heron and glossy ibis in America are found there. Every one who has ever been in the marsh is impressed with its possibilities. Birds banded on the marsh have been later captured in sixteen states, in Canada and in Mexico. *It is not a local problem. It is a National one.* For a long time every one has agreed that it should be done, but just how the money should be raised has been a debated question. Differences of opinion seem to make horse races and prize fights, but to date they have failed to do anything constructive to save migratory birds.

I do not believe any one agency can build public shooting grounds sufficient in their scope to accommodate the demands of American sportsmen. But I am certain that if the Congress of the United States will provide a million dollars to be judiciously expended for refuges in the West the result will be a tremendous increase in the birds, and a return in actual dollars and cents value to our citizenship of many times the investment. But, unless something is done and done quickly to arrest disease, by providing adequate feeding and resting grounds, migratory bird shooting in Western America will be but a memory.

Read Editorial
A MORAL OBLIGATION
on page 29 and let us have Ducks
and
REFUGES





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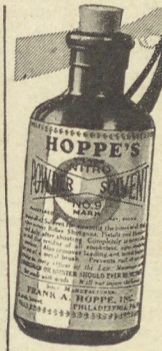

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Camping

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In camp, near Loon, Ontario.
September 16th, 1927.

DEAR WALTONIANS:

The most outstanding feature of my camp life, during the four weeks last past, is the weather. For wilderness camping without a tent it has been ideal. Toward the last of August we had an hour or two of frost that "turned" the leaves on some low-lying groups of aspen and loosened the russet-brown needles on the spruce but the great masses of foliage showing on the hillsides are as green as ever. I can hardly realize that the autumn equinox is less than a week away and that I am sojourning within a few miles of Lake Superior's most northerly shore.

Bathing in Loon Lake is not yet the "shivery" affair depicted in "September Morn." One can remain in its waters almost indefinitely without chilling. Even when wading a hundred yards or more, to reach swimming depth, as I have to, there is no shrinking, no goose-flesh and no need for heroic bracing against the shock of first immersion.

The air too, is mild and balmy; much warmer than it was here, during July. Clothes are still a needless affliction, only necessary when writing, reading, eating and going for mail. At other times my whole costume consists of sox and moccasins.

The reason I dress for meals is, the continued warmth and absence of frost has prolonged the lives, and greatly stimulated the activities, of so many stable flies that nudity, around camp, is impractical, unless one's hands are free to use a swatter. Mental concentration is difficult when these exasperatingly elusive torments —I know a better name but the editor won't print it—are biting one's ankles and every other exposed and inaccessible spot. But away from the immediate vicinity of the fireplace one can wander for hours without being molested by either flies or mosquitoes.

Unfortunately, campers cannot subsist very long on just weather, scenery and bathing. If we could, well, do your own imagining, this department deals in facts, only. How I manage to cook and bake without stove or oven but only an open fire and hot sand will be sure to interest our sourdough readers as much, if not more, than it will the cheechacos. They are a critical bunch, believe me. Woe be unto the inexperienced scribe who attempts to comment on any point of woodcraft with which he is not personally familiar. Their scorn will follow him to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Murdo Gibson will continue his solitary camping life throughout the winter. Plainly, only a woodsman of complete and thorough knowledge and experience would attempt it. Murdo Gibson has spent many winters in the woods and is sure of being perfectly comfortable and perfectly content. His experiences will be unique and of great value to all those interested in camping, either the summer or winter variety. We feel that it is a great privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA *to possess Murdo Gibson as their camping authority. He will welcome letters, and will gladly give all correspondents his personal and absolutely "back to Nature" advice.* EDITOR.

The following inventory of all foods and cooking utensils in this camp, will show just what I have to work with and on. Provisions: White flour, Yellow cornmeal, Hard biscuits (Cabin), White beans, wild rice, potatoes, onions, hydrated vegetables (1 lb. Julienne), canned tomatoes, dry-powdered milk, cheese, sugar, salt, mustard, baking powder, baking soda, dry yeast cakes, and occasionally, butter, eggs, jam and ham. My regular meat diet has been limited to bacon and salt pork, of which fortunately I am very fond.

The hard biscuits referred to, though staple throughout Canada, are so little known in the "States" that a word of explanation is justified.

In Canada, these biscuits are sold under several trade names. All that I have seen are circular in shape, four inches in diameter, half an inch thick and weigh almost exactly two ounces each. But there is a great difference between them in hardness, texture and taste. Campers should not fail to sample, *personally*, a piece from *every* box they intend to buy.

I once had occasion to return a box of these biscuits because they were unsalted and so tough that no one in camp would eat them. A fitting comparison was made by one of the axemen when he said they tasted to him "like the dry poplar chips beside a last year's beaver stump." But generally they are an excellent substitute for yeast bread. I use them on all my Canadian trips and would on those I make south of the boundary, if I could get them without so much bother with Customs Inspectors.

My cooking utensils were rather limited at first as no hardware is sold at Loon. But, by the time I had consumed the contents and converted a few tin cans into cups, dippers and pails, I had as many dishes as I needed. The storekeeper gave me an empty marshmallow tin that holds about two gallons of water, also a peanut butter pail with a like capacity. The former is used chiefly for wash water but occasionally it serves as a laundry tub. The latter is my refrigerator and rests in a hole dug in the shade of a wide spreading spruce tree.

I had with me two good cooking pails, parts of two nesting sets that belong to my regular camping outfit. One is aluminum and holds about four quarts. As this is the largest pail in the set I didn't want to blacken the outside of it until I really had to. So far, it has been used solely for holding drinking and cooking water.

The other pail is of copper and is number three in a set of four. Its capacity is a trifle more than two quarts. It is used for all sorts of things and is almost never empty. Both pails have tight covers that fit *outside* so that they can be buried in hot sand without danger to the contents.

The fry pan is ten inches across the top and has the ordinary, domestic style handle. It happens to be an exceptionally good one and has never showed even a pin point of rust. Some pans will rust in spite of all one can do to prevent it. This one is as smooth as satin and cakes seldom stick to it. When they do it is always my fault, not the pan's. We will have more to say about pancakes later on.

Two tin plates, six dish-up pans, one tin cup, with semi-detached handle, one butcher knife, table knife, fork, spoon and a teaspoon. The pans all nest inside the largest one which holds about two quarts and it in turn nests in the plates which fit inside the frying pan.

That is the equipment I had when camp was made here. Since, I have added a cup, made from a midget, evaporated milk can. The handle is formed by turning back a section of the top—an old kink, very useful to outers. I wanted this little cup because the other one wouldn't go inside the tomato, and coffee-can pails that were accumulating.

Some persons find it difficult to open tin cans with a pocket knife. When used for cutting around top edge of a tin can, blade should be *slanted*, toward the center, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. If held parallel to sides of the

Emergency Cup For Campers-

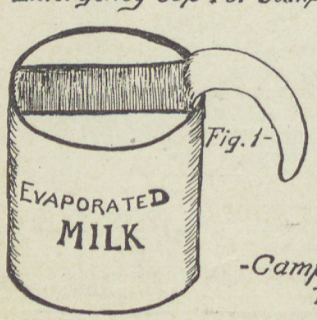


Fig. 1-

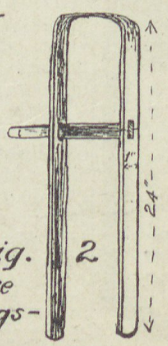
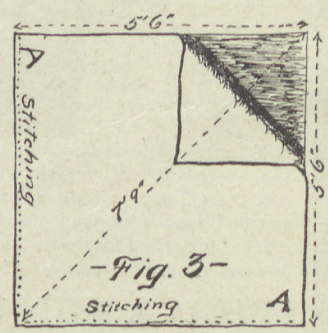


Fig. 2
-Campfire Tongs-



-Fig. 3-
-Blanket Kink-
Submitted by Robt. C. Knox.
-See Text-

can, more strength is required than the average man's hand possesses.

For more than thirty years I have favored a certain brand of coffee because the covers of its tins fit exactly right for use in beanhole cooking and general camp purposes. That is, perfectly dust proof, yet easy to put on and take off. A too tight lid on any kitchen utensil is a continual source of annoyance to the camp cook. The half-pound tins mould a bannock of the right dimensions for a one man meal and the pound size, the quantity of tea I like to drink at supper. Other sizes are used only when I have company. These tins also serve as containers for sugar, salt, tea, grease and other camp plunder.

An empty, friction-top can, that formerly held carbide for my acetylene lamp, now does duty as a milk shaker. Instead of stirring and beating powdered milk into the water with a fork, or egg beater I shake it, cocktail fashion. This is quicker, easier, and imparts to the resultant fluid that aerated, frothy quality that natural milk has, when freshly drawn from a contented cow. As the liquid swells considerably when violently agitated, the shaker —receptacle, not the person—should be not more than two-thirds full when milk powder is added.

A one pound baking powder can is reserved for cooking prunes. My method closely approaches the ultimate of simplicity. Just before retiring for the night, I put in twelve, good-sized, dry prunes, fill can with cold water, cover tightly and bury it, right side up, in moderately hot sand. By morning the water in the can has become prune juice and lowered a little more than an inch, the fruit fully swelled, unbroken, perfectly cooked, is altogether delicious. Twelve large prunes should do for two servings but, as I read when eating alone, seven or eight are likely to disappear before I realize it. Those remaining look rather meagre for another meal so I generally finish them also before leaving the table.

Readers will know, I hope, that I do not consider these provisions, nor the collection of dishes, ideal. They are only what I happened to have with me and what I was able to get, conveniently, at the time and place. By spending fifteen minutes in the home attic and the same length of time in a good general store, I could assemble a much better outfit for this sort of trip. But my plans were so completely shattered and my future movements so indefinite, that in the hurry of departure my chief aim was to limit the baggage to what I could carry on my back, if that became necessary. Moreover, it has sufficed. So far, I have craved for nothing that I have not, except money, and a suffragette to admire my resourcefulness. Too late now, ladies, I have moved to winter quarters, elsewhere!

My fireplace, shaped like a horseshoe, is enclosed with stones that average about a foot through their largest diameter. It measures about two by three feet inside and is half full of clean coarse sand from a nearby beach. The hole, when dug, contained so many large stones that there wasn't earth enough left for cooking purposes. The addition of three bushels of sand has remedied that defect and I now have a beanhole that I can find no fault with.

When burning short sticks, that won't reach across, a narrow trench down the middle provides for sufficient draft and obviates the necessity for "dogs" (andirons). Sometimes, when a long-burning, slow fire is desired, I place two thick pieces in the form of a "V," with apex to rear.

During the day, or whenever the beanhole contains no food, the sand is scooped from the center and piled around the edge.

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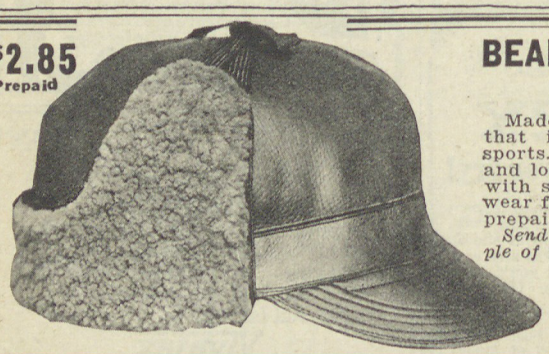

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The crater-like hole thus formed, gradually fills up again, when surrounding sand becomes superheated and slides down, but is easily removed when wanted.

For a fire shovel, I have a thin piece of box board, five inches wide at the blade, and two feet long. It hangs, by a loop of spruce root, on a fork of the right hand "crotch stick" that supports the "cross-pole" (who knows better names for these?). A wooden fire shovel lasts surprisingly long if pushed into the loose sand whenever it starts to smoulder. This instantly smothers every spark and stops charring. The one beside me has been in constant use for more than a month, yet shows but little sign of wear or scorching.

Near the fire shovel, on another fork of the same upright, hangs a pair of tongs that have become almost indispensable to me. I never used tongs around a campfire before this trip but will hereafter at all permanent, or semi-permanent, camps. These were made from a "four foot" piece of straight-grained willow that had been accidentally split down the middle by a falling tree. The sliver looked so free from defects that I cut it off and carried it to camp. The idea of making it into a pair of tongs came while I was holding an end of it in each hand, trying to see how much bending it would withstand. To make it even more pliable I held it close to the fire and in a short time the ends met without strain. But when I tried to pick up a stick with them the ends slipped past each other and dropped their burden.

A guide of some sort was necessary. By inserting a thin piece of wood through mortises gouged in both legs of the tongs, pegging one end securely and allowing the other to slide freely back and forth, this problem was satisfactorily solved. After ten weeks of constant use these light, delicate-looking tongs appear fit for at least fifty weeks more.

I find more uses for them than a woman does for a hairpin. Without rising from my seat, and using but one hand I have, this minute, lifted a three foot stick of round wood, four inches thick, from the pile and placed it on the fire, exactly where it belonged. That, in itself, should be recommendation enough for any camper who likes to write, read, play cards or do anything else without having to rise frequently to replenish a dying fire, fetch a pipe or lift a scorching toad out of the beanhole.

When I commenced this article it was my intention to describe in detail all the cooking and baking methods I have used on this trip. Now I find that my space limit has been reached just as I am about ready to begin. Well, there is always another month ahead of us and anticipation is not the least of our joys.

Robert C. Knox, Santa Barbara, Cal., submits the following: "Here is my very own blanket kink. Cut your blanket square 5'x5' or 5½x5½. Sew across bottom and up one side to form a bag. Lay in diagonal position, get in and put flaps AA under you. Plenty of room and much less weight."

Murdo Gibson will answer all letters. His replies, first, are the kind you can read with that great interest which always exists when a real woodsman speaks to those who would learn his secrets; secondly, they are the kind you can understand because they come from a well ordered mind that knows how to transmit its knowledge; thirdly, they are the kind you can use, the kind that work.

A Moral Obligation

(Continued from page 29)

Only a few years ago the United States and Canada entered into a solemn treaty to save the migratory birds of North America. Efforts are now being made to negotiate a like treaty with Mexico. Much benefit has already been derived from the Canadian treaty, but Canada, who raises more than 75% of the waterfowl of North America, has so greatly outstripped the United States in setting aside refuges and otherwise safeguarding the waterfowl that it makes us look like a bunch of pikers. We sorely need a similar treaty with Mexico, but what about our moral obligation to Canada?

This migratory bird problem is not local; it is interstate and international. The situation in the West is far the most pressing. Continuance of the horrible death traps on the remaining 150 square miles of the Bear River Marshes, on Lower Klamath Lake, on Malheur Lake and other like areas is a crime. Picture if you can millions of sick and dying ducks, many of them helpless little fledglings baked to death under the rays of a scorching sun, all for lack of fresh water.

A lack of teamwork and cooperation, aided and abetted by much needless quibbling over immaterial details, have been largely responsible for the delay in getting definite action. Too often we have been our own worst enemies. Let's stop it and pull together! The Izaak Walton League has accepted the responsibility of crystallizing public sentiment and securing prompt action, but western sportsmen especially must help develop necessary local Walton League strength to obtain quick results.

We must not only help solve the western duck problem, but we must secure immediate Congressional action that will insure an adequate system of both federal and state refuges for migratory birds through the whole country. We have had entirely too much talk and not enough action. The ducks are rapidly going the way of the passenger pigeon. Do we want ducks, or don't we? It is now squarely up to the American people. Are you willing to help?

SETH E. GORDON,
Conservation Director, I. W. L. A.

BOYS!

Beginning with the December issue, Outdoor America will run an article of particular *interest to boys* each month. These articles will be written by Judge George W. Wood, who likes boys more than anything else in the world, and understands just what they like best. These articles will be of practical use and value to every outdoor loving boy.

DON'T MISS ONE OF THEM!

Trackin' Snow Tomorrow!

And you know what that means, fellows! You'll want to be out in the burnings by daylight, waiting for a big boy to cross. Or you may pick up his fresh track just before he beds. If you only nick one tomorrow you've a fair chance of getting him with snow on the ground. There's a big day ahead, so build up the night fire, get your breakfast wood "in the dry," and roll up in your old pal—your Woods Arctic Sleeping Robe.

Our hunting days are our hardest days, and our nights in camp should be restful ones. The Woods Arctic Sleeping Robe is your assurance of comfortable, energy-building sleep in the coldest climate.

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WOODS *Arctic Sleeping* ROBES

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The woods welcome feet shod in these shoes - -

GREY dawn—the trees like lank ghosts—and a long swing on the trail ahead. Gun oiled, belt tight, it's great to be free in the woods in autumn. And you can be sure of your feet if they're shod in "U. S." Yugo Hunting Shoes.

Designed first for the Maine wilderness, the Yugo Shoe has become famous with hunters and woodsmen everywhere. It is built on a tested sportsman's last that is comfortable, snug-fitting, light, noiseless and waterproof. And it is especially designed to prevent chafing at the heel.

The upper is of the finest tan elkskin, always soft and pliable. The sole is of heavy corrugated rubber—it holds in the roughest footing. The Yugo is a joy for sportsmen—guides—trappers—all woodsmen—ideal for skis and snowshoes.

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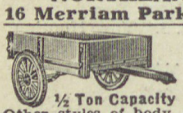

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Index of Advertisers

Page 74—this issue

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 39)

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P. C. Cosner, Sioux City, Ia.....94.2
M. H. Niebuhr, Sioux City, Ia.....94
A. W. Thompson, Sioux City, Ia.....93.9
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Eddie Braddon of Cleveland, all around championship winner, 1927.

Baltimore Tournament

ON September 18th, the Baltimore Bait, Fly and Surf Casting Club held its first annual Tournament at the Municipal Stadium. The conditions for distance casting were excellent as shown by the scores but the shifting winds somewhat marred the accuracy events both Bait and Fly. The casters all were delighted to have with them on this auspicious occasion the three noted National Tournament Casters, Jack Schwinn, Art Neu and J. K. Kinnear.

H. L. Hobby of the Forest and Stream Club of Westminster won the State Bait All Around Championship for 1927, obtaining 16 points. Guy W. Steele of the same club was runner up with 26 points. Hobby won the Fisherman's Luck column trophy of the Baltimore Sun, a silver pitcher. Baltimore Bait All Around Championship for 1927 was won by M. I. Taylor of Baltimore, Bait Fly and Surf Casting Club with 9 points. His win was the club trophy, a silver cup.

The Dry Fly accuracy event was won by Art Neu. The National Tournament casters would have marveled at the pool made of wood and a tarpaulin.

Members of the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia, The Anglers Club of Absecon Island, N. J., and the Ocean City Fishing Club of N. J. helped make this Tournament the most colorful event held in the East with their long casts. Henry A. Stelwagon of Philadelphia, casted 430 feet 9 inches with his surf rod, winning the Baltimore News Cup for the longest cast.

The Delaware Rod and Gun Club of Wilmington showed up well in every event, particularly in the accuracy events.

The interest taken in this Tournament exceeded the expectation of the officers of the local club and they now feel assured that the new pool they desire will soon be a reality. The officers of the Club are George R. Babylon, President; Harry A. Jackson, Vice-President; J. Hammond Brown, Secretary-Treasurer. Following are the official scores of the Tournament. The five highest only in each event are listed. The entry list comprised from twenty to twenty-six contestants.

¼ Ounce Accuracy.

Art Neu, Newark.....98.8
J. K. Kinnear, Geneva, O.....98.4
Jack Schwinn, Newark.....98.1
S. R. Wilhelm, Wilmington.....98.1
M. I. Taylor, Baltimore.....98.0

⅝ Ounce Accuracy.

H. L. Hobby, Westminster.....99.2
J. K. Kinnear, Geneva, O.....99.1
W. F. Smidt, Wilmington.....99.1
Harry Beraager, Westminster.....98.6
N. L. Niedenthal, Baltimore.....98.6

½ Ounce Accuracy.

H. L. Hobby, Westminster.....98.2
Guy W. Steele, Westminster.....98.2
Art Neu, Newark, N. J.....98.1
Jack Schwinn, Newark, N. J.....97.9
S. S. Wilson, Westminster.....97.6

¼ Ounce Distance.

	Average Feet	Longest Cast
J. K. Kinnear, Geneva, O.	191.2	198
Art Neu, Newark, N. J.	191	195
Jack Schwinn, Newark, N. J.	174	186
M. L. Taylor, Baltimore	151	157
H. L. Hobby, Westminster	146	170
Guy W. Steele, Westminster	128	182

½ Ounce Distance.

	Average Feet	Longest Cast Ft. In.
J. K. Kinnear, Geneva, O.	226	288 6
E. M. Mellor, Westminster	215	224
H. L. Hobby, Westminster	206	213
Guy W. Steele, Westminster	206	224
Art Neu, Newark, N. J.	203	264
Harry Jackson, Baltimore	187	206
S. S. Wilson, Westminster	180	227
Jack Schwinn, Newark, N. J.	171	232

⅝ Ounce Plug Distance.

	Average Feet	Longest Cast, Ft.
J. K. Kinnear, Geneva, O.	231	244
Jack Schwinn, Norfolk, N. J.	218	237
H. L. Hobby, Westminster, Md.	213	231
Art Neu, Newark, N. J.	200	221
M. I. Taylor, Baltimore	184	205

Dry Fly Accuracy

Winner—Art Neu, Newark, N. J. 99 1/15 per cent.
Runner up—
Jack Schwinn, Newark, N. J. 98 11/15 per cent.

Surf Casting—Longest Cast in Three.

Class A	Ft.	In.	
Henry W. Stelwagon	430	9	Dover Fishing Club.
Howard Henschel	388	2	Dover Fishing Club.
Harry Garvin	386		Anglers Club of Absecon Is.
Elmer Einwechter	384		Anglers Club of Absecon Is.
Busch	375	3	Dover Fishing Club.
M. S. Lentz	339	8	Dover Fishing Club.
Class B			
J. B. Buzby	271	1	Ocean City Fishing Club.
Fred Carbinere	249		Dover Fishing Club.
Thos E. Loving	244		Baltimore B. F. and S. F. Club.
H. Abrahams	235		Dover Fishing Club.
Shaner	220		Dover Fishing Club.
Class C			
J. Keeley	206	3	Dover Fishing Club.
Chas. Gardner	202	7	Dover Fishing Club.
Robt. Hunter	190	1	Dover Fishing Club.
Mazzoni	185	7	Dover Fishing Club.
A. Abrahams	178		Dover Fishing Club.

Old Ironsides

(*Continued from page 10*)

continued literally coming around in clouds. Every second or so I'd have to drop one of the oars to slap at the little pests. Once I let both of them go and we were drifting not far from the stump when all of a sudden there was a tremendous splash and a yell from Bud.

"I got him! He's a whale!"

I looked over to the shore just in time to see a huge fish jump up in the air and at the same instant Sam said, in an awed whisper:

"My—, Bud! It's Old Ironsides sure as fate!"

I give you my word Bud was white and his knees were knocking together so I could hear them.

"Grab the oars, Nell!" he shouted. "Right—hard! Look out! He's coming this way! Too late! Pull in the oars! He's going under the boat!"

They both groaned.

Sure enough, the fish went under the boat and came popping out on the other side right at my elbow. I reached for the net.

"Don't worry," I said; "the next time he comes up I'll get him for you."

Bud fairly shrieked.

"Stop! Don't touch that net! Leave him alone!"

Could you beat that? Here I could get that fish easy as not on my side of the boat, but those simple-minded goofs wanted it on the other side! Right then and there I decided to quit. I didn't want anything more to do with men so unreasonable as that.

"Very well," I said quietly and with dignity. "Get your own fish. I'm through and I'm going to row right to shore and get out."

You would have thought I'd threatened to commit murder.

"For Heaven's sake keep those oars out of the water," Sam yelled at me.

"Honey!" cried Bud, "don't! I beg of you, don't. He'll foul them sure as fate."

"That means absolutely nothing to me," I replied. "If it gets away it's your own fault for not letting me catch it over here. I'm going ashore." And I reached for the oars. Forgetting himself entirely, Sam Jennings—the beast!—seized my arms and Bud slipped down onto his knees on the floor of the boat.

"Sweetheart," said my husband, and his voice was undeniably thick, "please don't put the oars in the water. Just a couple of minutes and then we'll go ashore. Please, dearie—please. And as soon as we get home we'll go down town and order that coupe."

What could I do after that?

But I was certainly peeved. The idea. All the begging of his dutiful wife for days on end wouldn't make him buy that car, but he bought it for an old fish he'd neven seen before in all his life. Does that seem fair?

The Days of Wild Pigeon

(*Continued from page 37*)

then cleaned them and fed them to the foxes. The clean-meat foxes all got sick. Jim Labarge, of Labarge Lake, was sent for.

"Clean meat no good for him—give him hair, plenty hair; hair like fish-net—catch all him worms plenty."

So they fed the foxes skins, hair, feathers and all, and they soon got well.

Thus nature took care of the foxes in their wild state, and as Ahmoor said, skins were good for the dog.

(*To be continued in December*)

Steadies nerves and makes waiting time pass pleasantly.

After Every Meal

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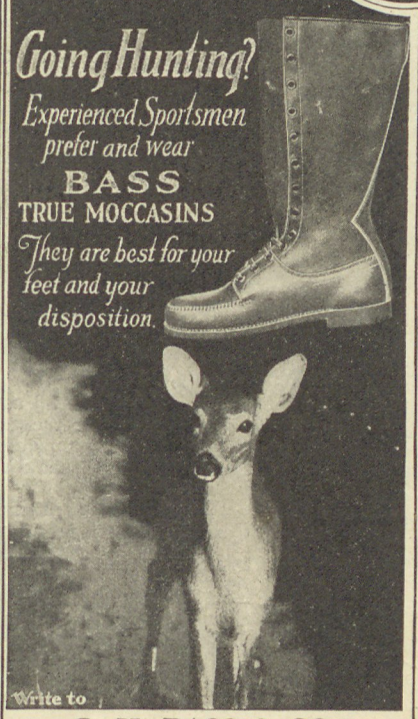

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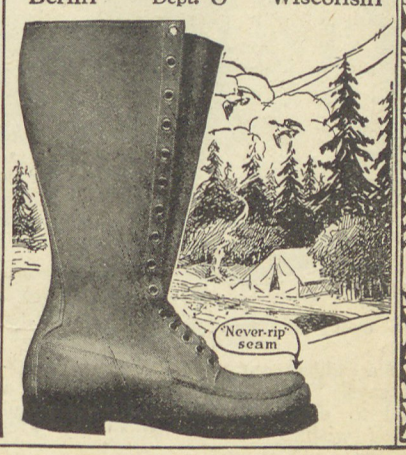


The Angler's Notebook

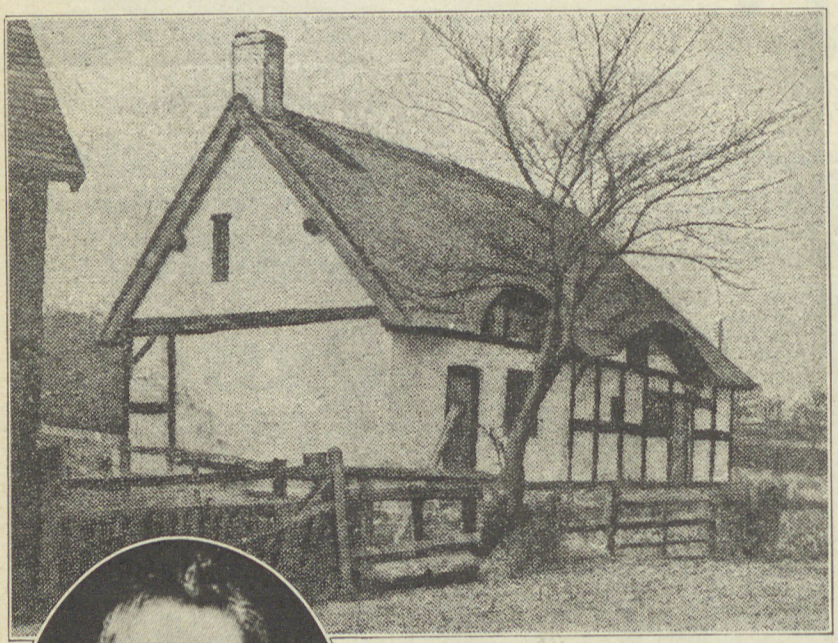
Written at Odd Moments by

O. W. Smith, Angling Editor, of Outdoor America

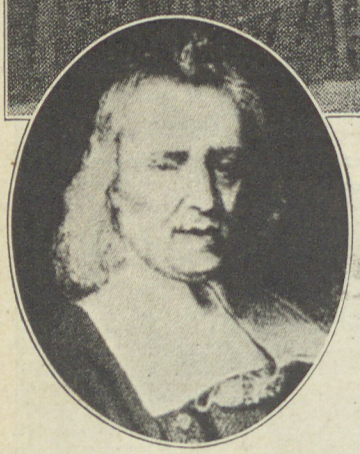
In Praise of Old Walton

NOT always does such an expression as the one just employed—"Old Walton"—suggest disrespect, in fact the contrary is implied. Dear old Walton! There is no other angling-writer so closely enshrined in the hearts of anglers, and no writer further removed from the how-to literature of the present day. On my shelves are many old angling books, but none can compare with "The Compleat Angler." Take that first English book devoted to the subject, "The Treatyse of Fysshynge Wyth an Angle," generally attributed to Dame Juliana Bernes, it lacks the attractivity of Walton's well-beloved work, because it, like modern books, is too blamed practical, too how-to. Dame Juliana of the Fifteenth Century, and John Smith of the Twentieth, think they must tell the reader how to make flies and cast them, how to bait hooks and land the fish. True, Walton gives explicit directions, but we feel all the while he has one eye cocked in the direction of the birds everywhere singing, notices every blossom peeping above the sod.

Like Caliban, sprawled i' the mud, Walton says, "This Quiet, whatever hath a mind to do, doeth." I sometimes find myself wishing he had named his book "Quietude," for it would prove a more descriptive title. Everywhere, on every page, even the careless reader is impressed with the fact that the old angler fishes for something beside trout and grayling, an intangible catch, which he carries in the heart of him. Hear him: "I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart." . . . "I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removed from one house to another, and being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And that, my eminently practical angler, is the word of the Nestor of your faith, the man whose name is used as the rallying cry for the greatest outdoor organization in the world, the Izaak Walton League.



Izaak Walton's famous cottage at Shallowford, recently burned down.



Izaak Walton, father of fishermen, and first exponent of the outdoor loving creed of Waltonism.

Be it far from me to criticise or find fault, for I am trying to emulate one of the virtues of gentle Izaak, nevertheless I must say I am totally out of conceit with much of the angling literature of the present, the stuff I myself write, I admit! "Make your matter practical. Cut out all that sentiment," command the editors, and forsooth we read page after page of sage advice as to "rods and reels and traces," nary a word about the blandishments of God's Out-o'Doors, the soothing ministry of its Quiet. "I Fish for Fish," runs the title of a well-remembered magazine article. But if that's all you care about, fish, then you just can't pack your tackle in my kit. I sit at the feet of Walton, and fish for that intangible catch which is everywhere evident in the pages of his wonderful book.

Little is known of the life of this man, but enough to give us insight into his character. Born in the same year with George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar (1593), he outlived the former by fifty and the latter by forty-six years. Yet his long life—he died in 1683 at the age of ninety—has left scant material for those who would write his biography. Though he loved quiet, his was not a quiet time. Remember he lived through the great Civil War, saw the rise and fall of the Commonwealth, the execution of Charles, the death of Cromwell. When he passed to other fishing, the Restoration was twenty-three years behind and the Revolution but five years ahead. While himself frankly a Royalist, as anyone realizes who is at all acquainted with his immortal volume, yet somehow the stress and storm of things political do not seem to have disturbed the equanimity of his going and coming. Do not for a minute imagine he took no part in civil strife, lived in a fool's paradise, for such is not the case; he dwelt in a wise man's heaven, his own heart. Civil strife could sweep over the land, political upheavals come and go, he still was himself. Like old Walt Whitman, he said, "I ask not good fortune, I am good fortune."

Much has been written about his avocation—his vocation apparently was fishing—as though it mattered what business a man lives by, so long as it is honest and helpful to mankind. A digger for potatoes or a digger for thoughts, so long as the product is given to the world. We know little certainly about his occupation. Notwithstanding the tradition that he was "a wholesale linen-draper and Hamburg merchant," a business, according to John Major not requiring public display of his goods, there is some doubt of his having engaged in it. Remember that he first occupied a shop "only seven and a half feet long by five wide in the Royal Burese, Cornhill." In 1624 he "shared a house with John Mason, a hosier," and in 1632 we find him described as a "sempster or milliner," which business some have thought his wife conducted, though there is no reason why he might not have been a man-milliner, which was not unusual. Anyway, in 1643 he "retires with a 'fortune'," which would not be regarded as competency now, to live out his quiet days in the families of clergymen, of whom he was always fond, and with whom we can well believe he was always welcome.

Twice married, he outlived both wives, the body of the second being memorialized by a tablet, composed by Walton himself, which is worth quoting, for not all of us will visit Lady Chapel, in Worcester Cathedral.

"Here lyeth buried so much as could dye, of Anne, the wife of Izaak Walton, who was a woman of remarkable prudence

and of *Primitive Piety,* her great and general knowledge being adorn'd with soe much *Christian meekness,* as made her worthy of a more memorable Monument. She dyed (Alas that she is dead!) the 17th of April 1662, Aged 52. Study to be like her."

Walton himself is buried in the Cathedral at Winchester, where a statue in the great screen witnesses to the affection of "the Fishermen of England," who made it possible. One can well imagine the pilgrimages made to the shrine. Speaking of shrines, can one be dearer to the hearts of anglers, than Charles Cotton's tiny Fishing House—*piscatoribus sacrum*—in a bend of the River Dove in Derbyshire, where nearly three centuries ago, Cotton and Walton "smoked their pipes and fried their trout, heedless of King's-man and Puritan and of all the civil life which embroiled that unsettled period." Any dyed-in-the-wool disciple of Walton can recreate the pleasant scenes, reaching back into his own life for material. For after all, companionship is the sauce piquant of angling. While some of us enjoy lone angling, still there are days and moods when an understanding boon companion is the rarest gift of the gods, a companion who knows how to sit silent as well as talk.

Born (1593) a hundred years after Columbus discovered America, living himself almost a century, writing the "Lives" and some desultory papers as well as "The Complete Angler," Izaak Walton is today more loved and appreciated than ever. His fame will increase in direct ratio to the increasing complexity of life, for deep down in our hearts is an abiding love for simple living. We turn to Wagner's, "Simple Life" because it appeals to us as it did to Theodore Roosevelt, himself an example of strenuosity, perhaps a sacrifice upon its altar. "The Complete Angler" appeals strongly to this incomplete twentieth century life of ours, our recreations themselves being unholily strenuous. We have forgotten how to be quiet, though our souls die hard, hence our love for the immortal "Complete Angler," which is an antidote for life as we know it.

If everyone could be persuaded to make "The Complete Angler" a life possession this would be a more friendly and sweeter world. Surely you remember what Charles Lamb said of the book in his well-beloved letters. This is what Elia wrote to Coleridge,—"Did you ever light upon Walton's 'Complete Angler'? . . . It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart." . . . Then this, after a moment: "It would Christianize every discordant, angry passion"—and then he advised—"Pray, make yourself acquainted with it." A good word we can but pass along to members of the Izaak Walton League everywhere.

I make no apology for devoting my space this month to Walton, knowing that to many he is little more than a name, and to others nothing but a fishing guide. One wrote me recently to ask if I would recommend "The Complete Angler" as a "good book to teach tackle and its use." Ye gods and little fishes! Had the writer said a good book for fishermen to read I could have replied in the affirmative with emphasis, for it is a good book to read, to love, to live. I have a tiny volume which accompanies me on all my travels, though unlike Marston of the "Fishing Gazette," England, I do not carry my "Pickering edition" around with me. One shelf in my library is loaded down with various editions of Walton, though I lack many, many editions, some of which I can never hope to possess. But, after all, it is not owning the book, or many editions of it that matters, it is letting the book own

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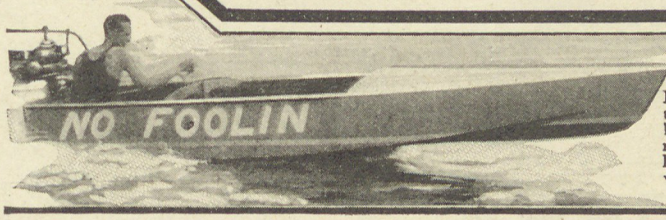
in Every Class

Three Johnsons—*Big Twin, Standard Twin* and *Light Twin* have recently established new world speed records in outboard competition. This fact conveys its own significance—Johnson offers a type of performance without precedent.



Robert Held in *No Foolin,* setting a new world mark in outboard motor competition. 32.14 m. p. h. is the record made at Louisville, September 3rd, 1927, with a Big Twin. M.V.P.B.A. sanction.

26.36 Miles Per Hour in Class B
Made by a Johnson Standard Twin

At the President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D. C., September 16th, a Johnson Standard Twin driven by J. T. Herbst in *Kayo II* set a new world record of 26.368 m. p. h. in competition. Sanctioned by the A. P. B. A.

15.32 Miles Per Hour in Class A
Made by a Johnson Light Twin

Ben Samuelson in *Dynamite,* an 8-foot step-plane, established a new world record of 15.32 m.p.h. with the Light Twin, at Charlevoix, Mich., August 7th. M. V. P. B. A. sanction. In time trials, *Dynamite* stepped 15.83 m.p.h. to a new world record in Class A motors.

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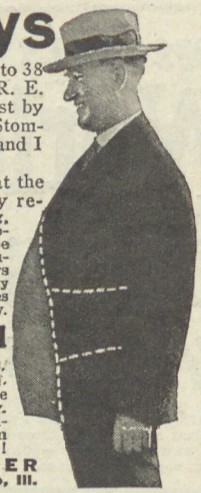

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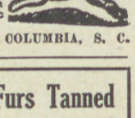

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you. Steeping your tortured soul in its kindly quietistic philosophy.

"But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smell to these lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea . . . and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I sat thus, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

"'I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.'"

* * * * * * *

So the body of Walton sleeps beneath a marble slab in the great Cathedral at Winchester, England, a shrine towards which all true Waltonians bend their feet. This is the inscription on the slab placed over his body, just as it appears today:

"Here resteth the body of
Mr. Izaak Walton,
Who died the 15th of December, 1683.
Alas, He's Gone Before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting Breasts aspire
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done,
Crown'd with eternal Bliss,
We wish our Souls with his."

RANDOM CASTS

We Rise to Bow

"Dear O. W.—In the July issue you ask, 'What don't you like about the Note Book?' I will tell you: There is not enough of it—I don't like to wait a full month for the pleasure I know is coming. If anyone can frankly say they do not like the 'Note Book' they are, in my opinion, far from being outdoorsmen. As you so clearly put it, catching fish is not nearly all there is to fishing. It is indeed fortunate for the hosts of good men who enjoy the open that they have such real literature given month by month."

C. L. K., Detroit, Mich.

Did It Ever Happen to You?

"Dear O. W.—Why not favor your readers with an article on the unexpected of your experience? For instance, this summer I hooked a 7½-lb. pickerel while fly-fishing. You can well imagine my predicament,—suddenly confronted with the proposition of battling such a lunker on a six-ounce fly rod! I landed him, but am not particularly anxious to repeat the experience. No doubt there have been much larger fish landed with a fly-rod, but I've accumulated some sentimental ideas about my old rod, ideas that do not include 7½-lb. pickerel. Surely your experience embraces numerous instances of the unexpected element."

L. J. A., Chapin, Ia.

Well, yes, including being treed for two hours by a mother bear, which happened to me this summer, right down in civilization, too.

O. W.

O. W. Smith, often called the Izaak Walton of our day, will gladly receive and answer all correspondence addressed to him, care of this Angling Department

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 31)

lation of the law are regular customers of these bootleggers. Others who are not customers themselves know who are the principal customers of certain men who do nothing but hunt for the market during the entire season.

Is it not time that every American who believes in fair play and clean sport puts his foot down on this type of law violations, stop buying illegal game, refuse to be a party to any repast at which illegal game is being served, and use his influence to stop or else expose his fellowmen who are parties to such violations?

Volunteer wardens in every Walton League chapter should be appointed at once; every true Waltonian should make it his business to help. The market hunter has long since been outlawed in practically all states, but must now be ostracized and eliminated by active cooperation of all parties concerned. If the game bootlegger can't be stopped otherwise, "nail him to the cross" of justice and right opposite him crucify the chap who furnishes the market for his kill.

582 Quail taken from a Kansas City Cold Storage Plant. Stored by William Monks. Case up before Alex D. Saper, Justice of the Peace. Defendant Discharged on Demurrer, sustained by Justice Saper (Now out of Office). WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS KIND OF THING?

Duck Hunting in a Cornfield

(Continued from page 47)

so badly crippled that it could not fly. The air was filled with them and it reminded one of an immense swarm of bees. After circling over the corn for a few moments, about one-half of the bunch flew across the river to a large lake where they rested. The others evidently were not sufficiently stuffed with corn, and they settled down again.

Very large bunches did not come to our decoys; had they done so we would not have shot at them for that is what drives ducks from a locality, and there is an unwritten law down in the Illinois river duck grounds, that any fellow shooting into large flocks, has convicted himself and proven that he is a "squaw" hunter and not a sportsman, and he is expected to waive any argument and to take his gun and hasten back to town, where he belongs until he learns something about the habits of ducks and their ways.

Finally it was lunch time, and as usual, there seemed to be an extra good flight, just when we were ready to eat. Once when Austin was holding a sandwich in his mouth and a hard boiled egg in his hand, and trying to get three shots into a small bunch of teal, he certainly was busier than the proverbial cranberry merchant. Another laughable occurrence was when Steve was standing, and in some way had wedged the heel of his boot between two cleats on the boat just as four mallards came in. Bang! to the left; Bang! directly above him and Bang! straight behind him. How any man, not a contortionist could get himself in all those positions without moving a foot, I have never been able to figure out. But I'll compliment the old boy, for he got his three birds.

This filled our quota of 45 birds, 15 each, which is the bag limit in Illinois, and I want to say right here that I have never shot with a man or a crowd of men on the Illinois river bottoms that would not quit shooting when the limit was reached; neither do we shoot before 8 to 9 o'clock in the morning, and never fire a shot after four o'clock in the afternoon. These rules of shooting are quite necessary, if one would retain the birds on his shooting ground.

Forty-five finer ducks never graced the shoulders of hunters than the ones we brought in that first day. I have always had too much respect for this magnificent game bird to carelessly throw him into a wet muddy boat. It is not an attractive sight to see these splendid birds, all wet, muddy and bloody, and so I always use a wire game hanger and hang them over a limb in the blind; in a few moments the wind dries them, and their plumage is beautiful and in perfect condition. I find that it adds greatly to the joy of a day's shoot to come in with the birds all dry and every color and tint showing bright and fresh.

When I recall the many pleasures I have enjoyed in the great outdoors, I hope anew that the Izaak Walton League may prosper in its magnificent undertaking and succeed in conserving the natural beauties of this great country, so that our children and our grandchildren may know and participate in that delightfully clean sport around our lakes and along our streams; sport that cannot be found in crowded cities or in printed books, for to the sportsman there is more poetry in the rustle of a duck's wing than there is in Shakespeare, Browning and Keats combined.

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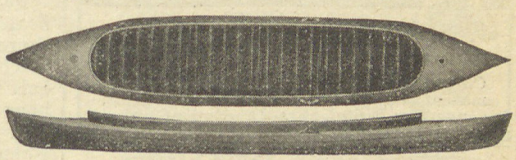

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Pheasant Jungles by William Beebe, Director of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, with Sixty Illustrations from Photographs by the author. 248 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.00.

THE thirteenth book of exploration, adventure, and nature study by this irrepressible author written in his inimitably graphic style.

It is a record of seventeen months in the Far East gathering material for his Monograph of the Pheasants, traversing the forests, rivers, mountains, and jungles of Ceylon, Sikkim, Garhwal, Burma, Thibet, Yunnan, Pahang, and Borneo.

Like "Lindy" he went alone, save for his retinue of natives, and was the first white man to see alive "the rarest of all monals, Sclater's impeyan—doubtless strays from farther north, from somewhere in that mysterious land where no white man may go at present and live."

He lived in close intimacy with the head-hunting Dyaks, and they parted with mutual respect and regret.

A fascinating narrative with many striking photographs.

Loafing Through the Pacific by Seth K. Humphrey; illustrated from photographs. 306 pp. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. $3.50.

AN entertaining and informative book of leisurely travel, touching the Hawaiian Islands, American and British Samoa, The Kingdom of Tonga, The Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Australia, The Philippine Islands, Hong Kong, Canton, Peking, Korea, and Japan.

There is a soul harrowing picture of the social conditions during the early settlement of Australia, and keen analysis of the political situation in the Philippines where the *mestizos* are the only agitators for independence, one of the chief patriots being three quarters Spanish, and another half Chinese, "the itching fingers of the whole bunch"—the conclusion being that independence for the Philippines does not mean independence for the Philippinos.

China is a place where five women hitched to a loaded cart do the pulling of one horse and are much cheaper; the cheapest thing in the landscape is a human being and a bit of good soil the most precious.

Compared to Kyoto's Cherry Blossom Dance our most ambitious "follies" spectacles are strident vulgar showpieces and Fuji a huge mystic symbol invisibly hung over a land which the West "cannot understand at all."

Quail and the Quail Dog by Ozark Ripley. Illustrated. 114 pp. Sportsman's Digest Publishing Company, Cincinnati. $1.00.

THIS little book is the outcome of the author's wide and varied experience as a devotee of the gun, the bird dog, and "the gamest of all our native game birds."

The fifteen chapters into which the book is divided cover about all that is necessary to equip and fit the beginner to take the field to match his wits against those of Bob White.

One cannot read these pages without being impressed with the fact that the author does not go afield for the sake of the kill alone, and that he would rather study some new characteristic or habit of the bird than bring back the limit.

His observations upon the natural history of Bob White show close observation, and his suggestions for the protection of the birds in severe winters should have the active support of hunters and nature lovers.

About one half the book treats of the choice, training and working of the setter or pointer; there is a chapter upon small bore guns, and another upon cover shooting.

Whatever Ozark has to say upon field sports or angling is worthy of close study for he has been taught in the school of observation and experience.

Bird Dog Training Made Easy by the same author and publisher. 82 pp., paper covers.

A FULLER treatment of the subject than given in Quail and the Quail Dog, and so condensed as not to discourage the amateur trainer who shies at a ponderous volume.

Again fifteen chapters cover all the essentials from Choosing the Youngster all the way through Yard Training, Feeding and Exercising, Wide and Close Ranging, Bird Sense, Steadying to Wing, Point and Shot, Backing, Hunting Cripples and Dead, Retrieving, and Gun Shyness.

Like all of Ozark's books it is written from the practical standpoint for the practical hunter.

Out of Doors with Youth, For Leaders of Boys and Girls Camps, by James William Frederick Davies, Director of Community House and Minister of Education in the Congregational Church, Winnetka, Illinois. Illustrated. 172 pp. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THIS is one of a series of booklets on the principles and methods of religious education issued by the University of Chicago and is a manual of the out doors for community life of boys and girls under proper leadership and direction.

It is also a daily record of a summer under canvas and what was done in the way of training a company of young people in right and clean living and thinking.

The Origin of Birds by Gerhard Heilman with two plates in color and one hundred and forty photographs and text figures from drawings by the author. 210 pp. D. Appleton & Company, New York. $7.50.

THE author is a noted Danish Scientist whose life work has been the enthusiastic study of birds and in this book he presents a vivid and scientific study of prehistoric flying creatures in their relation to the birds of the present.

While scarcely adapted to popular reading it should be interesting to the lay-reader to compare man's first clumsy attempts at flying with that of other distantly related creatures in the nebulous prehistoric ages. The scientist, no doubt, will welcome the volume as a valuable handbook of the subject treated.

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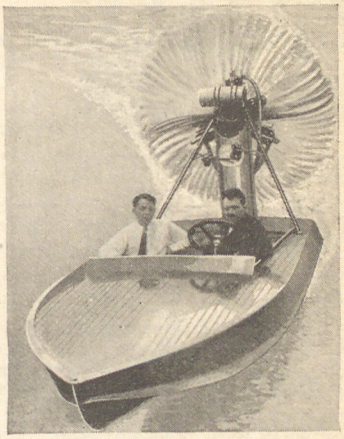

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Your Dog and Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

Handling Your Dogs Afield

WHETHER a dog has been trained by a professional or an amateur, his future rests with the man who handles him during the shooting season. At that period, the real ability of the dog and the handler are established. It is the moment when most dogs go wrong though it is the time they get their greatest experience on game under different conditions.

It is quite possible to regard it as strange that so many dogs that are started nicely on game and trained properly take a slump for the worse in regard to both when actual shooting is done over them. It is then that the training regime is of the most consequence. Looking into the matter we can, in most instances, understand the cause from the standpoint both of the dog and temporary or permanent master. About the best answer to this, the irrefutability of which can not be attacked, is that the average man is more interested in killing game than in handling his dogs.

In a measure, you can not blame most sportsmen for letting the matter of game get the upper hand and thus losing their influence over their dogs. In the first place, perhaps they never see their bird dogs, or any other of the dogs which they use for hunting, except during the legal time for killing game. Often the animal is either at a boarding kennel or in the care of a capable trainer, except when required for field service.

Then the excitement of wanting game very frequently converts a sensible sportsman momentarily into one who forgets all the needed attention towards his dog. Obviously, the dog responds in the same manner and, after a day's hunting over him, no one would ever credit the animal as having undergone any amount of education to make him competent for the requirements of the shooting sport.

A great many sportsmen train their own dogs and are constantly with them during all seasons of the year. The dogs of such men ought to be without errors, or as nearly so as is possible. But unfortunately, they are not, simply because the master's desire for killing game predominates; he is under the influence of strong excitement and temporarily disregards the actions of his dogs.

Somehow I believe this can be avoided and more interest centered in the animal. Nevertheless, I can well see how the enthrallment of the sport controls the master and the wish to acquire a daily limit surpasses all other emotions, even the interest of observing the movements of the animal upon which they have expended much time or money. Open seasons are at present justly short, in tribute to the necessity for conservation. The sportsman with a love for hunting game waits a long time every year for the little indulgence in it accorded him. An intense longing for months and months assails him. Constant visualization has its effect and when the instant of participation occurs his mind wanders from his dog to the absorbing chance of making a clean kill at all hazards.

Count up mentally how many shooting companions you know who handle their dogs properly when afield. Then follow up with another mental calculation, and try to estimate the number who train their dogs well or have them well trained by others, who have their dogs in the same biddable state as when they started shooting over them. The truth of the matter is that the total would be insignificantly meager, and the only real curative for this is to bestow on yourself a course of training and demand the same obedience to it that you ought to expect of your bird dog.

I have a number of friends whose knowledge of bird dogs can not be surpassed. Among them are some who train their dogs as perfectly as a professional. Yet with all this after two days' constant shooting their charges break shot, they make inexcusable flushes, they get out of control, wholly because during the open season their masters have failed to train themselves and therefore neglect what is due their dogs and bird finding companions, simply because Old Man Excitement dominates and in a measure regulates everything they do.

What is that old Greek advice about Man, know thyself? It can

"One of the best in the world," his owner declares.

Pointer and setter owned by C. F. Hartmetz, Evansville, Indiana.

His owner says, "This dog will retrieve a bird and at the same time point another."

fit well through its observance in the realm of dogdom. When a sportsman holds a list of all his field faults before him, he may readily see how to correct them; that is, if he wishes to do so. If he does not, his case, unfortunately, is hopeless.

There is one thing that ought to be well understood at the start: that if you are going to handle your dog properly the first day or two of the shooting season, you will suffer some in your shooting skill. You can not concentrate your mind on the two things at once—the performance of your dog and perfect shooting. Why? The reasons obviously assert themselves. But here is the reward for concentrating above everything on the behavior of the dog; if you control him well in every respect the first few days, his deportment soon will become automatically correct. Then, when a dog works correctly, not only will your pastime become enhanced but your shooting skill will improve in every respect since your mind will be relieved from apprehension as to whether your dog will commit an error or not.

It is deplorable that there are so many poorly trained dogs, though they were started right in the beginning of their field work. But in most instances, despite the fact that there are timid and headstrong creatures, the fault is usually with the hunter. Remember that a dog is a mimic and is excited in the same degree as the master. Only he goes a step farther because his instinct to hunt and get out of bounds is far greater than that of the master. Nevertheless, rest assured that the dog will commit every grievous error the master does. If the latter gets excited, so will the dog. If the master breaks in a hurry to retrieve a dead or crippled bird, right away the dog is going to deport himself in the same manner, or a little more so. If a master is irascible and insists on hunting the dog over and over the same barren territory, eventually the dog too will lose his initiative to go wide and seek game as he should.

There is nothing in all the world that will so take the pep out of a dog or more surely succeed in ruining his bird finding qualities as constant directing him where to hunt. It matters not whether it is a wide goer or a cover shooting dog, if you have him hunt only where you think game is, eventually he will depend entirely on you for directions and thereby become an inferior hunting companion. Say what you will, such deportment will cramp the development of a dog's bird brains, for no matter how great your knowledge of bird habits and bird haunts, it is not one-half so accurate as that of the youngster of good parentage which has hunted afield only a short time. The dog hunts through God-given instincts. Man's knowledge of the whereabouts of game is acquired only through experience and then its effectiveness is necessarily limited because its accuracy is partly speculative.

This is wholly a forerunner of the suggestion—let the dog do the hunting instead of the master. That is what you have him for. The greater will be his powers according to the freedom you give him in this. It will mean more birds and more shooting, however much you assure yourself of your personal reliability in designating where birds ought to be. In case of a doubt, the dog's nose will fathom the right location. Most pottering dogs do not cultivate this trait of their own accord, but from following the instructions of the masters.

Every sportsman thinks his dog steady to wing and shot. If the animal is ever so headstrong, by proper training it can be made steady. Most dogs break shot either because the handler is anxious to get his game, or else no attempt has been made to

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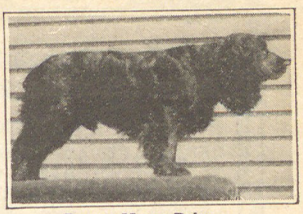

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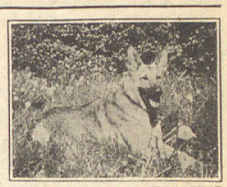

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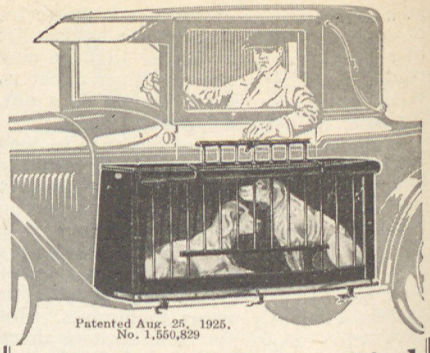
keep them steady. In order to illustrate how few men know just what their dogs are doing while they are shooting, I will cite an instance: Last winter, while hunting quails in the South, I asked ten different sportsmen at certain times if they could tell me what transpired on the part of their dogs between the moment of flushing the pointed bird and the discharge of their guns, as well as for a brief space afterward. They replied in blank amaze, that they did not know! Moreover, they could not tell you whether their dogs were really steady to wing or shot, so centered were their minds on killing the bird.

I have to repeat—the first day of the shooting season in a dog's career means a lot. It is a difficult matter simultaneously to keep your eye on the pointing dog to observe his every action and the bird hitting it up like all sixty for the close growth of sheltering cover. Nevertheless, consider a miss pardonable and the dog's welfare of greater importance, at least for a time, and you are sure to be repaid with greater steadiness. Just hold your dog steady for one day every time he is on birds and unless he associates with bad company, he will show the effects of such help. When he is on point, go up to him, don't bother him with the word of caution: "Steady!" because you may annoy him by doing it, also often cause the birds to move. Place your foot gently on one of his paws and, if he shows any inclination to break, exert some further pressure on it. Do this for a while at least on every bird, even if you have to get the killing urge off your mind, but don't let the dog move until you are ready; then issue the command: "On" or "Fetch" or "Hunt dead." The real secret of keeping a dog steady is holding him in his tracks until there is no danger of nerves afflicting him. By way of advice, do not issue commands, but insist on obedience in every instance. You can also do this most successfully when a lead is attached to the dog's collar. Thus you can spare inflicting punishment on the dog's paw, but a lead tangles badly in the bush. Remember that as long as you want a dog to stand still, stand still yourself.

A very good way, such as is often adopted by experts when shooting, is always, if possible, to come up to the point facing the dog. Psychology acts here quite potently. The animal invariably realizes that in that position you can get immediate control of him in case he shows symptoms of unsteadiness.

Considering this matter both of staunchness of wing and of shot, it is mighty hard to have your dog retain this state of training if you work him in the company of another dog that has the bad habit of breaking. Nine times out of ten, if he is an ambitious lad, he will endeavor to exceed the other dog in that respect. More-



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over, it is poor policy to have a shooting companion with you who is continually walking away from you and shooting scattered singles which are flushed. Insist that he stay at your side and shoot only at birds which the dog points. Otherwise, your dog will be running off to him each time he shoots.

A precarious moment in a dog's career, and one which often produces unsteadiness unless meticulously guarded against, is the time when he is called on to hunt out and seek cripples. He debates with himself, excitement prevails and he permits excitement to prevail. You send him on to get a cripple. First, he points it. It runs. He is urged to catch it. For a while, right after that, he feels he ought to catch every bird that runs, the unharmed pointed bird, the same as the cripple.

When you are sure you have a cripple, be sparse in your urging. Don't, under any circumstances, try to run it down and show your dog a bad example. You will simply complicate matters if you do. Cause the least disturbance possible and your dog will get it mighty quickly. The instant it runs it leaves scent. Let him find it by scent. When it stops, often it does not permit scent to emanate from its body. Its fear causes it to huddle up into a frigid quietude, thus compressing in apprehension all its feathers to its body. This automatically retards the intoxicating odor the dog is seeking. Only help the dog when absolutely necessary.

In case you experience difficulty for a long time with a cripple or dead bird that you have positively marked down, get the dog away from the locality and come back to it soon, dead against wind and make big circles first around what you think is the proper spot, then narrow them down until the bird is discovered. When a dog learns to find cripples and dead in this manner, he is one hundred per cent more certain to locate them.

* * *

NEVER take dogs for a long trip unless you know they are in condition. Long before the shooting season, dogs ought to be conditioned so that they will be hardened for continuous work. A dog in half shape is a poor companion and never can stand at a good pace the necessary going in fields and coverts. He begins to drag before you know it and is usually of no value after a few hours. All this could be guarded against by regular exercise, which has been increased in duration daily quite a while before the open season arrives. The dog that is in good condition always shines and usually is not the one which the local scrub makes look like an inferior and trails in heel before the noon hour.

Ozark Ripley

Editor's Note

BORN close to the Ozark Mountains in 1872, John B. Thompson, better known as Ozark Ripley, had from childhood a longing for the outdoors, and afterward found his way to the current river district of Missouri, where he became a guide and professional trainer of bird dogs in conjunction with his duties in the mountain country as Deputy Sheriff.

His pen name, Ozark Ripley, was bestowed on him by the late Jack London. His writings in the American Field first attracted attention particularly through the serial, "In the Lair of the Small Mouths," then later his collection of short stories in book form entitled, "Jest Huntin'" which are regarded as models in structure and interest.

Ozark's passion for hunting, fishing and dogs always dominated his every act. In

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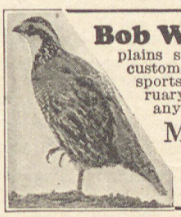

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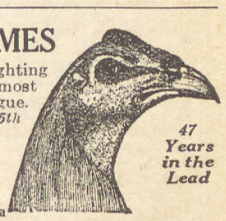

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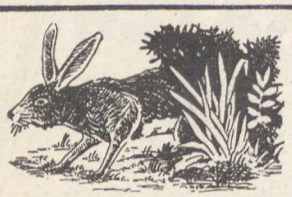

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his career of trainer he handled dogs for such men as Charles A. Pratt, Martin Vorhees, U. S. Ex-Secretary of Agriculture Norman J. Colman and J. A. Graham, who wrote The Sporting Dog. He was greatly in demand by professional trainers to make their high strung charges do bird work.

Writing of the things he experienced became an easy matter for Ozark Ripley, for he was never at loss for a subject. He made trips constantly to the land of moose, bear and caribou and soon became familiar with all the habits of the game and fish of the north country as well as versed in the customs and language of the Ojibways and Crees.

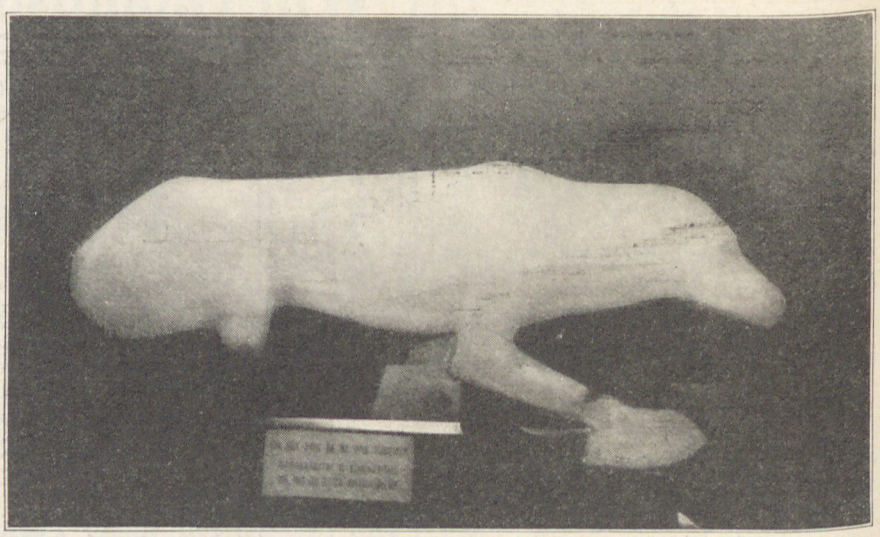
So soon as the Izaak Walton League was founded Ozark began speaking all over the country to help build up the League and increase its membership. As a lecturer he is one of those men gifted with an easy conversational address which is so replete with knowledge and stories of experience that they hold an audience spellbound to the last minute, whether his subject be dogs, fishing or hunting.

Ozark Ripley has recently been chosen as one of the judges of the first Field Trials ever held on woodcock. They will start at Enniskellen, New Brunswick, October 21st.

Ozark Ripley is anxious to be of real service to the readers of his department

Ozark Ripley, editor of the Dog Department of Outdoor America.

and will gladly answer all queries as to the care of dogs, their breeding, training and field work. Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity for valuable advice and practical help for your dogs. EDITOR.



The above is a photograph of a magnificent piece of Greek sculpture of the 5th century, B. C. The picture was taken last summer by J. M. Dickinson, President of the Izaak Walton League, in the Museum on the Acropolis at Athens. The statue proves the antiquity of the pointer, as it is undoubtedly of that type.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, Of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1927.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred H. Doellner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Outdoor America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive.
Editor, Marguerite Ives, 536 Lake Shore Drive.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Fred H. Doellner, 536 Lake Shore Drive.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Pres., 231 S. LaSalle St., Chicago.
Fred N. Peet, Sec'y, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago.
Thornhill Broome, Treas., 1317 First National Bank Bldg.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Fred H. Doellner, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1927.
[SEAL.] Clyde C. Posvic, Notary Public.
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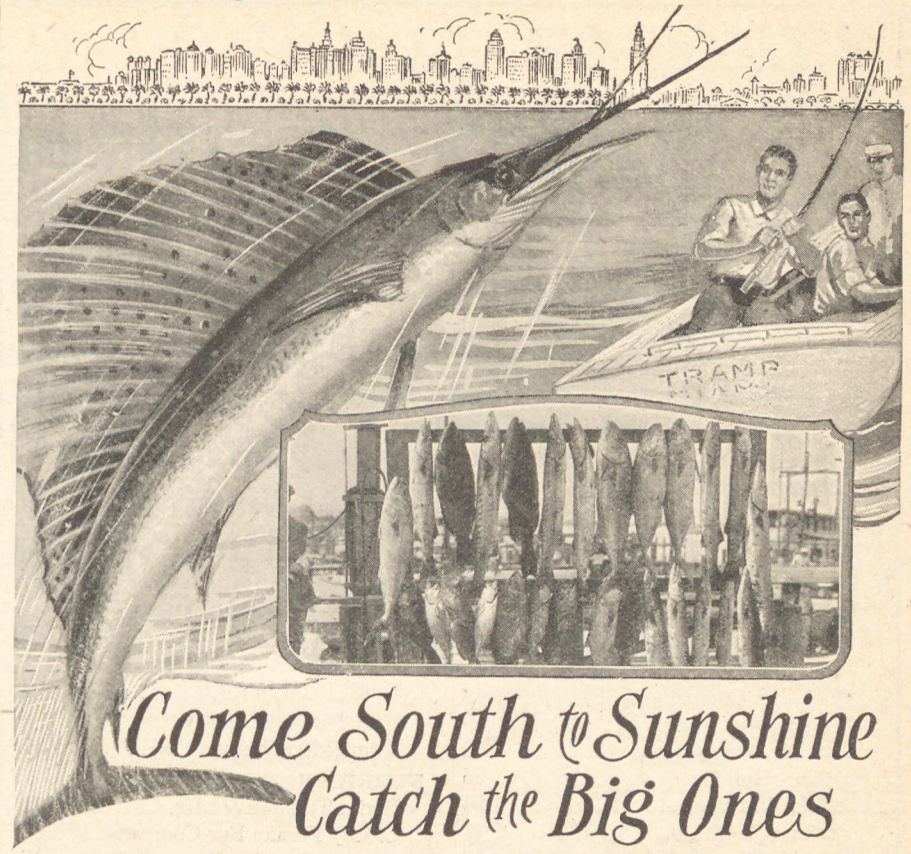

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136 modern hotels overlooking Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic—1200 apartment houses—5000 furnished cottages and homes—will comfortably accommodate the hundreds of thousands of visitors who will come to Miami this winter by fast deluxe trains—the world's finest coastwise steamers—the Federal Motor Highway and by air. Rentals and hotel accommodations have been revised and standardized on a most reasonable scale, guaranteed by the city. This year's complete out-door sports program will be the greatest in Miami's history.

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MIAMI

World's Greatest Winter Resort

Index of Advertisers

Classified for the Convenience of our Readers

November, 1927, Issue Outdoor America

Read all the ads before buying; our advertisers will be happy to serve you. In writing to advertisers, please mention OUTDOOR AMERICA.

ARMS, AMMUNITION AND ACCESSORIES

Page

Bannerman Sons, Francis..... 54
Browning Arms Company..... 47
Buffalo Newton Rifle Co..... 53
Bull's Eye Pistol Mfg. Co..... 53
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.. 53
Cushion Pad Corporation..... 55
Fox Gun Company, A. H..... 45
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A..... 55
Hunter Arms Company..... 55
Ithaca Gun Co..... 55
Kirk, W. Stokes..... 54
Lefever Arms Co..... 47
Marble Arms & Mfg. Co..... 53
New Method Gun Bluing Co..... 55
Peters Cartridge Co., The..... 43
Remington Arms Co., Inc...IV Cover
Savage Arms Corporation..... 51
Stevens Arms Co., J..... 49
Stoeger, Inc., A. F..... 52
Three-In-One Oil Co..... 49
Von Lengerke & Antoine.....49-52
Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc.... 44
Western Cartridge Company..... 41
Winchester Repeating Arms Company..... 80
Wineholt Mail Order..... 46

AUTO TRAILERS

Bower Mfg. Co..... 60

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES AND COMPASSES

Benner & Co..... 66
Swift & Anderson, Inc..... 54
Wollensak Optical Company..... 51

BOATS AND CANOES

Brownback Motor Laboratories, Inc..... 67
Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dan..... 65

CAMPING (Tents, Stoves, Furniture, etc.)

Army & Navy Supply Co..... 57
Canvas Proofing & Striping Co... 57
Metakloth Company, Inc..... 57
Woods Mfg. Co., Ltd..... 59

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

See pages 75, 76, 77, 78 and 79.

DECOYS AND CALLS

Turpin, Tom..... 46

FISHING TACKLE AND RODS

Page

Arbogast, Fred..... 65
Enterprise Mfg. Co., The..... 1
Foss, Al..... 65
Huntington, L. B..... 67
Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc..... 67
Pflueger Fishing Tackle..... 1
South Bend Bait Co..... 66

FOOD PRODUCTS

Klim (Merrell-Soule Co.)..... 50

FURRIERS

Berlin Tanning & Mfg. Co..... 64
Crosby Frisian Fur Company.... 60
German Tanning Process..... 47
Stephens & Co., E. A..... 64
Willard Son & Company, H..... 64

KENNELS, LIVE STOCK AND SUPPLIES

American National Fox Breeders Assn..... 72
Avandale Kennels, (Reg.)..... 69
Battle Creek Dog Food Co..... 70
Bogle, M. E..... 71
Chappel Bros., Inc..... 69
Cleary Brothers..... 72
Comrade Farm Kennels..... 69
Crown Iron Works Company..... 69
Fox Farms, The..... 72
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay..... 70
Hawkeye Itasca Silver Fox Company..... 72
Johnson, Earl..... 72
Kaskaskia Kompany..... 69
Ko-Vita Co., Inc..... 70
Lakehaven Farm..... 69
La Salle Kennels..... 69
Mackensen, Wm. J..... 71
McBride Yellow Pine Sales Co., The Dwight..... 70
Means, Geo. B..... 71
Montcalm Game Farm..... 71
Outdoor Enterprise Co..... 71
Payne & Crow Animal Co..... 72
Pedrick Laboratories, Inc..... 71
Perfection Foods Company..... 69
Plymouth Rock Squab Company. 70
Q-W Laboratories..... 70
Spohn Medical Co..... 69
Tarnedge Foxes..... 72
Terrell's Aquatic Farm.....70-71
ThoroBread Co., The..... 70
Van Den Norden Kennels..... 69
Winnebago Kennels, (Reg.)..... 69
Wisconsin Aquatic Nurseries..... 70

MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND REMEDIES

Page

Hutzell, J. C..... 54
Roche Electric Machine Co..... 52

MISCELLANEOUS

American Red Cross, The..... 58
Automatic Rubber Co. (Zip Zip Shooter)..... 64
Bean, L. L. (Waterproof Dressing) 58
Hampton, Leon (Employment Bureau)..... 47
Landon & Warner (Men's Reducing Belt)..... 64
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. (Fatima Cigarettes)..... 65
Long-Eakins Company (Crispette Machine)..... 44
Northland Ski Mfg. Co. (Skis).... 60
Stilwell, L. W. (Arrow Points).... 66
Wrigley's (Chewing Gum)..... 61

OUTBOARD MOTORS AND ENGINES

Johnson Motor Co..... 63

PUBLISHERS

Adventure Magazine.....III Cover
Hunting & Fishing Magazine..... 50
Pathfinder, The..... 64
Riley, Ranger..... 67
Ripley, Ozark..... 71

RAILROADS

Chicago & Northwestern Ry..... 44

RESORTS, CAMPS, HOTELS, GUIDES, PROPERTY

See page 73.

TAXIDERMY

Jonas Bros..... 66
Northwestern School of Taxidermy..... 60

WEARING APPAREL

Alward-Anderson-Southard Co... 50
Bass & Co., G. H., & Russell Moccasin Co., W. C..... 61
Bean, L. L..... 66
Clinton Knitting Co..... 52
Converse Rubber Shoe Company. 57
Drybak Corporation..... 51
Filson Co., C. C..... 52
Patrick & Co., F. A..... 46
Signal Shirt Co..... 42
United States Rubber Company.. 59
Witchell-Sheill Company..... 52

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

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536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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BANKRUPT and Rummage sales. $50.00 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Distributors, Dept. 238, 429 W. Superior, Chicago. (9x27)

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GREATER speed and mileage. New Air Friction carburetors will develop far higher speed and one-half better mileage than other carburetors. Also slow idle speed and quick starting. All motors fitted. The New Air Friction Co., 15 Israel Bldg., Dayton, Ohio. (3-11)

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NEW Eltos and Lockwoods, also demonstrators and used outboards. Prices on request. John C. Jago, 107 Sycamore Street, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-1)

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SICK man would like to hear from those about to subscribe to the Atlantic Monthly. Subscription price four dollars yearly. Make remittance payable to the Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Massachusetts. I refund cost of money order, etc. D. Boland, 535 Hudson Street, New York City. (3-11)

BURHANS' famous dog book on profitable breeding, feeding, training, selling, diseases, remedies, puppy rearing, kennel management. 68 pages, illustrated. Postpaid for 10c. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-1)

SELF-INSTRUCTION. Books. Marr's Pitman Light line shorthand and simplified bookkeeping, 50c. Teacher, B 605, Nashville, Tenn. (3-11)

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G. ARTHUR EVANS, trainer of Pointers, Setters and Spaniels. Brought up in the spaniel section of England. Plenty of quail. Come and shoot over your dogs. If you want information about where to get quail shooting, write me. Member of the Izaak Walton League. G. Arthur Evans, Lake Waccamaw, North Carolina. (3-1)

HUNTERS: Plenty of moose and deer in Manitoba; good guides, camps and food. Here's chance for fine hunt at small cost. Last dating November 1st, 1927. Full information. W. A. Carns, American Agent, Dunn Center, N. D.

HUNTING Camp to rent, fully equipped. Sixty miles from Montreal. $7.50 a day per person including guide's services. B. Pearce, 970 Tupper, Montreal. (3-12)

ARIZONA Lion Hunting. We have well trained hounds, good horses. Guarantee one or more lions. Lee & Mayer, Paradise, Arizona. (3-1)

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$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

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CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $½ - size, 53¢. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

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GENUINE Little English Call Ducks. Try my patented Duck and Goose body harness. Guaranteed to please or your money back. Nothing like it on market. J. C. Copsey, Sutherland, Nebr. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pure bred English Call Ducks, small type. Won first prize at Madison Square Garden. Wild Geese, Ducks, Pheasants, Jap Silkie Bantams. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-11)

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GREY English call ducks, small type or large type. Also Black English Calls. 1 pair $5.00. Two hens and Drake $7.00. William Buntenbach, Washington, Iowa. (3-11)

WE have a few pairs English caller decoy ducks to spare. Order now for fall shooting. Halters for all birds. Styles and Son, Game Farm, Hartford, South Dakota. (3-11)

ENGLISH Callers from trained hunting stock. $5.00 pair. Abe White, Osawatomie, Kansas. (3-12)

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GENUINE small type English callers. $6.00 per pair. Guaranteed callers. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr. (3-11)

GENUINE English callers. Small type, guaranteed to please. Drakes $2.00 each. Arthur Johnson, Manson, Iowa. (3-11)

LIVE Mallard Decoys $1.50 each. Sent C. O. D. Will answer artificial call. C. G. Coffman, Carthage, Ill., R. 6. (3-11)

DECOY ducks, good caller, $1.50 each. Carl Olcott, Marengo, Illinois.

GENUINE English Call Ducks, $2.00 each. Burnie Brooks, Louisville, Illinois.

Dogs

Airedales

A FEW thoroughbred Airedale pups. Swiveller and Lionhart strain. Males, $15.00; females, $10.00. Aurora Kennels, Aurora, Missouri. (3-11)

REGISTERED Airedale Puppies for sale. Priced reasonable. Harry Matchon, Clarksville, Iowa. (3-11)

Beagles

FOR Sale. English Beagle Pups ready to train, eligible A. K. C. Several noted champions in pedigree. Also trained rabbit hounds. State age and kind wanted. D. J. Miller, Shreve, Ohio, Route 2. (3-12)

BEAGLE Pups, males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-12)

VERNON Hershey, Orrville, Ohio, offers high class Beagles, trained, $20.00 up. Choice pups $6.00. (3-12)

PEDIGREED beagle pups, black blankets, $15.00 C. O. D. Glenn Wells, Farina, Illinois.

BEAGLES, rabbit hounds. C. O. D. Trial. Plowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

ENGLISH Bull Puppies, Registered, Catalogue ten cents. Triangle Kennels, Box 9, Jackson Center, Ohio. (3-11)

Dogs

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CHESAPEAKE Bay puppies, age five months $25.00. Papers. Bred bitch, age 2, well broke. Registered, $75.00. One stud dog, registered, $50.00. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr.

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HIGH-CLASS puppies, eligible, intelligent, type, bloodlines, trustworthy, courageous, excellent specimens, $20.00. Floyd Hale, Farmersville, Ohio. (3-1)

QUALITY collies: White and colors: Pedigreed. Priced to sell. Harry Turgasen, Mauston, Wis.

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COACH puppies. Eligible to registration. Registered dogs at stud. Kane, Leland, Illinois. (6-1)

Eskimos

GENUINE Labrador and Greenland Eskimo Dogs make attractive, intelligent, and trustworthy pets. Pedigreed pups fifty dollars and up. Edward P. Clark, West Milan, N. H. (3-1)

Hounds

COON Hunters, if you are through experimenting with inferior and unreliable Coonhounds, and if you are willing to pay the price a good dog is worth, it will pay you to investigate the Oorang Top-Notch Coonhounds which are the outstanding choice selection of thousands of highly trained dogs. Oorang Top-Notch Coonhounds sell at $150.00 each and they are shipped on ten days trial with the understanding that we pay return express charges out of our own pocket and refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. We also have other Coonhounds at $75.00 to $100.00 each which are better than are usually found at the price. Our complete catalog of the world's largest dog kennels mailed to your address for ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9-B, LaRue, Ohio. (3-11)

RABBIT hunters, if you want highly trained and educated rabbit hounds that are perfect rangers, sure routers and tenacious trailers, that will circle game until shot or holed, it will pay you to investigate the Oorang Top-Notch rabbit hounds selling at $50.00 each, and shipped on ten days trial with the understanding that we pay return express charges out of our own pocket and refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. We also have other rabbit hounds at $25.00 to $35.00 each which are better than are usually found at the price. Our complete catalog of the world's largest dog kennels mailed to your address for ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9-C, La Rue, Ohio. (3-11)

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds $100.00. High class coon hounds $75.00. Extra high class coon, skunk and Opossum hounds $75.00. High class combination tree hounds $50.00. Good average combination tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Partly trained. One and two year old hounds $20.00. Coon hound pups $10.00. Extra high class fox hounds $75.00. High class fox hounds $50.00. Good average fox hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Champion Rabbit hounds $20.00. Trial allowed. References in your State. Twenty-two years a shipper. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas. (3-12)

SPORTSMEN. Coon-Hunters, fifteen real Bluetick Cooners, none better on water and swamp hunting, $75.00 and $100.00 each. Twenty-five black and tan and redbone Combination hunter's, trained on Coon, Opossum and Skunk, $50.00 and $60.00 each. Old cooners good for a few years' hunting, $40.00 each. Above dogs will deliver the goods alone or in company; all full blood hounds, no trash; every dog tested before being shipped. Catalogue, Photos free; liberal trial. L. J. Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

COON, Opossum, Skunk and Fox hound puppies and partly broke ones, very cheap. I guarantee satisfaction. Lester West, Adel, Iowa.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

SPORTSMEN: You that are looking for first class stuff and no trash I offer you my pair of 2½ year old rabbit hounds, male and female. Breeding, Kentucky English strain; medium size; good lookers, long ears. O. K. in every respect. All day hunters. Neither man nor gun shy. No faults. Will ship anywhere on 15 days' trial. First $35.00 gets them C. O. D. J. M. Erwin, Murray, Ky. (3-12)

HUNTERS: If you are looking for real tree hound; good water worker; good barker and wide hunter, write me and I will guarantee to please you at reasonable prices, or I pay return express. I also have pair of real trained rabbit hounds on same terms, C. O. D. money deposited with express agent; fifteen days trial. P. P. Babb, Adairville, Ky.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

SPECIAL hunting season sale of 25 registered American Foxhounds trained and partly trained on coon, fox or rabbit. Seven special bred litters for your selection. New special mating catalog and sales list 10c. Hermosa Vista Farm, Box 4261, Bannock, Ohio. (3-11)

HUNTERS: I have a real pair of coon hounds will sell cheap; $45.00 each. Also have silent trailer, real coon and opossum dog $35.00, wide hunter, good water worker. Will hunt on any hunting ground. Guaranteed 15 days trial. M. N. Ryan, Adairville, Ky.

COON Hunters. This dog is two years old, good size, open trailer, treeing good, helped to tree and catch 8 coons and a lot of opossum, Redbone English stock, good voice, clear of diseases and blemishes, stock proof. $20.00 buys him. Ray Moody, Paris, Tennessee. (3-12)

SPORTSMEN. Rabbithounds, gun and field broken, long-eared open trailers, steady drivers, clear voices, price $25 each. Send $5 with order, balance C. O. D. Ten days' trial, no trash, prompt shipment. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Coon dogs, $65.00 and $75.00 each. Rabbit hounds, $20.00 and $25.00 each. Ship C. O. D. 6 days' trial. Black and tans, spotted Walker and bluetick strains. Order from this ad. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

FOR Sale: No. 1 Coon dog 4 years old, full blood hound fast on trail. Extra good tree dog. Guaranteed not to run. Fox, stock or rabbits. Shipped on trial. Noble Cross, Route 9, Mayfield, Ky. (3-11)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial. Redbones, Blueticks, Blacks, Tans, Spotted. Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Mink, Wolf, Rabbit Hounds. Hunting Supplies. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SH25, Herrick, Illinois.

COONHUNTERS. Would you like to own the best coonhound in Georgia? If so, deposit $45.00. I will ship Blue to you prepaid on trial. Fred Harmon, Box 264, Calhoun, Ga.

CLAYTON Kennels, Finger, Tennessee, offers coonhounds, combination hunters, rabbit hounds. Trial. Catalog 5 cents. (4-12)

COON, opossum, skunk and rabbit hounds. Black and tans. Blue ticks and redbones. Cheap. Trial. Joe Sarver, Herrick, Illinois. (2-11)

EXTRA fine litter purple ribbon bred Owahgena strain, black and tan American foxhound puppies. Melvin J. Meador, Brockway, Oregon.

EXPERT coon hound $100.00. Trial. Two rabbit hounds $20.00 each. Curtis Matz, Carmi, Ill.

FOXHOUNDS—Bear, cat, coyote, trained. Also pups. Yamacasca Farm, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Reg. greyhound pups, 4 months old. Priced to sell. Anton Bielen, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Coon, skunk, opossum, rabbit hounds. Free trial. V. Langdon, Dresser, Ill. (3-1)

FOR Sale: One finished coonhound. Deposit money anywhere for a 20 day prepaid trial. Fred Harmon, Box 264-B, Calhoun, Ga.

FOR Sale: One redbone four year old coonhound. Deposit $45.00 anywhere. I pay express. Bob Sanderson, 28S, Mayfield, Ky.

HIGH Class fox, deer, coon hounds. 20 years a shipper. State wants. Stephens Kennels, Marshall, Ark. (3-1)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

HUNDRED hunting hounds cheap. Hunting supplies. Kaskaskennels, S. H. 25, Herrick, Illinois.

HOUNDS of honor purple ribbon registered American fox hounds. Honor Kennels, Honor, Michigan. (3-11)

OLD time long eared black and tan foxhound puppies. Extreme earage, bugle voices. Purple ribbon bred. Edwin Kulbeck, Havre, Montana.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

BEAGLES, rabbit, coon hounds. Trial. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (4-11)

HUNTING Hounds, Cheap; Trial. Dixie Kennels, A 2, Herrick, Illinois. (3-1)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed. Leichtle, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-11)

HUNTING Hounds cheap. Trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Ill. (3-11)

Labradors

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Labrador retriever puppies. Real bargains. Howard Stone, New Rockford, N. D.

PEDIGREED Labrador Pups. Males $25.00. Females $15.00. Wes. Morrow, Raymond, Minnesota. (3-12)

Miscellaneous Dogs

T. J. BRADLEY, Alma, Arkansas, offers for sale high class trained coon, skunk, opossum and rabbit hounds on fifteen day trial; also trained fox, wolf and deer hounds. Youngsters just starting to trail at $10.00 each. Can furnish high class bird dogs, pointers and setters, reference and price list furnished. (3-12)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Ky., offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (2-11)

BEAGLES, Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds. Grown stock and pups of each above breed, ready to ship and train. Dogs, at Public Stud. Prices and photos, 6c stamps. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale perfectly trained coonhounds, combination hunters, bird dogs; prices reasonable; sent for trial. Get complete catalogue and how I pay express. (3-11)

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

HUNTING; Toy; Police, Strongheart blood; Wolfhounds. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

RAT Terriers, Fox Terriers, Police, Beagles. Lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-3)

THREE good rabbit hounds, pair registered police dogs, hound puppies. Shipman, Burket, Indiana.

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-11)

Newfoundlands

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies. Pedigreed. Real protection for the family. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Indiana.

NEWFOUNDLANDS. Mammoth, healthy, intelligent, registered dogs. Pups for sale. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

THE Lieblein Kennels, Dodge, North Dakota, offer for sale registered Newfoundland Puppies, Landseers and blacks. (3-1)

Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs, in both pointers and setters. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines. They are priced to sell and all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

TRAINED pointer dog, 3 years old. White and liver spotted. Staunch on points. Good retriever. Good all round shooting dog. Knows the game. C. O. D. $75.00 on five days trial. Setter dog 3 years old. White and Black spotted. Same class. $75.00. We have others. J. H. Murray, Brighton, Tenn.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

BROKEN bird dogs. Brace of 4-year-old pointer dogs. Bitch perfectly broken. Staunch, steady back and retriever. Heavily shot over. Bred right up-to-date of real bench show type. Can win best company. A brace that should bring $500.00 and buyer gets value on quick deal—$375.00. Also Llewellen setter strictly high class. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va.

60 HIGH class pure bred English Irish Gordon setters and pointers. Broken dogs and young dogs all ages for sale. Some beautiful stud dogs and bred bitches. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minnesota. (3-1)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

IRISH Setter Pups. Champion Terry of Boyne, Bud Law, Champion Bob of Down and Champion Palmerston Connemara Grand breeding. Chip of Boyne at Stud. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

DARK red Irish Setter Pups. Champion Bran of Boyne breeding, 4 months up. $25.00. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-11)

ENGLISH setter pups for fall hunting. Five to ten months old. Immunized against distemper. Eugene M. and Candy Kid Breeding. I. G. Howe, Belmont, New York.

FOR Sale: Pointers, ten months to two years old. Setters, three years old. Broken. All have been in the Field. John Bowders, State Line, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Irish Setter Puppies of quality. Real blood lines. Dam and Sire finished field dogs and bench champions. Write for descriptions, prices and breeding. John Kaberna, Wagner, S. Dak. (3-12)

BARGAIN, English setters whelped January 1st. Eugene M. Strain, best dogs ever went afield, yard worked, over distemper. Twenty-five dollars. H. C. Guinea, Weiser, Idaho. (3-1)

BROKEN pointers, dog and bitch 3 years old. The kind to kill the limit over. $65.00 each C. O. D. 3 days trial. Guy W. Moore, R. 5, Memphis, Tenn. (3-1)

PERFECTLY marked and carefully bred pointers. Three months of age. Shipped so you see before you pay. Dogs fifteen, bitches twelve-fifty. C. L. Phillips, Barnard, Missouri.

PAIR pointer bitches, with trainers, nearly finished, eligible, world's breeding. Sacrificing at trainer's fee. Must sell. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md.

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters. Finest Puppies. Pedigree, photo, description. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-11)

FARM raised registered pointers, setters, yearling and pups. Approval. J. W. Chapman, Palmyra, Illinois. (3-11)

IRISH Setter Puppies, blood lines unexcelled; real hunters. They will please you. All papers. M. B. Hill, Williamson, Pa. (3-12)

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven strains, $35.00 up. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-11)

POINTERS and setters sent anywhere on trial. Write us your wants. McLister Brothers, Brighton, Tenn.

TRAINED pointers and setters, staunch, and real game finders. $45.00 each, on trial. W. Finley, Sedalia, Ky. (3-1)

POINTERS, seven months old. Eligible. $15.00. Philip Fehrenbacher, Wakefield, Ill.

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-4)

FOR Sale: Pedigreed police pups, females $15.00, males $25.00. Open females $35.00, female in whelp $70.00, stud dog $75.00. Only imported bloodlines, all colors, C. O. D. and approval. Thomas M. Helmer, Hannaford, N. Dak.

FOR Sale: Pups from a strong, healthy litter of Sheperd Police puppies, sired by Champion Buddy of Swift Run, out of dam of excellent foreign blood lines. Prices reasonable. Write for further information. Nellie Landman, Piqua, Ohio, R. R. 4. (3-11)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

DOBERMAN-PINSCHERS. Puppies and grown dogs. Reasonable price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebraska. (3-12)

Dogs

Spaniels

SPRINGER Puppies. Whelped July 10, Sire International Champion L'lle Messenger Boy, Dam Champion Coronation of Avandale, no better breeding obtainable, double champion bred by two of America's most popular dogs. Get one of the strain that wins. G. H. Thorsby, St. Charles, Michigan.

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER spaniel pups. Males and females twenty-five dollars. One free service to each female pup. Liver and White and Black and White. First checks first choice, subject to approval. Eligible A. K. C. Starkie, Taxidermist, Hackensack, Minn.

CHOICE Springers from real field dogs. Blood lines Horsford Harbour and Spring Bock of Ware. Guaranteed to please both as to quality and price. Dr. O. R. Clovis, Canton, Ohio. (3-11)

SPRINGER spaniels. A few broken dogs and bitches, also, most promising youngsters. Book on spaniels; their training for sport or field trials. Price 50c. John Stewart, Minot, North Dakota. (3-11)

THOROUGHBRED cocker pups for sale with first class papers. One female springer spaniel, ten months old, registered. Arthur Reierson, Cooperstown, N. D.

FOR Sale: Irish Water Spaniels of the best working strain procurable. The greatest retrieving spaniel and the best all round sporting dog. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-1)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two litters puppies. Real stock, priced right. Two females, nine months old. Tip of Iowa at stud. Fee $25.00. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Springer Spaniels and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines and from trained hunting stock. Priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minnesota. (3-11)

WATER Spaniel youngsters half Irish. Half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Females black or brown $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

AMERICAN Brown Water Spaniel Puppies. Genuine "Curly Coats" registered stock. Marc Woodmansee, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels, puppies, hunting strain, good blood lines. Eligible registration. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wisconsin. (3-12)

COCKER Spaniels. Select breeding. Eligible. Farm raised, $10.00 up. Dr. Wooden, Seneca Falls, New York. (3-11)

NORTHERN raised, hardy, Irish Water Spaniels. They find the cripples. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Montana. (3-12)

EXTRA fine cocker spaniel pups, reds and buffs. My Own Desire and Foreglow breeding. 3 months old. Chas. Hayes, Red Oak, Iowa.

HUNTING Cocker Puppies by Ch. My Own Peter Manning out of Field trial bitch. Craigden Kennels, 452 Clinton Ave., Albany, N. Y.

ONE two year female fine retriever and sure bench winner. Two 3 month pups. C. H. Morgan, Tyndall, S. D.

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IRISH water spaniel puppies, best of breeding, from real workers. All papers for registration. H. L. Franklin, Greeley, Colorado. (3-1)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Pups and adults. Finest stock, registered, priced to sell. Walter Magnus, Webster, South Dakota. (3-11)

SPRINGER Pups ready to hunt, priced to sell, shipped C. O. D. Emory Noble, Sinclairville, New York. (3-11)

SPRINGER spaniels, pups, good breeding, papers furnished. Greg Hartmann, Shakopee, Minn. (3-11)

SPRINGER puppies. Horsford Harbour, Laverstoke, Powderhorn bloodlines. Dewey Stowell, Platteville, Wisconsin. (3-12)

FIFTY Springers. Send for list. Avalon Kennels (Reg.). Al Nichter, Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniel Puppies. Excellent breeding. Obo strain. H. M. Butler, Villard, Minn.

Dogs

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DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

IRISH terriers over distemper. Booklet furnished. Altura Kennels, El Paso, Texas, Route 1. (3-1)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

A FEW choicely bred wirehaired fox terriers. Puppies and grown dogs. Marathon Kennels, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL Fox terriers $10.00. Toy black tans $15.00. Curtis Matz, Carmi, Ill.

TWENTY-ONE years' breeding registered classy fox terriers. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-1)

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WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training, also spaniels. Yard work and force-retrieving taught; faults corrected in dogs any age. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

WORM your dog, give Revilo the genuine Tetrachlorethylene. Safer and more effective than any wormer yet discovered. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Bulk prices sent on request. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 18, Quincy, Illinois. (8x27)

RUNNING—Barking—Fits or Fright—Disease. The oldest most reliable fit cure on the market. In most cases the symptoms disappear after the first pill. Worst case cured in 3 days. Your money back if not satisfactory. 30 pills $1.15, 100 pills $3.00, 200 pills $5.00. Prepaid. Superfines Beagle Remedy Co., Manistique, Michigan. (3-1)

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SELL 120 new and used shotguns and rifles. Hand loaded shells. Send 10c for firearms list. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

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HOW to attract ducks. Grow their favorite foods—Terrell's Wild Rice, etc., in your waters. Seeds for every condition ready for Fall Planting. Write for free illustrated booklet giving expert advice on what and where to plant. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 63 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-11)

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ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (6-4)

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EXCHANGE—Remington, Underwood, Oliver, Corona typewriters: Todd, Safeguard checkwriters; prism binoculars; five tube Radio. Want firearms, outboard motor. Earl Warring, Parkersburg, Iowa.

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PIPE Smokers: Join thousands smoking Scotch Clayschaum pipes. No nicotine bite or parch. Healthy, satisfying, economical. Six, $1.00; three, 50c; two, 35c, post paid. Send postal for description. Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, 448 Park Road, Dept. K-2, Washington, D. C. (3-11)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 30, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-1)

TOBACCO postpaid, guaranteed best mellow, juicy red leaf chewing, 5 lbs. $1.40, 10, $2.50. Best smoking 20c lb. Mark Hamlin, Sharon, Tenn. (3-12)

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ALL Star Silver Foxes. First selection litters. All related to All Star "Sybil," World's Champion. We can supply you with blue foxes, mink, raccoon, chinchilla rabbits, muskrats. Correspondence solicited. Minnesota Silver Fox & Fur Company, 835 Charles St., St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-11)

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. Have white or brown. Males $5.00. Females $5.50. Pair $10.00. November price. Will ship C. O. D. E. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

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MINKS, Raccoons, Skunks. Best foundation stock. Instructive, interesting catalog 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-11)

BEAVER. Breeding stock of animals pronounced by Government as best in the world. Write. Midway Land Co., Midway, Wis. (3-1)

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SILVER foxes, highest quality, sturdy, prolific breeders. Money makers. Bert R. Pope, Ogdensburg, New York. (3-11)

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FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for forest ranger position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

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WANTED: 10,000 Sportsmen in every State to buy our Special Personal Accident Policy covering accidents while hunting and fishing, including the travel hazard. $1,000 Death Indemnity and $10.00 weekly for Total Disability. Only $1.00 for 12 months protection in a reliable company. It is a remarkable offer. Send $1.00 today with name, address and age. Your policy will be forwarded immediately. "It's worth it, and more." Allen Registry Bureau, Telegraph Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-11)

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I TEACH coyote fox trapping, snaring, poisoning. Dozens of successful people started with my instructions. I handle scent. Circulars explain everything. Will Tyson, Kimama, Idaho. (3-11)

SURE Method for $1 to bring raccoon from tree, without cutting, shooting or climbing. Two methods of driving foxes, rabbits and skunks from den without digging or smoking. Printed instructions. J. W. Hine, Orson, Pa. (3-1)

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Orfordsville, Wis.,
Sept. 24, 1927.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

Sorry that I cannot enter another ad in our paper, I say ours because I have been a member of the League ever since it started and assure you that this magazine as a medium of letting the boys know what you have cannot be surpassed by any magazine, barring none in this class.

Had some sixty pair of fine quality call ducks and they were all practically moved in the first issue. Had only a few left for the second issue and none for this last issue. Will no doubt be busy cancelling orders.

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Yours truly,

(Signed) G. C. Schuler.

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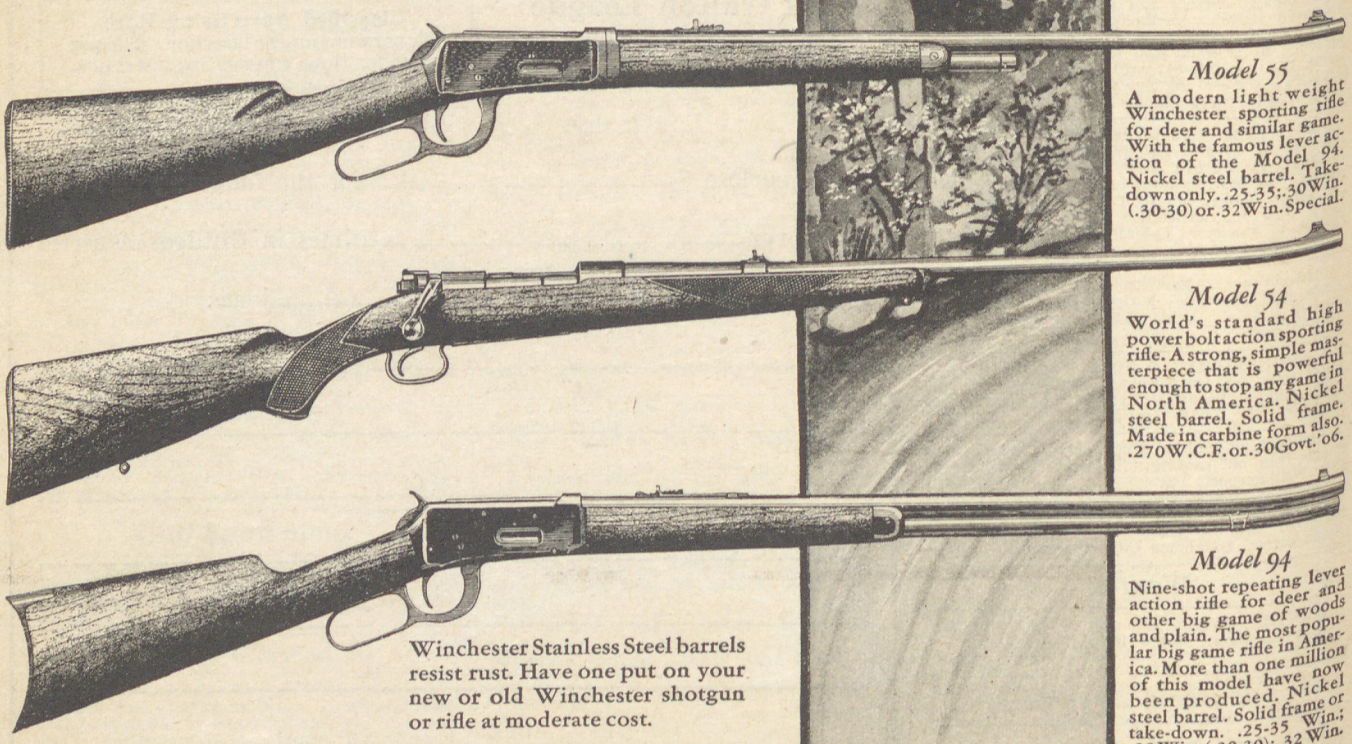

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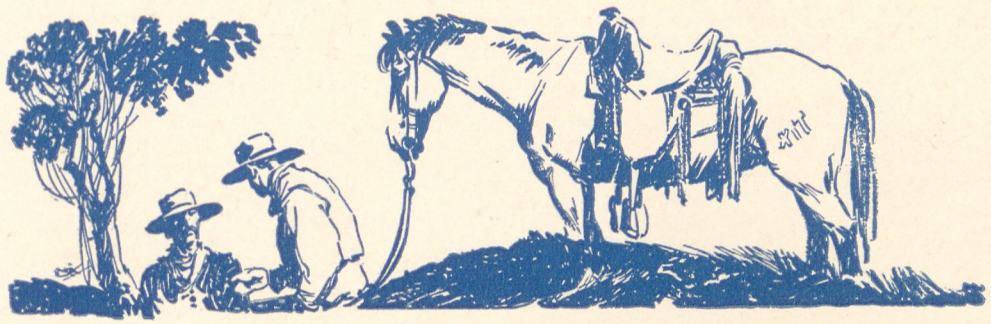

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